



VOLUME 26 NUMBER 1





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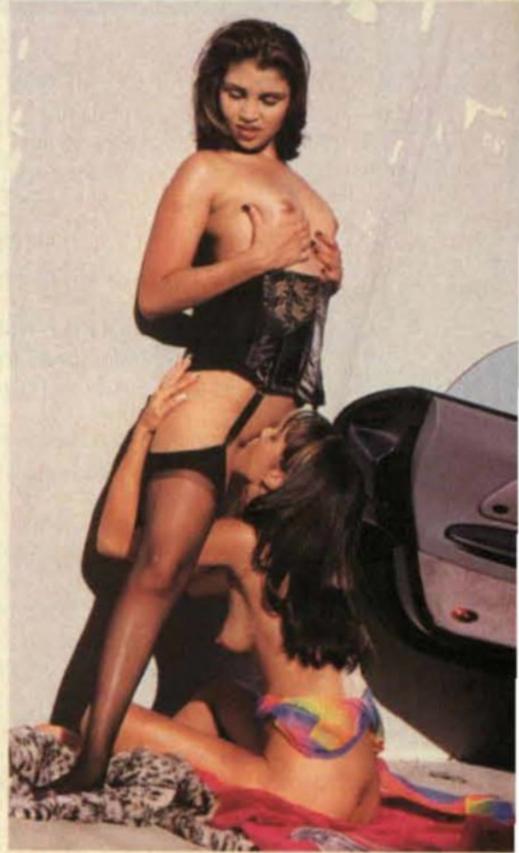
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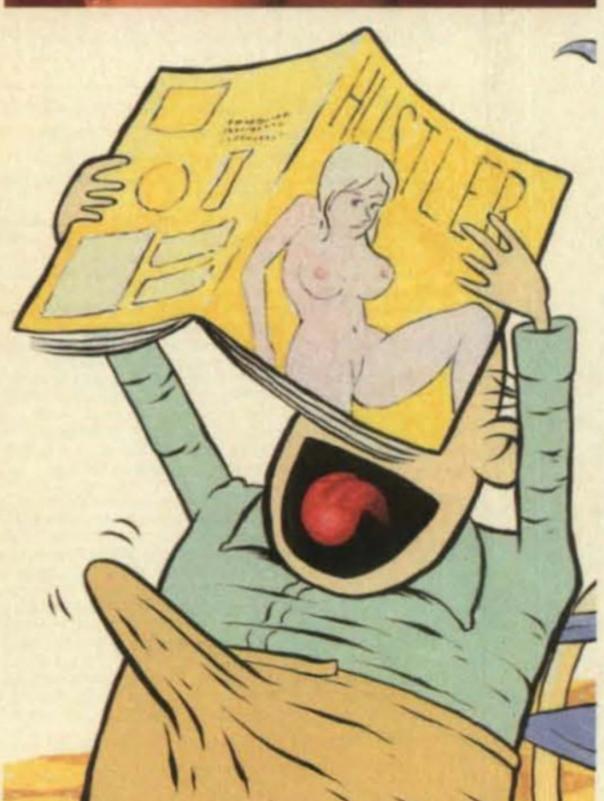
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ASSHOLE OF OUR QUARTER CENTURY

How fat is the fattest Asshole in the entire 25-year history of HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month? Fat enough that she is the most famous 25-year-old fat girl in the world. So fat that no amount of blond wigs and Hollywood sunglasses will disguise her identity. Fat like Monica Samille Lewinsky is fat.

Monica Lewinsky is a sperm-hoarding snitch. She was named HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month in December 1998 because she betrayed the code of silence adhered to by fat chicks who suck married cock. But a hole as fat as Monica demands a greater distinction.

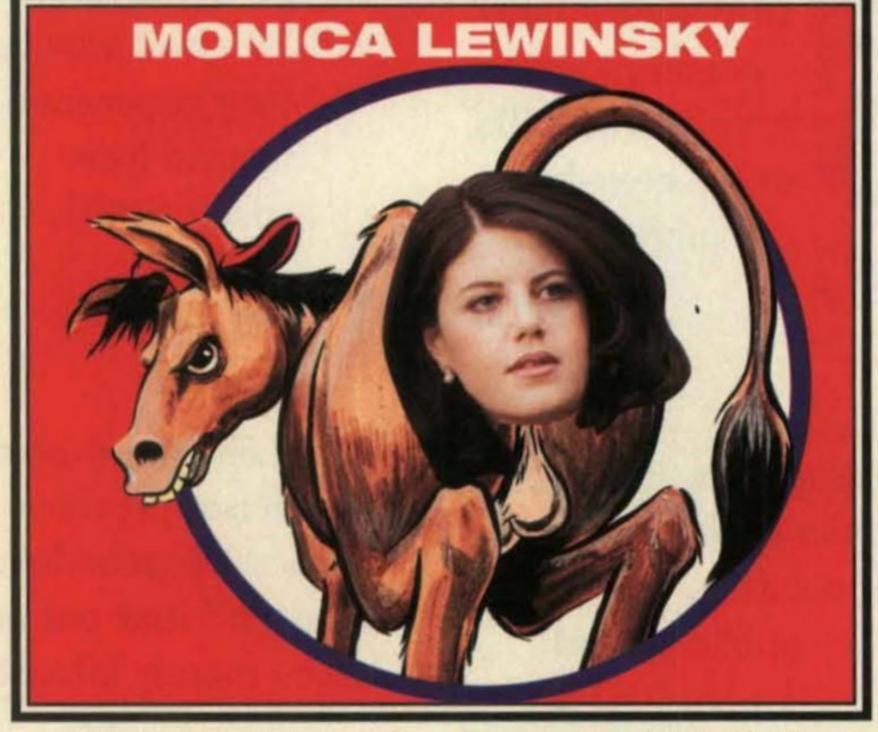
Throughout its 25-year history, America's Magazine has used its "Asshole of the Month" column to expose the septic drippings of more than 250 fecal muck-a-mucks. Lewinsky's cow pies are preeminent among all other shit leakers who have stained our pages before her.

In recognition of Monica Lewinsky's bigger-than-life effect as the fatty turd in America's collective punch bowl, HUSTLER hereby crowns her Asshole of Our Quarter Century.

As of March 3, 1999, the date of Ms. Lewinsky's two hours of blab with Barbara Walters on ABC's 20/20, the country had been inflicted with Monica for well over a year. Thanks to Linda Tripp's taping of fatwitted girl talk, we had endured Monica's spoiled-bitch whining and her chubby-broad self-pity. Later, the nation flinched at Lewinsky's videotaped Senate deposition. Raising her right paw to swear an oath, Monica had the wide-eyed look of a fat-farm dropout caught at four a.m. in the light of an open refrigerator door.

Monica Lewinsky's mouth has done more damage than any other orifice in American history. The tubby tattletale began her chat with Walters by apologizing to the country for the trouble she'd caused by secretly taking President Clinton's meat into her face hole, then betraying his secret with that same hole.

Monica's pleasure with herself as she delivered her rehearsed token of



contrition was like the pride of an overweight pony that after successfully trotting in a circle has stopped on command and now, with sparkling eyes, expects the reward of an extra carrot. A performing pony never exhibits a genuine expression of regret, not even if the little horse, in its rush to the feeding trough, tramples an innocent mother and child.

"I wouldn't dream of asking Chelsea and Mrs. Clinton to forgive me," confided Lewinsky to Walters and 70 million viewers. "But I would ask them to know that I am very sorry for what happened and for what they've been through."

Monica might just as well ask the Clinton women to know that she is svelte, beautiful and intelligent. How can Lewinsky claim to be "very sorry for what happened" to Chelsea and Hillary? The grinning sow continues to gush Oval Office sex gossip worldwide, which only compounds the humiliation she already has heaped upon the First Lady and the Presidential daughter.

Though Lewinsky was paid nothing for chewing the fat on 20/20, she reportedly pocketed \$660,000 and 75

percent of distribution sales for a rehash of her Walters mush on England's Channel 4 television network. There's also a sleaze-all book, Monica's Story, for which the reigning queen of heavy indiscretion is expected to earn at least \$1 million. "Behind the name Monica Lewinsky there is a person and there is a family," sobbed Monica, anguished, as if Barbara Walters had just refused to chauffeur her to Fatburger. "And there has been so much pain that has been caused by this. And it . . . was so destructive." Monica claimed that she, and both her parents, had contemplated suicide.

Piggy intimates that a confederacy of "meanies" is to blame for her distress, but the Lewinskys' torment, the shame of so many loving friends and family members, the impeachment of the President of the United States, the assault upon the democratic structure of our government—all were triggered by one chuckleheaded cocksucker's inability to keep her fat mouth shut.

Smiling like a special-ed. schoolgirl with a dookie in her panties, Monica insisted that flashing Clinton her thong underwear "was a small, subtle flirtatious gesture." Using the words *small* and *subtle* in conjunction with her horsey ass is proof that Monica can't see beyond the fat around her eyes.

Monica assured the President that she had screwed married men before and "knew the rules."

Rule Number One, as any honest whore knows, is Don't mention this affair to anyone.

Lewinsky conceives herself to be a "loyal" person. Clinton, in her mind, was safe because "I knew that I was never going to talk about this publicly." She did, however, retain the right to discuss their private behavior with ten of her most-trusted friends. "For me," giggled Lewinsky, "only telling ten people was pretty discreet."

Monica condemns BIII Clinton for being "all about 'me.' " Almost in the same girlish, self-enthralled breath, she reveals that she is sorry more for what happened to her than for the damage she caused the rest of the country.

Monica is sickened that Clinton "is a much bigger liar than I ever thought." She merrily admits that she lied about having ratted out Clinton to Linda Tripp.

Monica is gravely disappointed that Bill "is only sorry that he got caught." She confesses that, at times, her only regret is "that I ever confided in Linda Tripp"—which got Monica caught.

When Clinton apologized to the country, but not to her, Lewinsky felt like a piece of trash. What should he have said? "I'm sorry that you crippled my Presidency with your insatiable mouth"?

Lewinsky concedes that she "would want to apologize [to the President] for having been indiscreet about the relationship." The only meaningful apology would be to shut her fat, indiscreet yap, but as long as slime will earn the Beverly Hills slop a dirty dollar, discretion will never be her watchword. Food costs money, and Monica Lewinsky is one Asshole that has got to eat.

The HUSTLER Revolution: America Then and Now

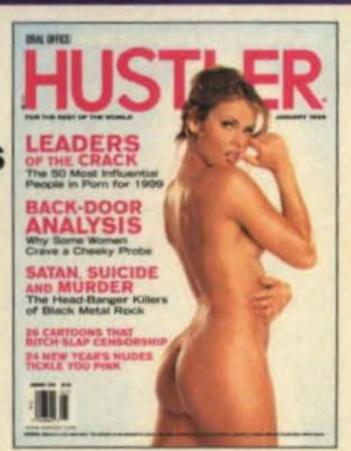
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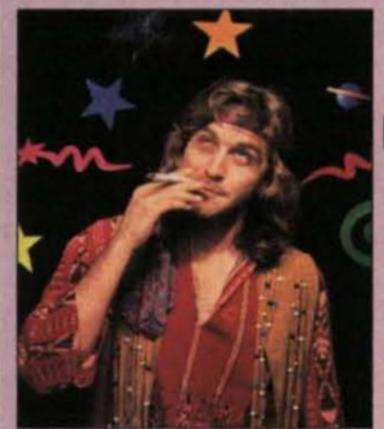
1999



Orgies give baby boomers wide selection of STDs, scary near-homo experiences.

HUSTLER gives members of every generation disease-free, explicit thrills.



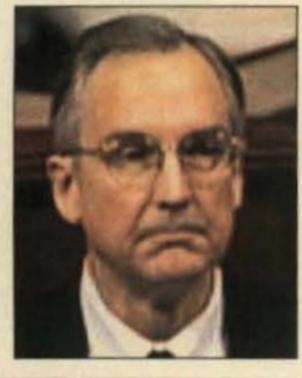


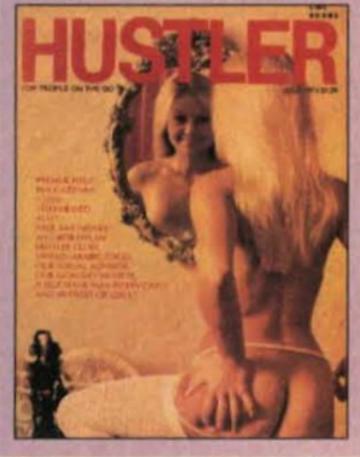
Dangerous substances, such as marijuana and nicotine, cloud the public's mind. HUSTLER's hard-core eroticism provides natural "psychedelic head rush" that pot and tobacco merely intensify.





Publishing heiress Patty Hearst joins revolutionaries; no discernible effect. Publisher Larry Flynt exposes hypocrisy; incoming Speaker of the House resigns.





HUSTLER Magazine debuts; millions unashamed to enjoy the dirtiest magazine in the world.

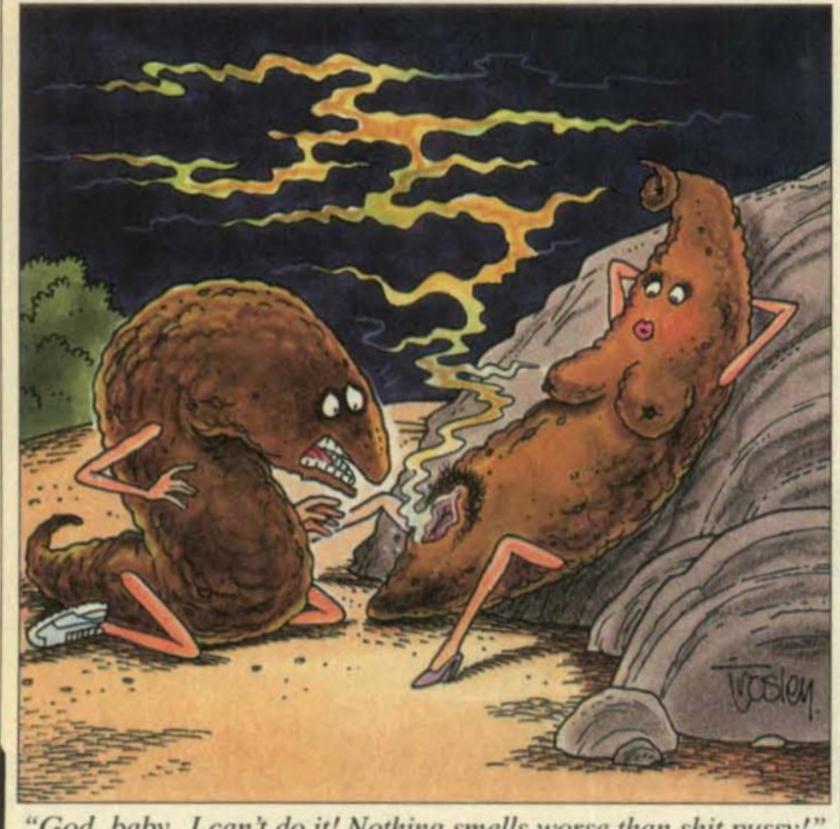
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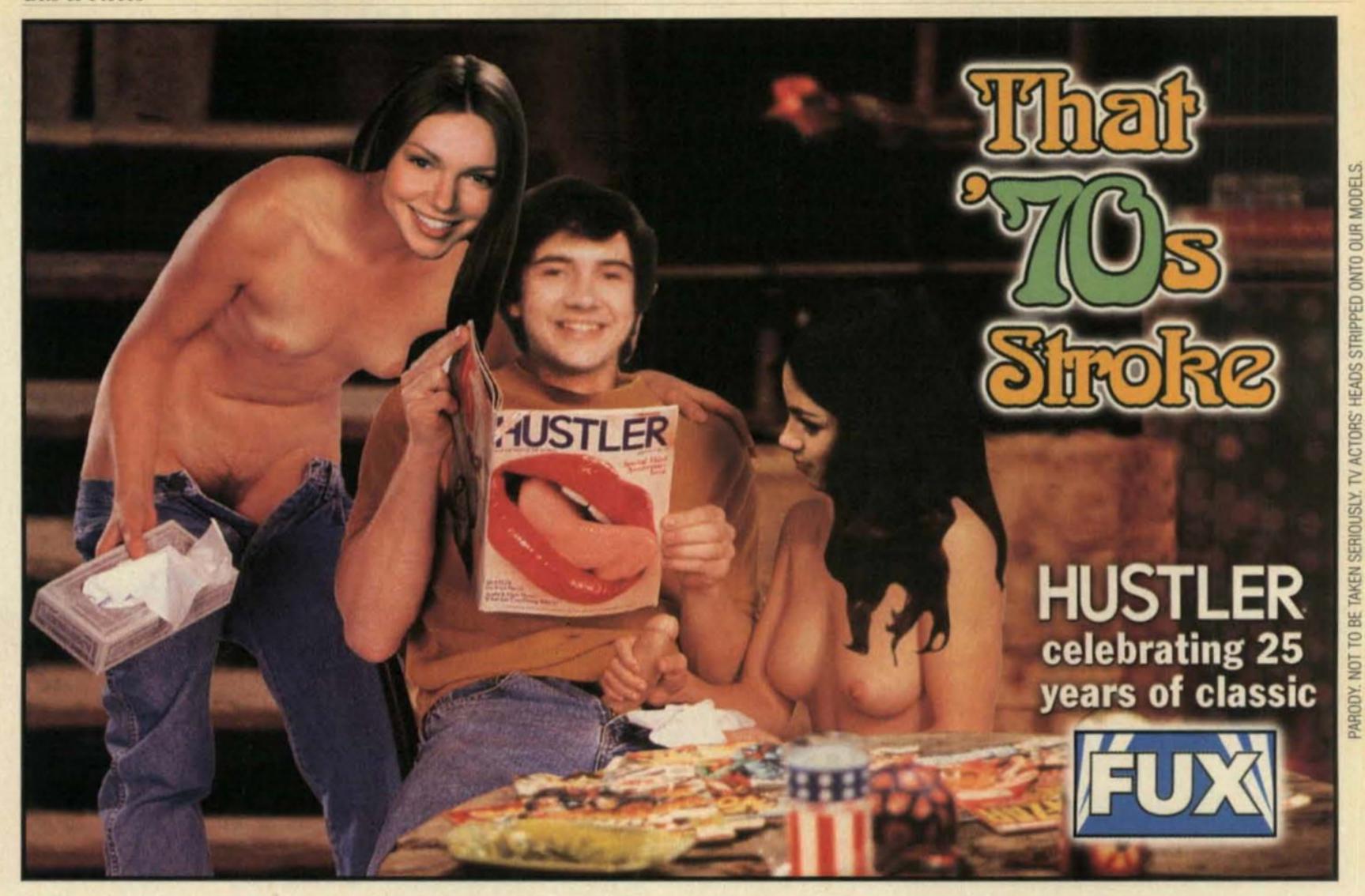
"God, baby...I can't do it! Nothing smells worse than shit pussy!"





In the volatile '30s, fashionable ladies' hemlines went up or down every few months. The all-time high was set by Edith Whorton, mascot for the Triangle Motorcar Company. Whorton's skimpy "Eden Hem" helped America out of its Depression.

Jeff P. of Wisconsin raises \$150 for this flash in the Packard. Send your classic shots of snap to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW: THREE DICKS*

Throughout HUSTLER's history, Larry Flynt's half-assed competitors have come and gone. Three particular men's-magazine publishers have managed to annoy HUSTLER readers for the entire 25 years: Playboy's Hugh Hefner, Penthouse's Bob Guccione and Screw's Al Goldstein. To mark the occasion, HUSTLER brought their penises together for an informal pissing contest.

HUSTLER: Have you three anything to share with Larry Flynt on



Hefner's dick

the occasion of HUSTLER's 25th Anniversary?

[Silence.]

HUSTLER: Hefner's dick? Any special greeting to Mr. Flynt?
[Silence.]

HUSTLER: Gooch's dick? Anything to say?

[More silence.]

HUSTLER: Al Goldstein's dick?
AL GOLDSTEIN'S DICK: Maybe
you shouldn't expect genitalia to
talk. I remember when I began
publishing *Screw*....



Guccione's dick

HUSTLER: Fuck Screw. We're here to celebrate HUSTLER's 25th Anniversary. Besides, I thought Al Goldstein, not his dick, publishes Screw.

AL GOLDSTEIN'S DICK: *Um*, I'm actually Al Goldstein. My dick couldn't be here.

HUSTLER: Well, Mr. Goldstein, would you join Mr. Hefner's dick and Mr. Guccione's dick in singing "Happy Birthday" to HUSTLER? AL GOLDSTEIN: I told you, geni-

HUSTLER: Oh.

talia doesn't talk.

AL GOLDSTEIN: Mine doesn't even write.

HUSTLER: Well, damn.



Goldstein's dick

Flynt Publications That Miscarried

HUSTLER swings the biggest dick among men's titles and has a reputation for quality and quim that enables America's Magazine to spin off more than just splooge. The Flynt Publishing empire includes such porn mainstays as CHIC, BARELY LEGAL, LEG WORLD, TABOO, HOMETOWN GIRLS, BROWN SUGAR, BUSTY BEAUTIES, EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE, ASIAN

FEVER, HONEY BUNS, HUSTLER FANTASIES and the new JAIL BABES—not to mention the other-than-skin titles.

Not every magazine idea conceived by Larry Flynt's staff makes it to the newsstands. These three never even made it to Mr. Flynt's desk.



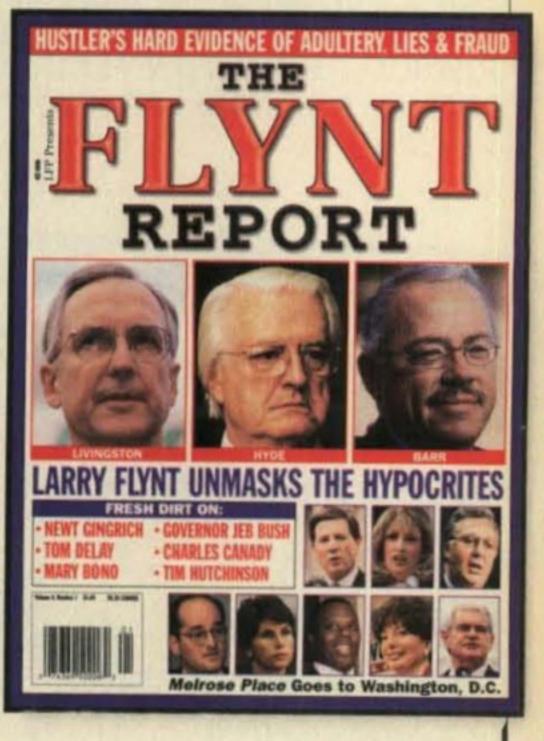
THE FLYNT REPORT Kicks Ass and Names Names

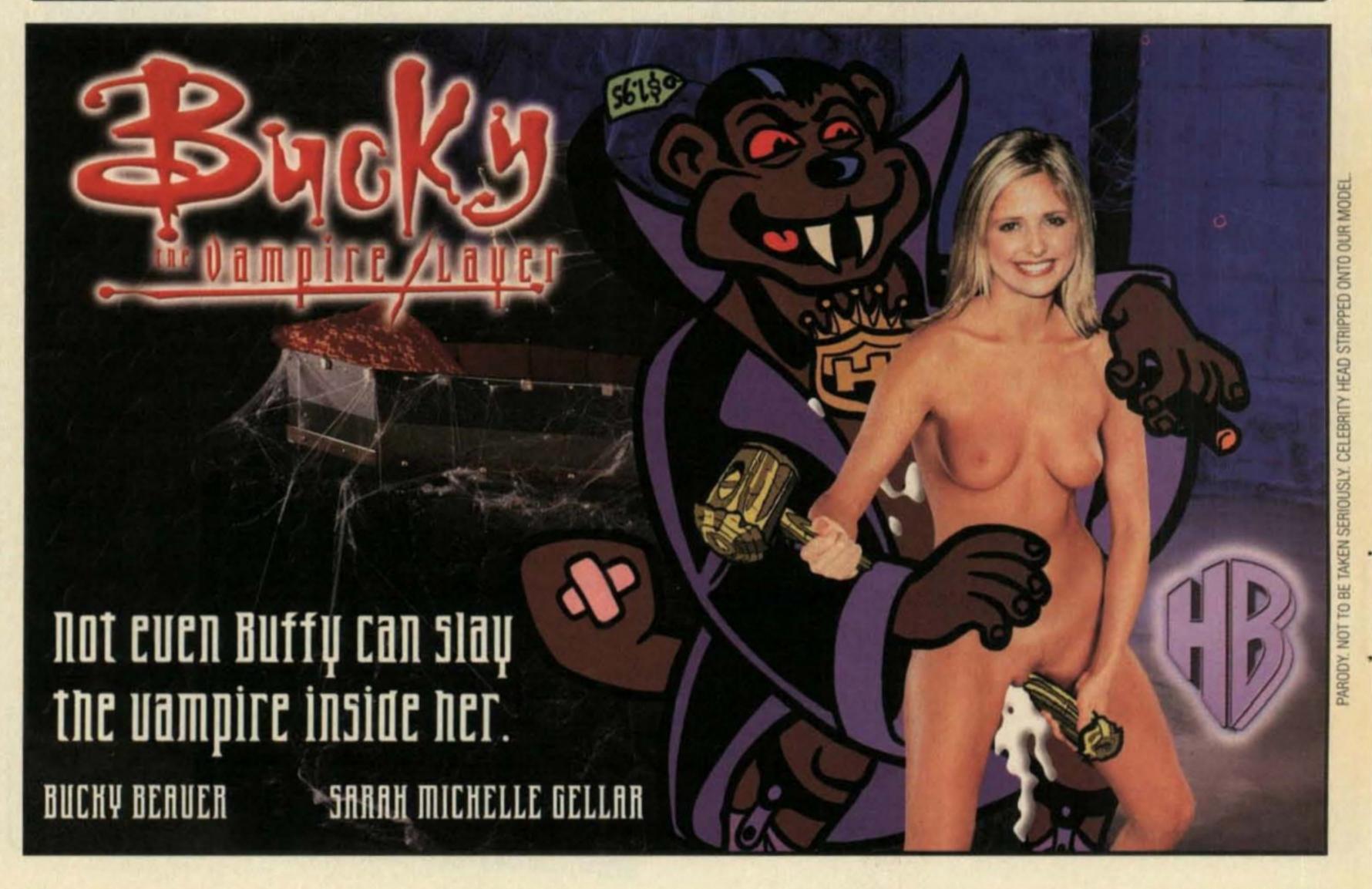
When Larry Flynt advertised his notorious \$1-million offer for evidence of adultery in the government, nobody knew just how much dirt the campaign would turn up. This month, THE FLYNT REPORT soils enough reputations to keep the Washington laundry corps busy for 20 years.

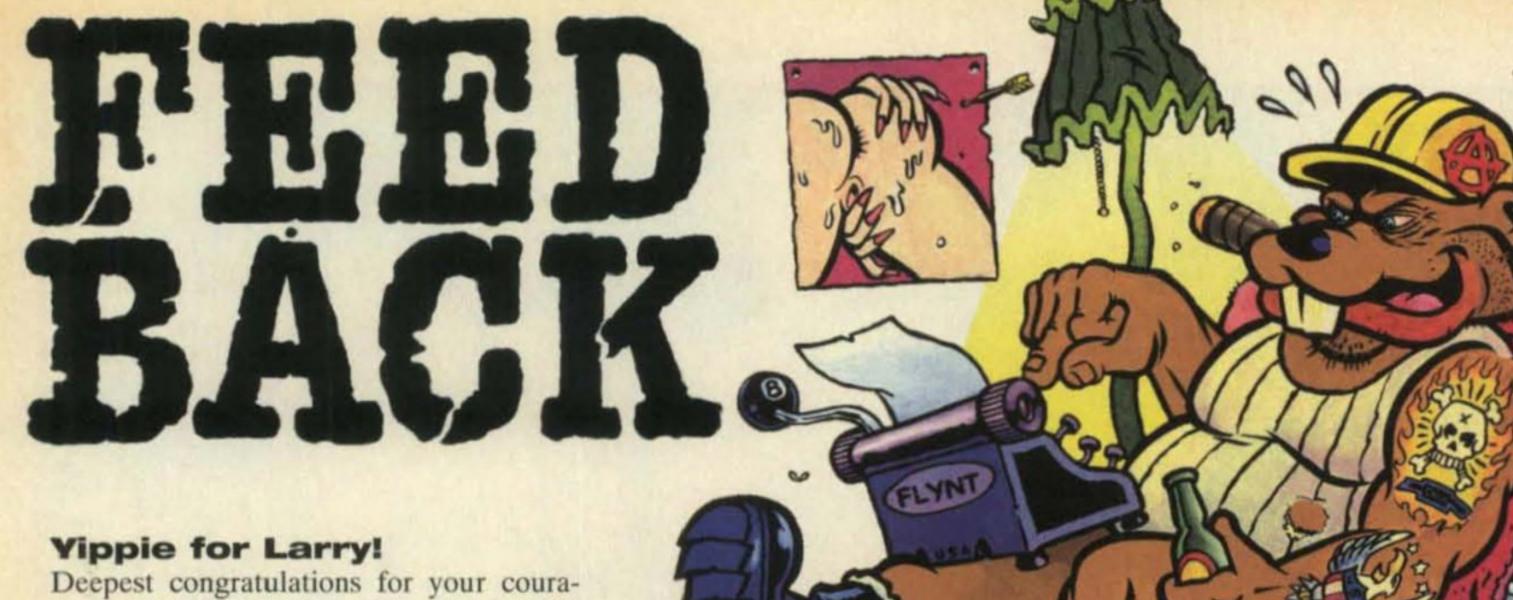
THE FLYNT REPORT presents the straight dope on straying Congressional dopes. It has to. The hypocrisy in our federal government continues to swell, even after the impeachment trial. Mr. Flynt's unflinching investigators distilled thousands of leads into a single indictment of the most astounding lowlifes in elected office.

A devastating bomb just hit the Capitol: the truth. Pick up your copy of THE FLYNT REPORT today at newsstands everywhere. To have a copy mailed directly to your home, call 1-800-566-5760, or use the mail-in coupon below.

Toll-Free Service Number YES! Send me THE FLYNT REPORT credit card orders only for only \$8.50 per issue (includes shipping). Quantities limited. ☐ Payment Enclosed Name Charge My VISA MC Credit Card # Address City Signature State/Zip Country QTY \times \$8.50 = Subtotal MAIL TO: L.F.P. INC. P.O. Box 15657, Beverly Hills, CA 90209 Your first







geous assault on the hypocrisy of the Republican pseudo-puritans back in Washington. I'm sorry I haven't written sooner. But in the historical spectacle before us, I've lapsed into being part of the astounded audience, disconnected from the realization of what you must be going through personally. Even as they gobble up your revelations, the mainstream press and commentators can't avoid looking down their blue noses at you, refusing to give respect. You are a hero to many. Especially on the streets of South Central, I hear cheering for you all the time. Black people identify with you because you've gone through suffering like they have, and you still come back fighting. Young people, I suspect, think of you the same way. You are one of the few alternatives to adult hypocrisy in the world. Keep giving them hell, Larry.

—Senator Tom Hayden 23rd District, California Legislature Sacramento, California

Toilet Temptress

Who is the girl sitting on the toilet with the pretty red toes in your February 1999 issue? I bought the magazine as soon as I saw her on the cover, thinking she'd be in it. She was not. Do you guys think that she will be in any of your upcoming issues, or did I already miss her in a previous one?

—M. Miami, Florida

Your toilet tart is a dancer named Temptress. See this luscious lipstick lezzie take her girlfriend's fist in the August 1999 issue of HUSTLER.

Kitty Splat

HUSTLER's April 1999 boy-girl spread, Dirk and Kitty: Choad Warrior, was a supercharged turn-on. What a kickass set of photos—especially the first one, which shows the very lucky Dirk taking a pull at Kitty's roast beef with his lips. Kitty looks like she is genuinely having fun with the

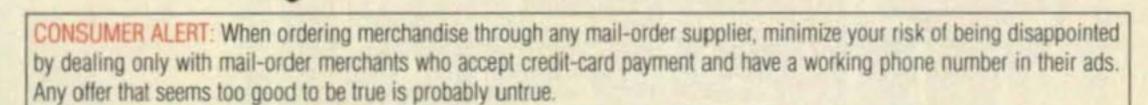
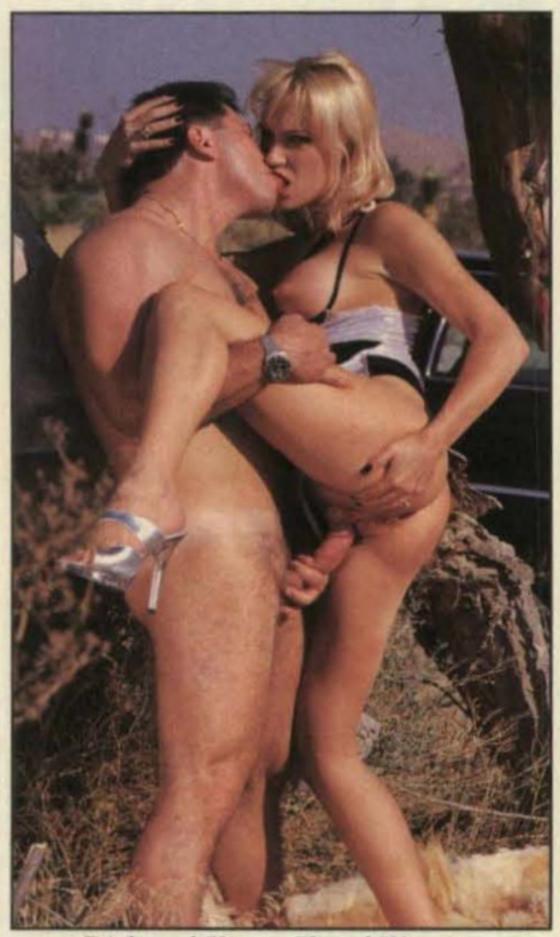


photo shoot. All of HUSTLER's models are beauties, but Kitty is the best I've seen in the three years I've been buying your magazine. Kitty is awesome in every pose; cute as hell from head to toes.

—J. H.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



Dirk and Kitty: Choad Warrior

Aunt Hot: HUSTLER Not

The broad on the cover of the April 1999 HUSTLER is sweet, young and exotic-looking, but the hag in the centerfold (Jagg: Born-Again Pagan) was fucking weak. She had that old-looking, dull, peroxide-blond, standard housewife look. Fuck that. Are you fucking dumb and blind? She looked like a friend of my mom's. The February 1999 covergirl looked promising at first sight—that long-legged tramp on the toilet. She's hot; no question. But February's centerfold (May: Seaside Siren) looked like my aunt. Goddamn, you suck. What's wrong with you?

—C. J.

Tustin, California

What's wrong with you? It sounds like you're surrounded by gorgeous ladies. You probably have a hot sister too. We'd love to see your mom naked. Why not take some snapshots of your mom's friend and your aunt and send them to HUSTLER? Clearly, we need to compare and contrast your bitches with ours for quality control to maintain the highest possible pussy standards, which you expect from us.

Goddess Gia

After many years of waiting and hoping, you have finally given me, and many other readers, what we want and deserve. I refer to the she-male pictorial Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady in the April 1999 issue. I had to write and thank you before I break my





18+

FEEDBACK

hand paying masturbatory tribute to this goddess. The shots of this lovely lady-boy stroking her beautiful cock while shoving a dildo in her ass damn near made me faint. Larry Flynt is the only guy with balls big enough to push the limits of porn this far. Please don't wait another 15 years to do another she-male pictorial; keep them coming.

—D. B.

Reno, Nevada

Gia Fine

Welcome back, Larry. I just finished a quick cruise through the April 1999 issue of HUSTLER—three cheers and two fists up! I am overjoyed with the pictorial Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, that's jammed in the pages between my column [Dear Slut]. Gia ought to give 'em all something to think, scream, cream and write home (or me) about!

—Jeanna Fine

Lady Loves Gia

I'm a lady who is very turned on by a man dressed in drag. Gia is something else; no, someone very special. I'm 22 years old, and my fantasy is to make love to a transsexual. If you could send Gia to Oklahoma to meet with me, I'd pay all expenses. I'm serious!

—C. C.

Anadarko, Oklahoma

San Diego, California

End the Gia Nightmare

I'm a 20-year-old sailor in the U. S. Navy. I buy HUSTLER every month, and I love all of it, except for the April 1999 issue that featured Ms./Mr. Gia. I expect to see that in shitty foreign magazines, but not America's Magazine. Please refrain from giving me nightmares like Gia in the future. —J. F. Jacksonville, Florida

A Boyfriend for Gia

I don't care what anybody else thinks, I love Gia. If I were with Gia, she sure wouldn't be lonely. She's so beautiful. I don't even care that she has the same tool as I do. How can I contact her? I would pose with Gia in a HUSTLER pictorial for free just to meet her. How about it? —C. D. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ode to Gia

Gia, you are beautiful, wonderful, so erotic and exotic. You are lovely, luscious and so incredibly hot. I cannot say enough about how much I adore you. You are a goddess, a dream come true. To see a man and woman in one, as you are, must be the most fulfilling of feelings. To feel both sexes as you do must be the ultimate

intoxication. I encourage you and cheer you on, for such is divine to desire to be both male and female. Anyone who cannot accept you is not honest and true, for we have all thought, during sex, what it would be like to be you. Don't be discouraged by fake Christians who smolder with hate in their hearts, for yes, even Jesus spoke of you, dear Gia. He spoketh directly to you from the heart when he said, "To whom can receive it, receive being a eunuch of men." And I do receive you, Gia, as a godly blessing from heaven. For to be both male and female is what makes you most divine. -R. C.

Willis, Michigan

Holy mackerel! HUSTLER's April Fools' pictorial, Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady, has had a more penetrating effect on HUSTLER readers than we ever thought possible. To read love letters from women to Gia proves that God works in incredibly mysterious ways.

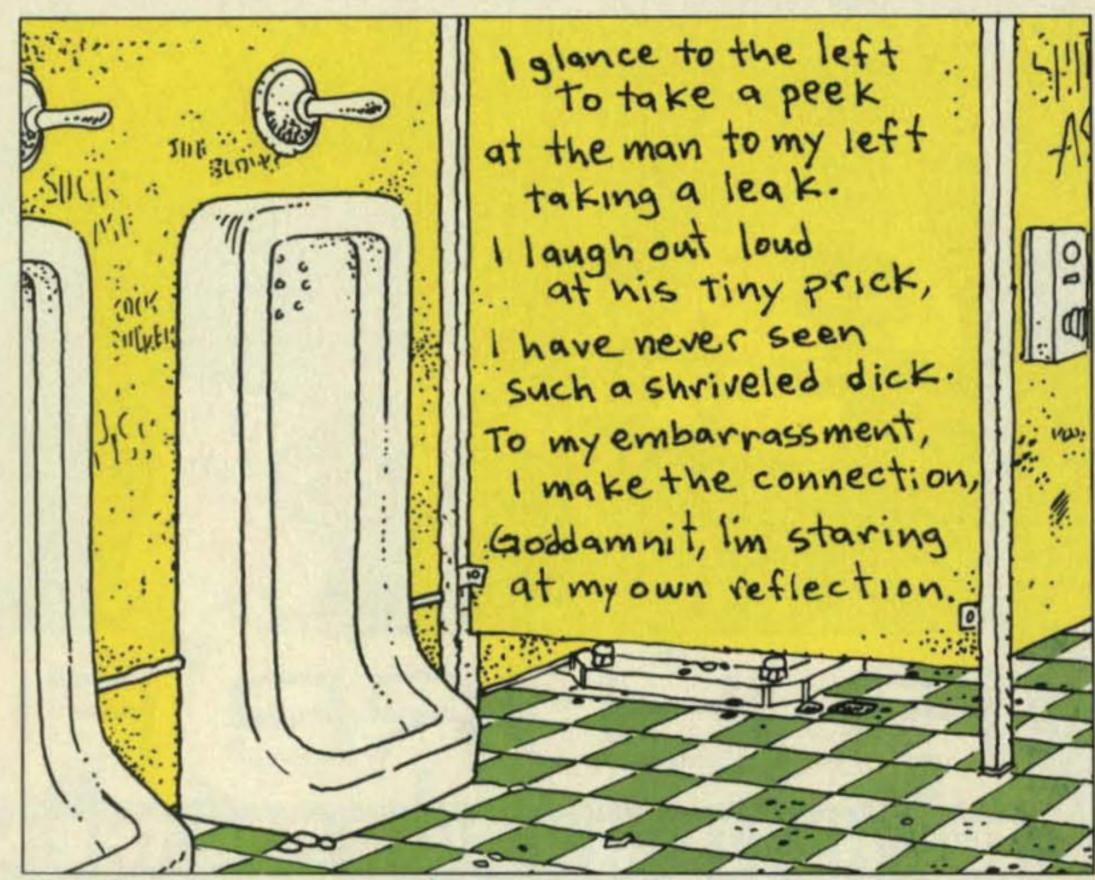
Save the Children

My husband and I wrote a while back to remind you that, as adults, the editors of HUSTLER have a moral responsibility to the millions of young children who find and view your magazine. We picked up the April 1999 issue to see if our letter had any effect. Upon opening the issue, it became clear that little has changed. While we respect the rights of the girls to act as whorish as they wish in your pictorials, we'd like to see some concern on their part and yours for how they impact children-who are most certainly viewing these photos. Gia, most certainly, will confuse young viewers. She is attractive, but she is much too raw for children. Your Erotic Entertainment section contained anal shots that we believe are too strong for children as well. Antonia and Desiree (Antonia and Desiree: Sisters in Sin) are acting quite raw, but we're not so sure that two girls making love intimidates children. Kids might see a certain playfulness in this photo shoot. We have trouble, however, with Jagg (Jagg: Born-Again Pagan). Girls sticking things inside themselves can intimidate young viewers. Dirk and Kitty (Dirk and Kitty: Choad Warrior) also disappointed us. These two are simply too explicit, yet we were impressed by the exhilarating look on Kitty's face. Isn't she worried that millions of adults and children will see her fornicating? Apparently not. Please, could you people try to clean it up a little? For the children? -J. & S. G.

Woodbine, New Jersey (continued on page 47)

13





Thanks and \$50 go to Joshua D.



In the space of a year, Larry Flynt has gone from pariah to pundit, and his flagship magazine has had an unprecedented impact on national events. On the silver anniversary of HUSTLER, Flynt reflects on pussy, politics and the future of America's Magazine.



Future Flynt "We don't have any justice in this country—we only have a shot at justice. These poor bastards that don't have any money—they don't get justice."

What began as a newsletter has become an empire. Worldwide, the HUSTLER name is synonymous with beaver, irreverence and freedom of expression. After 25 years of publication, Larry Flynt's flagship magazine is the most daring it's ever been and has given rise to a stable of sister publications, including HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL, TABOO, LEG WORLD and BROWN SUGAR. Each magazine has an Internet version; eventually, each will spin off a video series as well. The first two HUSTLER retail stores have done so well that plans are in place for a new store to break ground every three months in the coming year.

HUSTLER is at a high-water mark following the humiliation of congressional hypocrites, but Larry Flynt will have little time to savor the work of deflating stuffed shirts before he travels to Cincinnati to face obscenity charges that could carry 24 years in jail. From his opulent home in Bel Air, California, Flynt looks forward to the fight.

HUSTLER: Is Cincinnati the obscenity trial you were looking for?

LARRY FLYNT: For 21 years. They [Cincinnati] fucked me then; I want to get even.

HUSTLER: Are you hoping for a guilty verdict?

FLYNT: I'm hoping for acquittal. But conviction would be in the best interest of the First Amendment. If we get convicted in Cincinnati, and we go up the ladder on appeal, I believe that the Supreme Court will hear the case. I don't like the present makeup of the court, and I'm concerned about what the outcome would be, but we're talking maybe two-and-a-half, three years down the line. The makeup could change.

HUSTLER: Many of your First Amendment triumphs have been won in costly courtroom battles. Is justice only for the wealthy?

FLYNT: We don't have any justice in this country—we only have a shot at justice. These poor bastards that don't have any money—they don't get justice. Regardless of the outcome of a decision, it would have been much different if they had had money. That's what makes the system move. Money makes it work.

HUSTLER: America has a Puritan heritage and a freedom-loving heritage. With which does America's future lie?

FLYNT: What I see in the future is us becoming more tolerant, and even these various religious sects that want to do their thing, and other lifestyles, will all be able to coexist.

HUSTLER: What sorts of things are you optimistic about?

FLYNT: The world's becoming smaller; we're no longer isolated. Let's face it: It hasn't been that long at all since we were in a virtual standoff with Red China, Russia, teaching kids what to do if the bomb drops. We're moving beyond that now. I think the problems of the world can be more easily solved in this next century than they were in the previous century. I'm talking about the problems of hunger, population control, the environment. There's a lot more to be optimistic about than to be pessimistic about.

Political scandals and courtroom challenges aside, the bottom line at HUSTLER will always be pussy. In Palmdale, a high-desert community an hour east of Los Angeles, an abandoned Dust Bowl-era clapboard shack is the setting for an outdoor girl/girl photo-shoot.

Veteran photographer Matti Klatt surveys the tumbledown scene and decides on a spot by the side of the graffitimarred house. "Okay, I got it," Klatt says. "Outfits."

In the ruins of the kitchen, Alexandra Nice, a deeply tanned brunette from Poland, strips off her tank top and drops her black jeans around her ankles. Robert, the makeup man, smears oil on Nice's ass and back and helps her into a black cocktail dress.

Vivi Anne, a 19-year-old Australian with wet, blue eyes, demurely undresses behind a dilapidated garage. A finger of pubic hair points to her puffy labia.

"Let's go, girls, let's go," Klatt demands.
"I need to pee," says Vivi.

"You can do that on the set," says Klatt. Vivi draws a deep breath, pulls her tank top above her tits and reclines on an orange-plastic inflatable couch. "I can suck my stomach in," she says.

"I'll tell you if you have any flaws," says Klatt. "Pull your pants down." Vivi Anne pushes her denim shorts toward her knees. "Down, down, down, down, "Klatt insists, until Vivi's shorts reach her ankles. Next, she pushes a ten-inch jelly dildo into her vagina.

With five rolls of film jammed in his jeans pockets, Klatt orchestrates a game of Twister with the models. Alexandra Nice spits a string of saliva into Vivi Anne's open pussy and slides a long, crystalline dildo between her swollen cunt lips. Klatt snaps photos furiously.

After 18 rolls have been shot and the hot desert sun has begun to fade, Klatt positions Nice on her hands and knees on the concrete steps at the front of the house, facing downhill.



"I see what your problem is—the damn thing ain't turned on."



"Too bad she's a fuckin' Republican! That Ariana Huffington is hot!"

Future Flynt "We're always pushing the envelope on sexuality when it involves consenting

adults, because sexual attitudes and preferences are part of our personal freedoms and should not be compromised."

Vivi Anne jams the glassy dildo into Nice. "Pull the dildo more toward you, so we get some weird light on it and we can see her tonsils. Put the other dildo on her butt. It's not on her butt-up, up, up, there. Work it a little bit on her anus. Alex, show more agony on your face."

Klatt loads his last roll of film. "There," he says. "That's pretty naughty."

HUSTLER: Is porn becoming more mainstream?

FLYNT: Definitely. There's been a slow evolution. It started with Ulysses, on to Fanny Hill and Lady Chatterley's Lover. In the '60s, the real explosion came about, and then the advent of video. I think movies like Deep Throat and Behind the Green Door really pushed pornography into the mainstream.

HUSTLER: Do you think this trend will continue?

FLYNT: I'm both optimistic and pessimistic. I'm optimistic in the sense that I don't see how, in the age of wireless communication, the Internet and video, the government will be able to turn back the clock. On the other hand, we have a very conservative Supreme Court, and if they were given the opportunity to rule on an obscenity case, I don't know what the outcome would be. The decision is almost

as shaky as Roe v. Wade on abortion. The court right now is 5-4, almost a split. We could be pushed back into the Dark Ages, so to speak.

HUSTLER: Or we could be on the verge of a second sexual revolution?

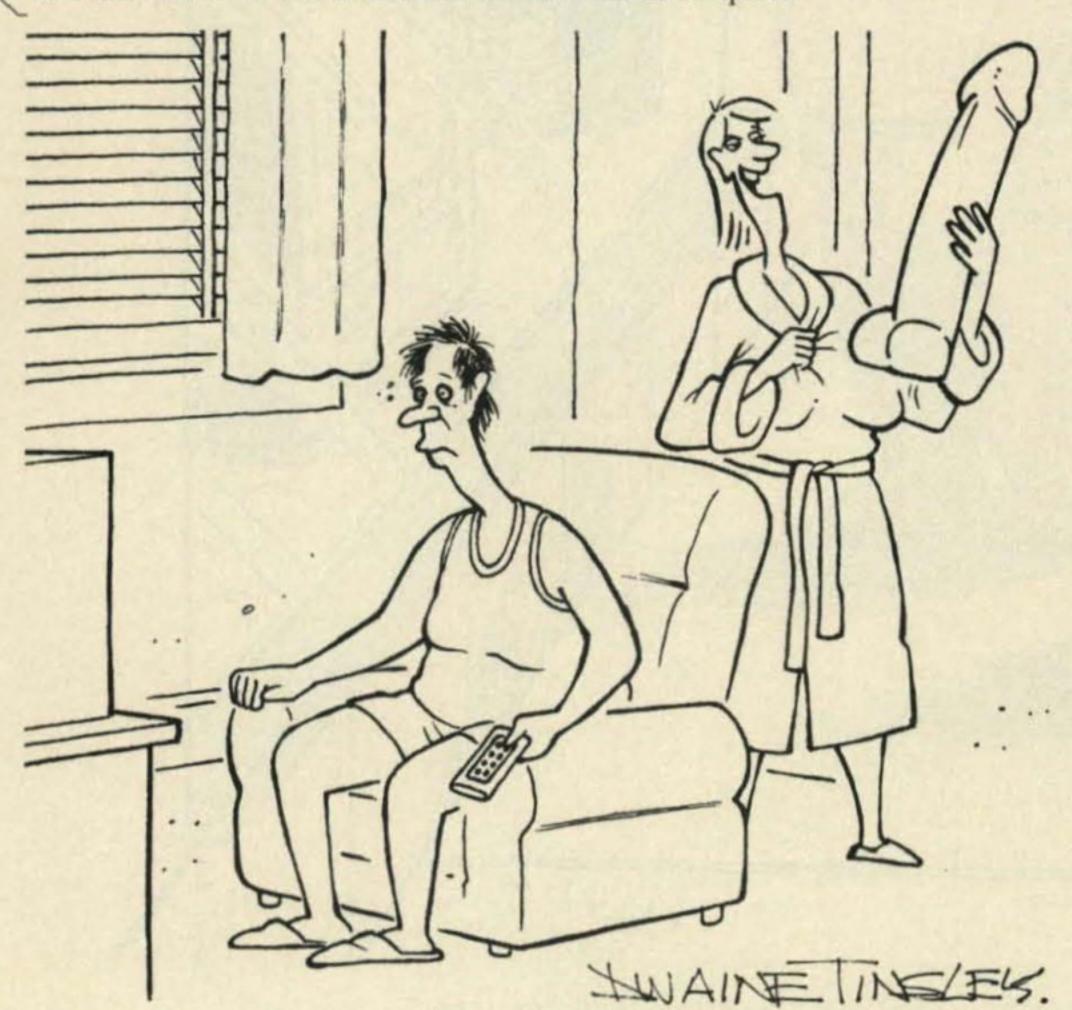
FLYNT: Very true.

HUSTLER: You recently featured fisting and a pre-op transsexual in HUSTLER. What other lines do you plan to cross?

FLYNT: We're always pushing the envelope on sexuality when it involves consenting adults, because sexual attitudes and preferences are part of our personal freedoms and should not be compromised. HUSTLER will always continue to be outrageous in that sense.

HUSTLER: Will HUSTLER feature anal penetration?

FLYNT: We're putting out a hard-core edition of HUSTLER that will be sold in adult-book stores and in the overseas market. We will be publishing some things we cannot do in HUSTLER. Remember, the reason we do not do anal penetration in HUSTLER today is not a legal decision it's a marketing decision. I can't allow photographs to go into the magazine that are going to interfere with distribution or a newsstand operator putting it on his shelf. I have to discipline the product to the marketplace.



"Okay, you watch Leno. I'm off for a ride on Mr. Ed...."

HUSTLER: Will pornography always be an industry of outlaws?

FLYNT: I would like to see an end to obscenity laws in my lifetime. I don't know if it's going to happen. Until it does, there will always be people wearing the smut-peddler label.

Outlaws are the subject of Larry Flynt Publications' first solo video series, JAIL BABES, a cross between reality TV and hard-core porn. Volume 4 is being shot in a two-bedroom, one-story stucco house on a side street in El Segundo, California. In the living room, plush couches ring a pumpkin-orange shag rug. Disco lights cast iridescent checks on the walls.

Tootsie sits at the kitchen table with her costar, Dave Hardman. Tootsie is a toned 40-year-old with the names of a dozen prison girlfriends tattooed on her chocolate skin.

"How long you been out?" Hardman asks.

"I'm not really out yet," Tootsie says. "I'm in a halfway house, and I got a church pass to come here today."

Coproducers Rick Rage and Mark Cromer have set up a withering battery of lights in the living room. Between puffs on a cigarette, Cromer elicits Tootsie's story. She robbed her first bank when she was 22. After a four-year rampage of heists and stickups, she was caught and served 15 years in jail.

Following the interview, Hardman turns to Tootsie, splayed naked on a couch. He pulls Tootsie's labia apart with his fingers and flutters his tongue on her clit.

"My bitch licks it better than that," Tootsie says.

After a perfunctory blowjob, Tootsie and Dave Hardman are bumping uglies, missionary-style.

"Is this what I've been missing?" Tootsie moans. "Oh, don't hurt me, Daddy. You're too big."

Tootsie climbs onto her hands and knees. Hardman's slapping balls and Tootsie's flapping ass cheeks thump a staccato anthem to high-speed lovemaking. Sweat trickles down Hardman's back; he looks at his watch.

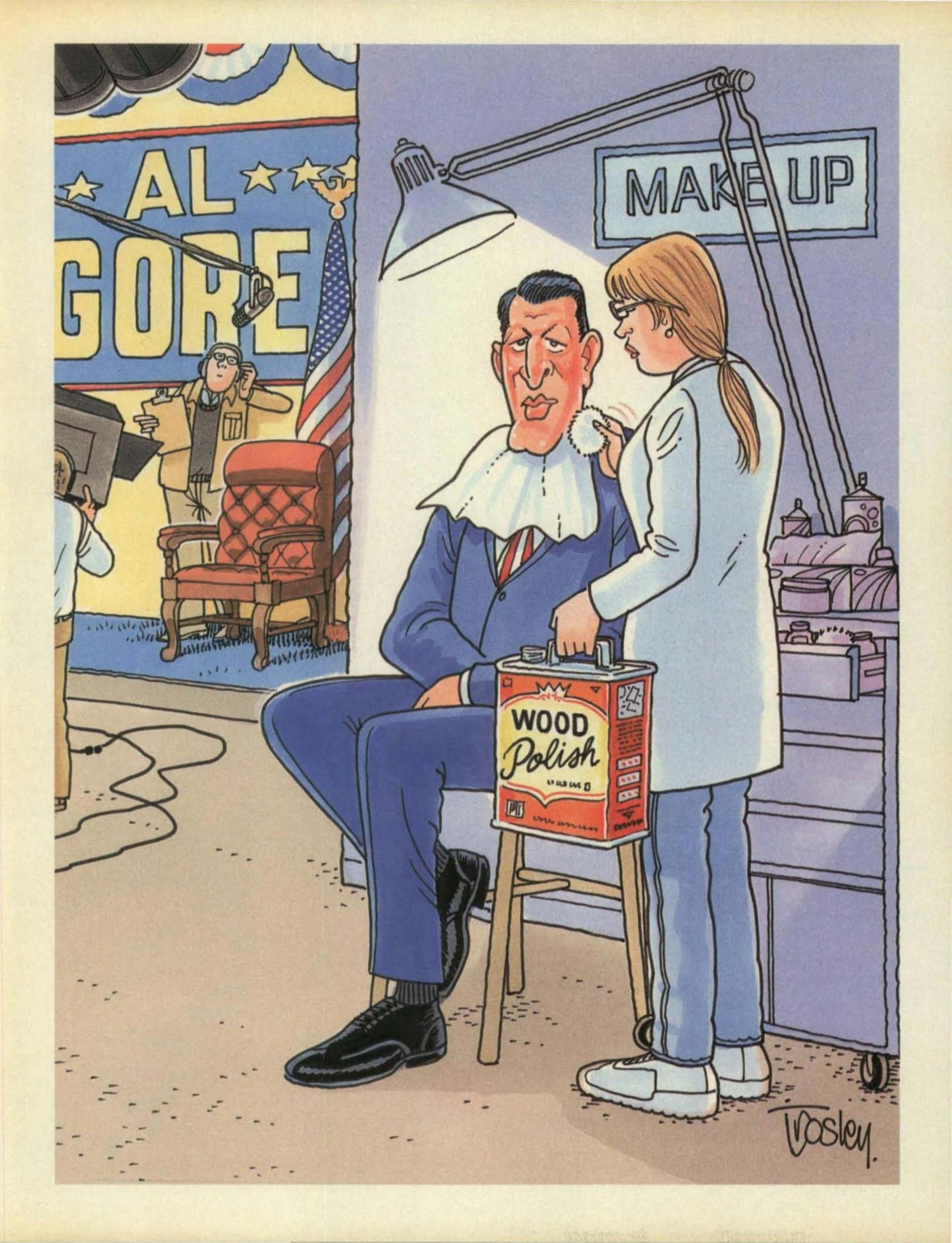
"It's 20 after," he says. "You need to be back at the halfway house at four?"

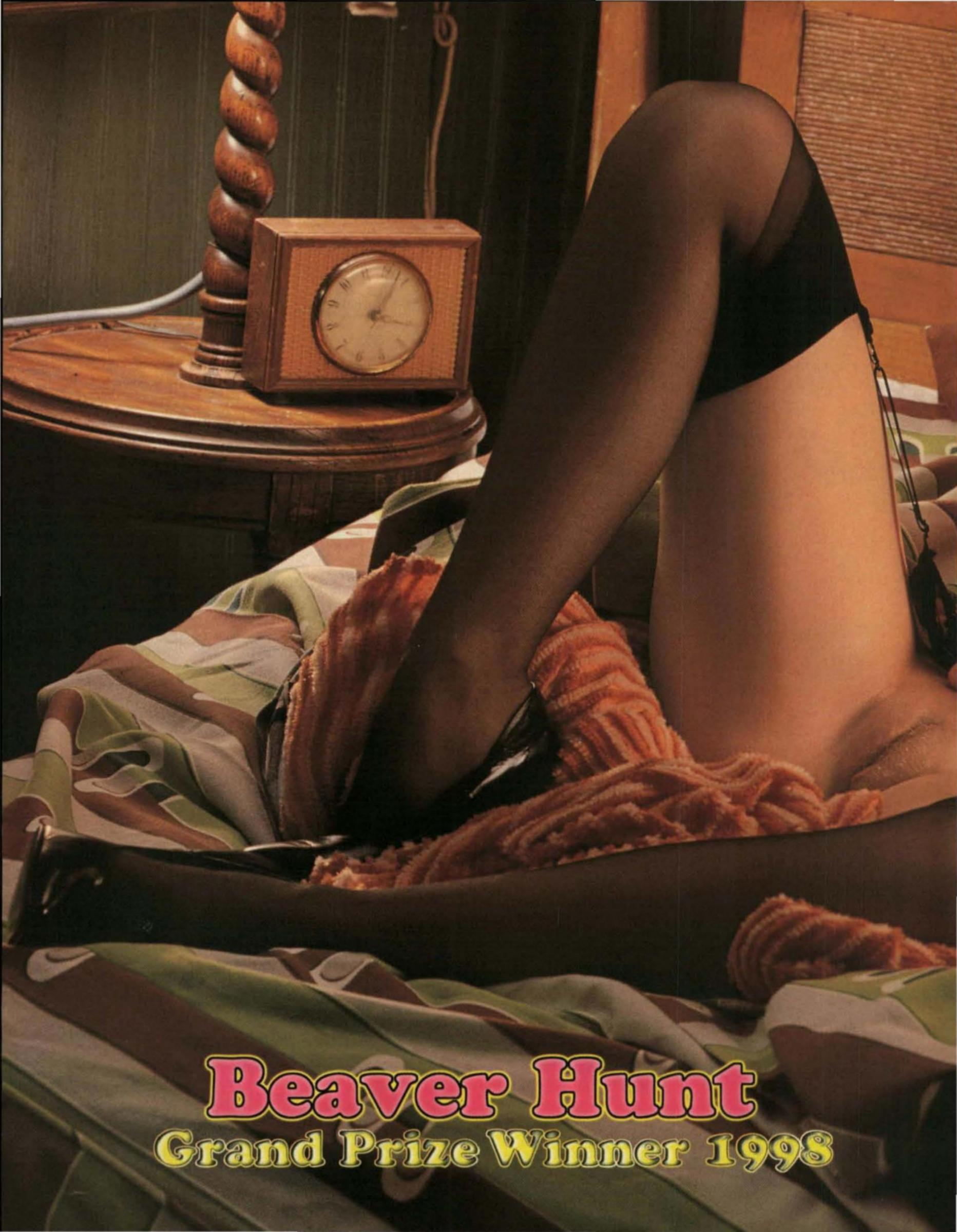
"I have to walk in the door at four," says Tootsie.

"Let's do the cum-shot," says producer Rage. He turns to Tootsie and says, "Don't get any in your eye, and don't wipe it."

Tootsie mouths Hardman's bone until he blows ball batter on her face. The set is silent. Rage puts his camera down and

(continued on page 29)







PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Our 1998 Beaver Hunt Winner is sultry, blond vixen Kitty from St. Louis, Missouri. The 21-year-old first bared her timeless beauty in the December 1997 issue of BARELY LEGAL and was duly elevated to the rank of Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Finalist #2 (Kitty: Too Good to Forget, August 1998 HUSTLER). Readers pounced on the chance to elect this next-door feline the premier neighborhood nookie of the year.

Captured here in all her boudoir beauty, Kitty dreams of

expanding her carnal horizons to include sex on a public pool table or washing machine. The \$5,000 prize should provide enough quarters to keep the spin cycle running for a long, long time.

Is there a prize-worthy pussy in your home? If so, see page 108 to enter the Beaver Hunt Photo and Video Contests and win 1999's \$5,000 grand prize.

















(continued from page 18)

Future Fynt "Just think of the millions of people in America that would like to tell a judge on a bench, 'You're a no-good, lousy motherfucker.' It's a great feeling, even though it got me 15 months."

stretches. "Get dressed," Hardman says to Tootsie. "I'll take you back to the joint."

HUSTLER: If you could rewrite the obscenity laws, how would they read?

FLYNT: There would be absolutely no obscenity laws at all, not even covering child pornography. When you use a child to produce pornography, you're violating the rights of someone who's not old enough to speak for themselves. That is a crime, and it should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. But to make the material obscene is wrong, and it's a constitutional violation. I'm not saying that because I want to have child porn available, because I have absolutely no interest in it at all. But they're approaching the whole issue wrong. Throw the bastards in jail for violating the rights of those kids, not for what they publish. Leave the public alone.

HUSTLER: Can you envision a day when child pornography is featured in **HUSTLER?**

FLYNT: Never. You would never see that in the pages of HUSTLER, and I hope not in the pages of any magazine.

HUSTLER: You have print, Internet and video ventures, and you are opening a chain of retail stores. Which has the greatest growth potential?

FLYNT: I'm really amazed at the retail store, how well it's doing. I feel like an idiot for not being in that end of the business a long time ago. I never realized the value of the HUSTLER trademark in terms of marketing. I think the potential there is very big, and I think the Internet is huge as well. **HUSTLER:** Is **HUSTLER's** future on

the Internet?

FLYNT: I think the print media will always be around, but never like in the past two decades. When we first went online, I thought we'd lose a lot of HUSTLER readership, but it didn't hurt us that much because we've picked up a lot on the Internet.

HUSTLER: Will there come a time when hustler.com will have more readers than the print magazine?

FLYNT: It's very possible. But there's something about having a new magazine, with high-quality reproductions on the photo features-there's a difference between having that available in your hands versus downloading it from the Internet.

A man and a credit card can access the range of human sexual experiences at www.hustler.com, a portal to a dozen online skin magazines and myriad cyberfuck thrills.

For a small monthly fee, HUSTLER Online members have access to a Web version of the magazine, including 50 back

issues. March 1999's Incredible Clickable Centerfold is Helene: Bitch on Heels. Her legs spread as wide as a computer screen, Helene's breasts, face and pink-lipped pussy can be blown up to larger-than-lifesize with the click of a mouse.

YOU COULD BE WATCHING HOT ASS WITHIN ONE MINUTE, proclaims HUSTLERLive, a pay site link that connects web surfers with live video feeds of boy/girl, girl/girl, porn star, solo girl and transsexual areas.

A pretty strawberry blonde masturbates on a white, plastic patio chaise. Her index and middle fingers slide in and out of her slit with the stuttered motion of video streaming. A column of text scrolls alongside the image.

"Do you have any toys to play with?" asks username Melville.

"Cool me down with a nice, splashy cum shower," responds the nameless nymph.

Soon, members will be able to watch raw video taken at HUSTLER photo-shoots as they take place.

HUSTLER: The past year was marked by the involuntary exposure of celebrity sex lives. Would you like to take this opportunity to volunteer information about your sex life?

FLYNT: This might surprise millions of people: My sex life is rather pedestrian. I'm into plain old vanilla sex. Suckin' and fuckin'. Nothing kinky.

HUSTLER: Do you support women's rights?

FLYNT: Absolutely. Equal rights, equal pay, nondiscrimination in the workplace. I'm a strong advocate for the women's movement. The people who just drive me crazy are the feminists who are on the fringe-what I like to call the radical element, like [Andrea] Dworkin and [Gloria] Steinem, whose only claim to fame really is to urge a bunch of ugly women to march. I don't think they speak for the average woman in America.

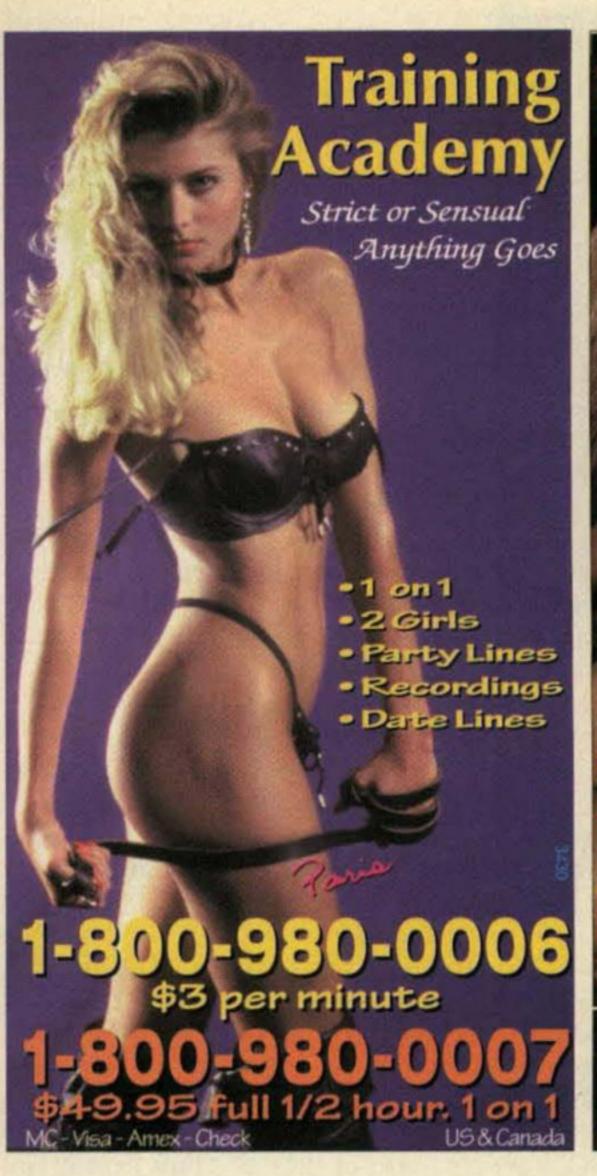
HUSTLER: Are love and intimacy possible for a pornographer?

FLYNT: Absolutely. The biggest trick bag in the world that people get into is to confuse love and sexual passion. Love and sex are two totally different things. Love emerges out of friendship; it doesn't emerge out of sex. And when it does, it's not right. That's why 50 percent of marriages end in divorce.

With blond-wood floors and sleek, chrome display cases, HUSTLER Hollywood is indistinguishable from any other tony boutique on Sunset Boulevard, with the exception of its stock: hard-core magazines and videos, as well as vibra-(continued on page 122)





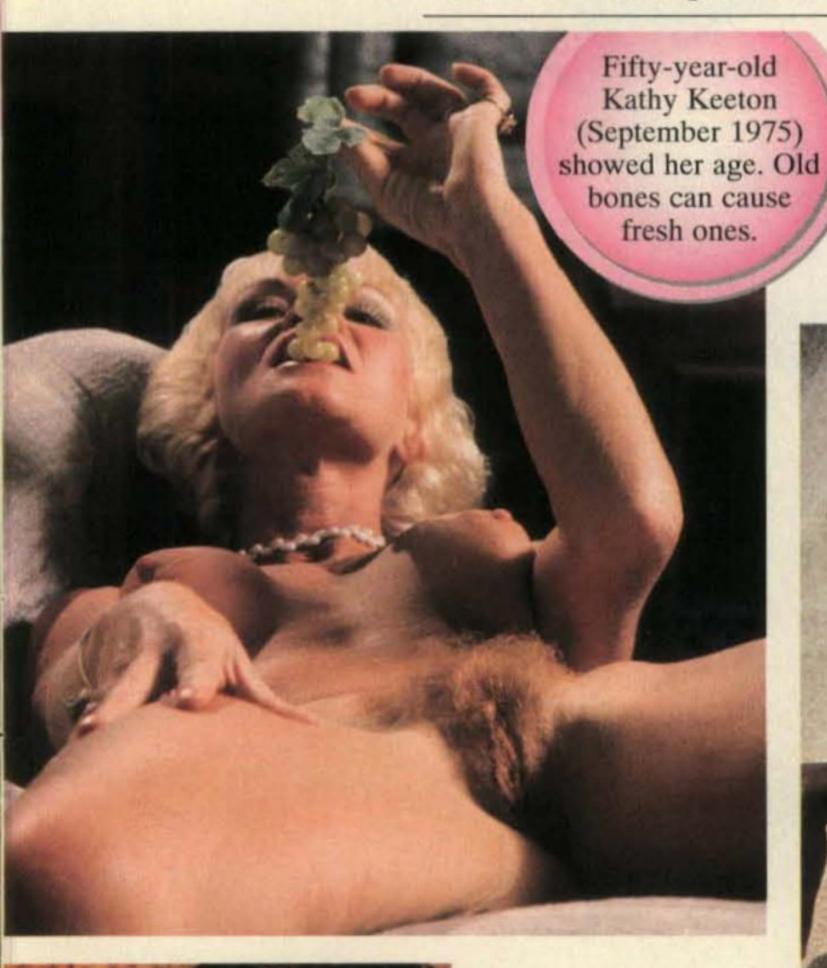






HUSTLER'S QUARTER CENTURY OF PICTORIAL CONTROVERSY

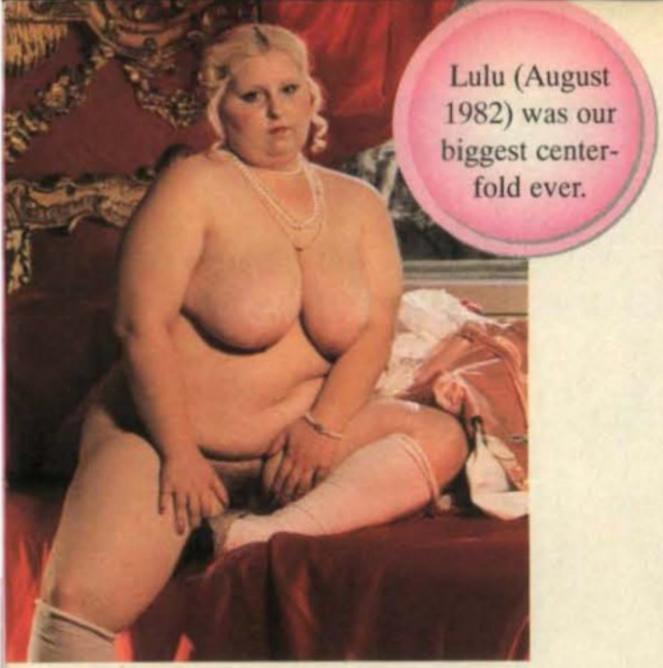
Since its inception, HUSTLER has gone to bizarre lengths to be the most unashamed, fiercely erotic fuck magazine available. The following images had some of you calling HUSTLER a work of genius and the rest of you calling us sick, fucked-up motherfuckers.



HUSTLER's first tranny, a guy named Josephine (February 1976).







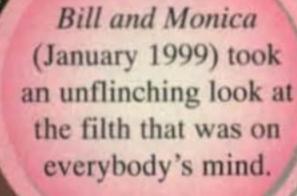


Trina (September 1982), our girl with something extra, consented to be photographed only once. She still gets mail.

What's the difference between a transsexual and a hermaphrodite? Look-if you have the stomach for it (November 1982).

Varisa and Napoleon: Big Top Pop (September 1992) depicted a healthy, loving couple. For the record, no little people ever complained.

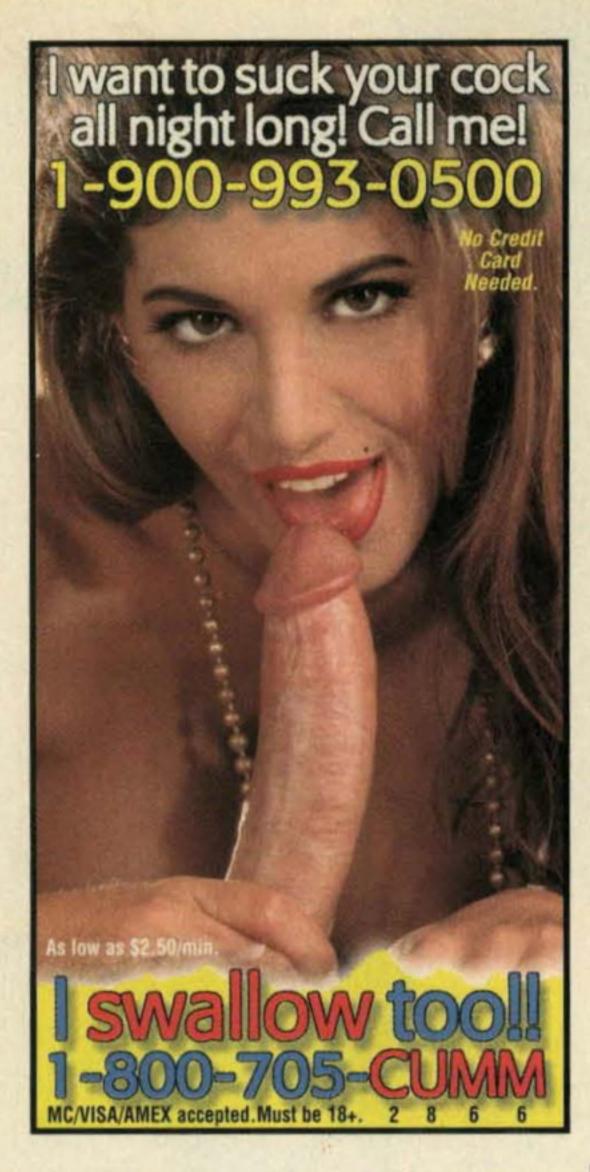


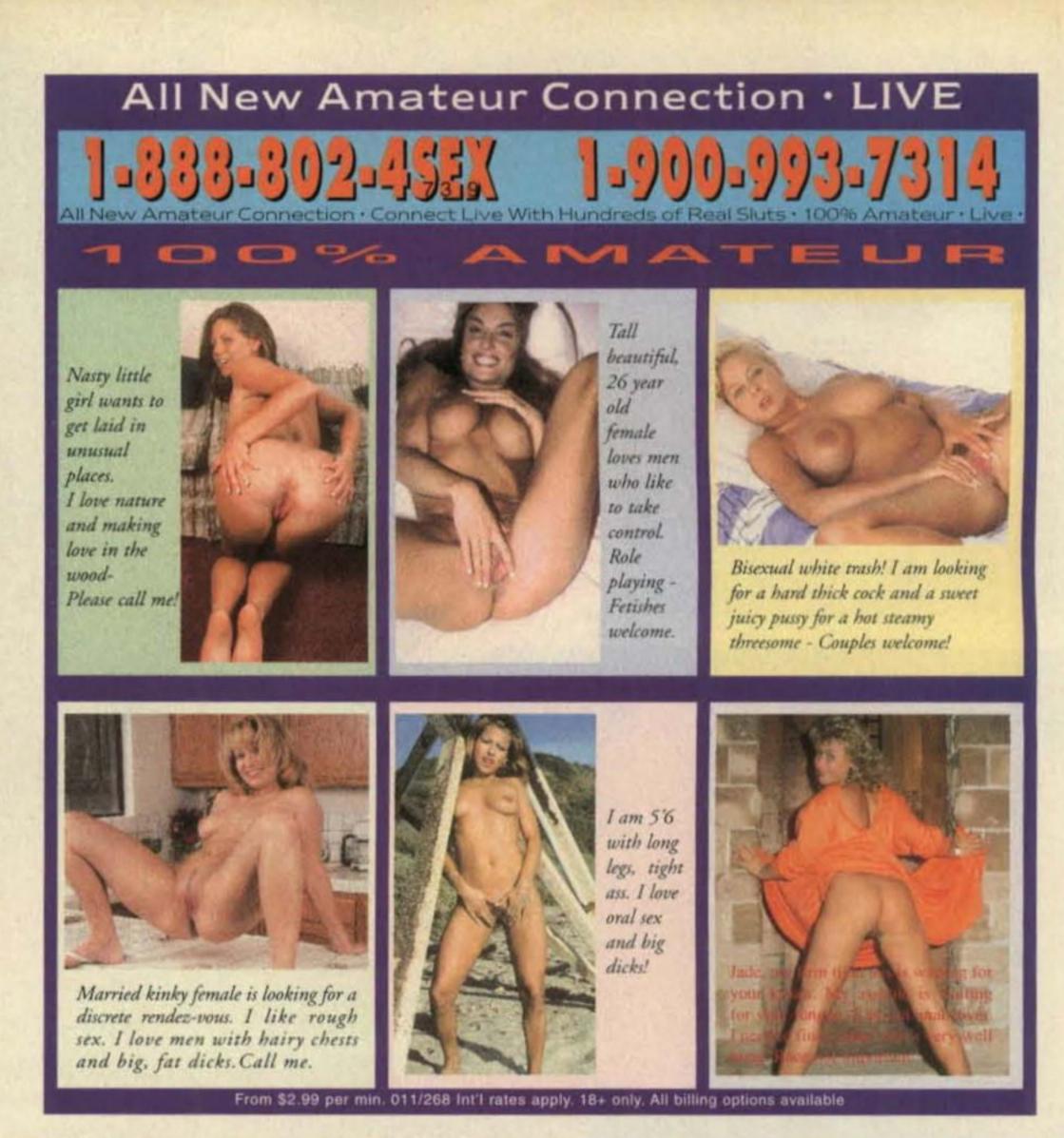


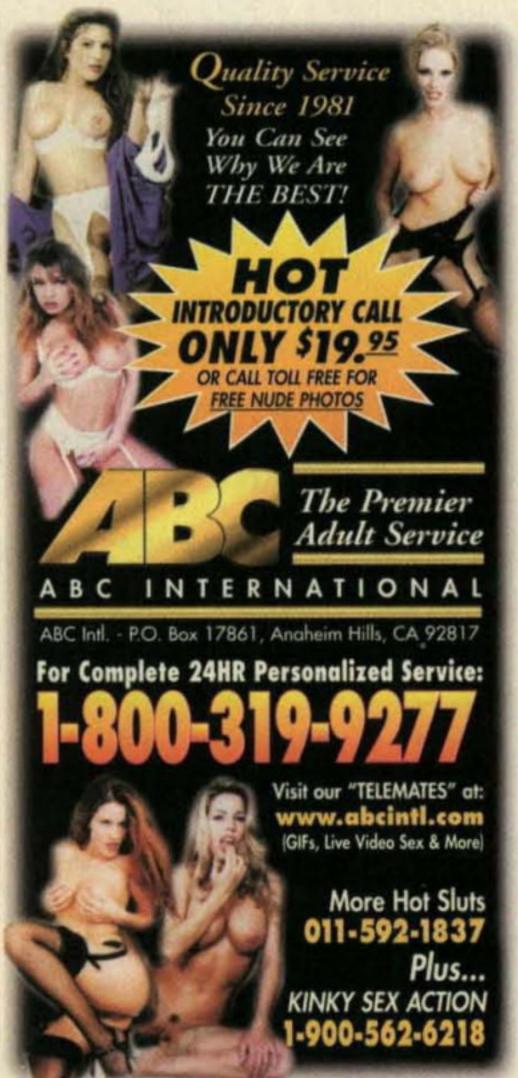


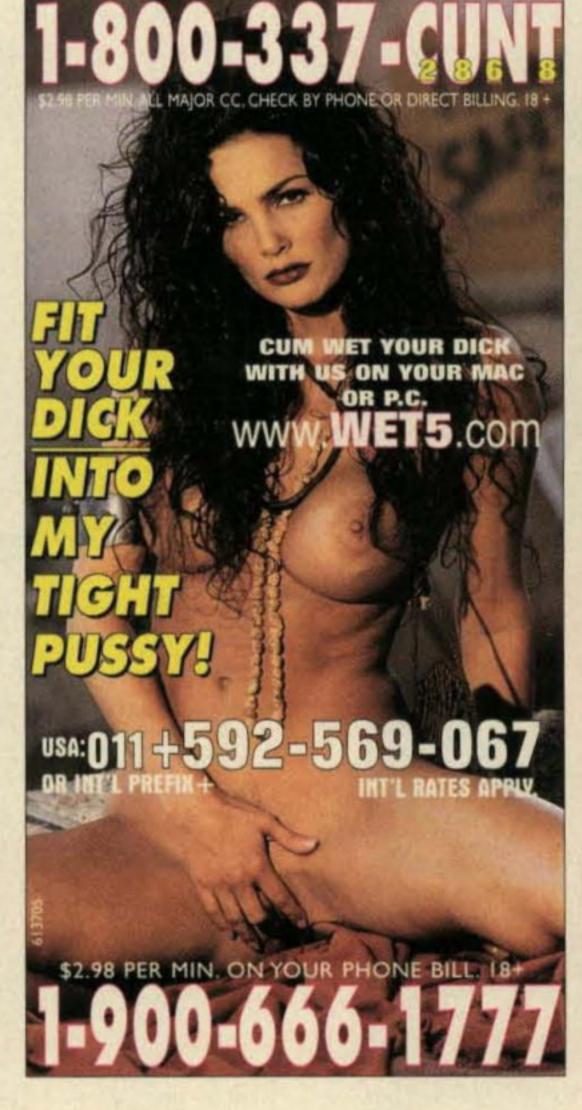
pictorial, Gia (April 1999) surprised readers in midstroke with a rod of her own.















Are there really two different orgasms for women? Is there a difference between the clitoral orgasm and the so-called vaginal orgasm?

—L. S.

Los Angeles, California

Yes, technically there are two different kinds. The vaginal orgasm is triggered when the G spot is stimulated. Personally, the clitoral orgasm is instant gratification. It can be fast and furious, as opposed to the vaginal orgasm, which is the more deeply felt, fireworks-explosion orgasm. My interior climaxes are longer, slower and more intense. Either one is the one for me. Achieving both at the same time is the two-for-one bargain special all women yearn for.

JAGGED SEA WORM

My foreskin grosses out my female lovers. They call it "sea worm." I have to admit, the edges flare out in a way that's different from any other guy I've seen. Is there anything you can suggest (some kind of erotic play) to make my uncut prick exciting to girls? I'm 35. Is it too late to be circumcised? I don't want to lose any sensitivity, but at the same time, I feel like a freak.

—A. C.

Taos, New Mexico

Genitals come in all shapes and sizes. God doesn't make junk. For every creatively barbed pecker, there is a woman out there willing to love it. While circumcision is a dramatic way to deal with your penile appearance, the procedure can be done. Many guys opt for circumcision later in life. Rocco Siffredi, the famous Italian

porn star, began performing with a foreskin and later lopped it off. In fact, I was the first woman to work with him after he had been snipped. He found that he still had full sensitivity. Many other men suspect that circumcision ripped them off and resent the lack of total feeling, which you now have. The best thing for you is to keep looking until you find a woman who can appreciate your uniqueness.

BOOTYLICIOUS

I love my girlfriend very much. I'm totally hetero, but no fantasy gives me a
bigger boner than her tongue-fucking
me while jacking my prick. I asked her
to orally sodomize me and even offered
to give myself an enema first, but she
thinks I'm a freak. Am I a closet case?
The thought of a dude's stubble chafing
my buns is fucking scary.

—B. G.
Royal Oak, Michigan

You are not a freak. What you like is 100% natural and 100% hetero. There are scads of men who love a good rimjob, and just as many women happily rim them. Your girl has the problem, not you. It sounds as if she's very vanilla—unimaginative in the

sack. Is she stuck in the missionary position with the lights turned off? Of course, you need to be in a monogamous relationship to pursue any type of anal stimulation, or else your butt sex is unsafe. If this is a long-term girlfriend, and you want to keep her, educate her. Show her an anilingus video. God created a man's prostate to be violated by a woman's tongue.

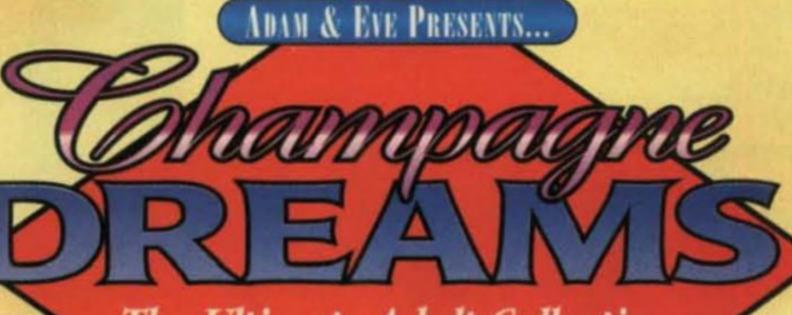
GIRL-WAD GUZZLER

The mere thought of licking, tasting and swallowing female ejaculate makes me pop a tent in my pants. My girlfriend has never shot a girl wad in her life. Is there some secret spot I can stimulate to make this miraculous fountain gush forth? Where does it come from? Do all women have this latent talent?

—El Diablo via Internet

The G spot triggers the flow, but its passage must be trained. There are scads of books and videos devoted to female ejaculation. Of course, there's plenty of information on the Internet as well. Female ejaculation is an art a lady must work up to. Practice makes perfect. You don't just (continued on page 45)

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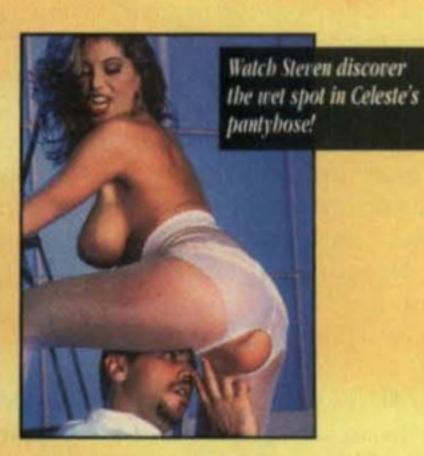
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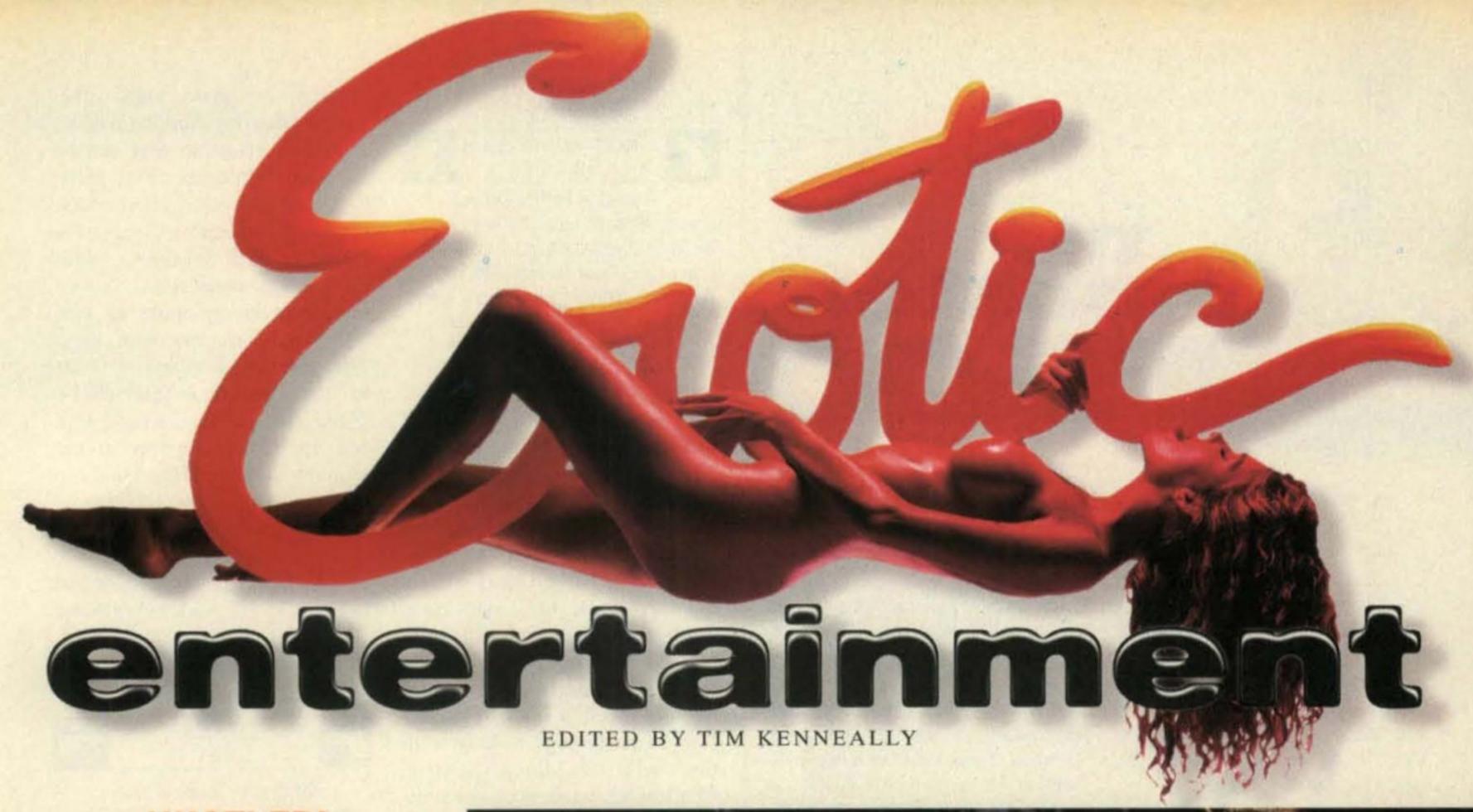


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HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #5



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Robyn Dyer; starring Delia Seymour, Zorra, Frisky, Evangeline, Brittany Fox, Sarah Connor, Louise, Antone, Sinder, Lynchbody, John Drago, Marius Hart and Bud. Videocassette: Vivid.

Like its print counterpart, HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #5 salutes and showcases the backyard beauties who toil anonymously in the trenches of slutdom. Brown-haired, amateur bimbo Delia launches this edition. "Girl, guy, whatever-as long as it's not an animal, it's all good," the slender, drum-taut trollop offers nonchalantly. Equally unbiased with regard to race, Delia takes on a dreadlocked, obscenely hung buck. Jungle drums pound; he plants his trunk in Delia's wishboned snatch and drills the deepest recesses of her womb. One applauds Delia's commitment to diversity as well as her writhing, fuck-pig abandon. Things turn deliciously seedy with Frisky, a spike-domed, pierced, tattooed urban urchin. Frisky engages in a sweaty rut session with her modern-primitive paramour. The blond firebrand squats on her partner's pole and hops with the intensity of a crankaddled chimp before sliding off the stud's rod and beating it into sticky submission. The blurry velocity of her power stroke is matched only by the viewer's own; HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #5 hits its mark.

-Shane Andalou



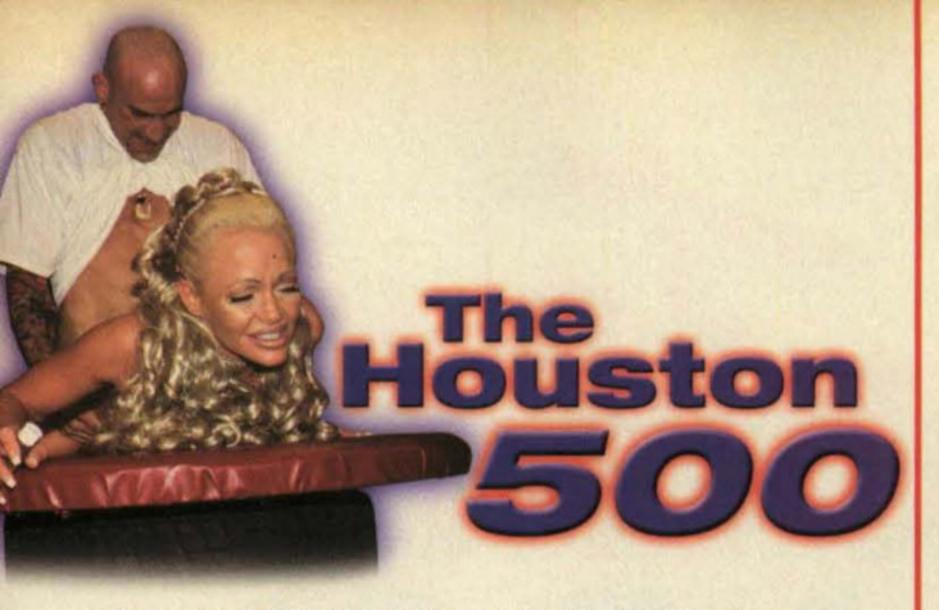
BEAVER HUNT #5: Frisky slams Evangeline's tender vittles.



BEAVER HUNT #5: Drago burrows in Fox's hole.



BEAVER HUNT #5: Seymour, speared.



On the Set of the World's Latest Gang-Bang

The Canoga Park, California, soundstage, adorned to resemble an auto-mechanic's shop, sat poised for action. A throng of mooks, mostly culled from America's strip clubs and adult-book stores, filtered in and stripped down. The eagerly anticipated, highly publicized Houston 500 gang-bang was set to begin.

As Houston donned her bright-red jumpsuit, though, the entire day's festivities threatened to end before they started.

"I got my labia caught in the zipper," the statuesque blonde recalls. "If I had cut myself, it would have been bad, but we saved the day."

It wasn't the best beginning for a work shift during which Houston would fuck 620 men and become the reigning gangbang queen.

Notions of a come-one-come-all bacchanal were squelched early. Colorcoded wristbands separated the professional woodsmen from the fan-geek everymen, who had to compete with the paid talent for a decent crack at Houston's crack. "It's a class struggle," groused one amateur participant while waiting his turn. Moreover, the final tally of 620 was largely arbitrary; throughout the day, the electronic counter leaped forward with no seeming correlation to the number of men participating. (During one break, with Houston out of the room, the meter inexplicably jumped from 511 to 546.)

To her credit, Houston endured the Jim Malibu-directed shoot with gusto, greeting participants with cashierfriendly hi's and thank yous as they plied her holes with cock. By day's end, she resembled a debased Barbie doll, but her smile remained pure. One deluded young fool presented Houston with flowers. Unable to further provide the gift of wood, he contented himself with a hug from the spum-soaked object of his affection.

Masked banger holds staff meeting with Houston's snatch.



Slutwoman



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Patrick Collins; starring Roxanne Hall, Charlese L'Amour, Elle De Vine, Cassandra Knight, Amber Michaels, Candy Roxx, Alexandra Nice, Rick Masters, Marc Davis, Anthony Stone, Frank Towers, Chris Cannon and Randy Spears.

Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

With Slutwoman, ubiquitous, British porn bitch Roxanne Hall makes her jizz-biz exit, departing on a high, kinky note. The vid's shopworn, female-sex-therapist plot is rendered less annoying by the bizarre scenarios it facilitates. Hall mashes her girl groove into a diapered Rick Masters's knee, slathers his rigid tool with baby oil and power-pumps the veiny hose to a spurting crescendo. "You're such a fucking joke," Hall snarls through healthy teeth that belie her limey ancestry. Charlese L'Amour receives similar Depends-clad therapy. Hall crams the lithe tramp's turd trough with a vibrating egg and cranks the speed knob to overdrive. Hall extracts the toy and plants it in her patient's piehole for a thorough cleaning before delivering a good, hearty slap to her chest puppets. Some would argue that such scenes are more debasing or perhaps stupid than erotic; some would be wrong. Slutwoman is a fine spunk song for Hall to take her bow on.

Ladies Night



38

ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Roy Karch; starring Asia Carrera, Marilyn Starr, Alexandra Silk, Nikki Sinn, Herschel Savage, Mickey G., Steve Drake and Steve Hatcher. Videocassette: Sin City.

Yes, it's Ladies Night, and the feeling's wrong. This plot-heavy romp casts Herschel Savage as Asia Carrera's jealous husband. In a typical spate of angry overacting, Savage's New York temper flares up like a painful hemorrhoid. Luckily for the viewer, Carrera takes carnal pains to calm the bully beast. The aged Savage eavesdrops on his wife's phone conversation as she

arranges a girls' night out. Savage plans on shooting pool at a buddy's place; so why should he care? Because his surly protestations lead to a fierce fuck scene, of course; Carrera is forced to pork Savage to attain his grudging permission. Shortly thereafter, Savage hooks up with his friends, Carrera with hers. The girl party, it turns out, is set to take place at Herschel's friend's house. Husband and wife end up bumping uglies in the minivan. Asia's professional hip action nearly saves this torpid offering from the typical erotica-for-couples heap, but the trite Ladies Night should be put to sleep. -Dan Panorama

Desire



HALF ERECT



Directed by Thomas Paine; starring Shawna Edwards, Tina Tyler, Randee Lee, Meridian, Chris Cannon, Brandon Iron, Alec Metro, Rod Berry, Kyle Stone, Michael Lang, Harry Reams and Herschel Savage.

Videocassette: Legend Video.

Shawna Edwards demonstrates why she's the star of Desire as she deep-throats her husband's cock. Edwards gulps for air and plunges her face on his pole furiously. She unsheathes her hubby's sword from her gullet and turns around for some heavy-ass-slapping, doggy-style rutting. Her man launches a hailstorm of cum across her back. Edwards is satisfied, but troubled. She's worried about her sister Blanche, played by Tina Tyler. Uh-oh, a pimple of a plot erupts. Blanche is a mental case straight out of A Streetcar Named Desire. Tyler affects the Southern-psycho lingo as she rocks neurotically in a sanitarium. Apparently, she went nuts after a spate of "evil" sado-masochistic orgies while sandwiched between Harry Reams and Herschel Savage. Understandable, as liaisons with ancient woodsmen are clinically proven to cause insanity. Blanche moves in with her sister and pushes the newlyweds into a lascivious fervor with her tales of carnal madness. The viewer, however, will be left cold; Desire leaves much to be desired.

-D. P.



SLUTWOMAN: Hall subdues bone.



LADIES NIGHT: Starr, flattened by G.



DESIRE: Tyler splits for schlong.

Daydreamer



HALF



Directed by James Avalon; starring Claudia Chase, Misty Rain, Oceana, Blondie Anderson, Amber Michaels, Sheila Stone, Dee, Bettina, Roxanne Hall, Dru Berrymoore, T. J. Hart, Vince Vouyer, Marc Davis, Billy G., John Decker, Dick Nasty and Gerard D'Matant. Videocassette: Cal Vista/Metro.

Daydreamer's opening moments don't bode well. An insipid voiceover wafts over the speakers: "Two dreamers, two angels...were they conjured by him? Was he conjured by them? They approach...." Make no mistake, this is the sort of claptrap where characters fade on and off the screen to allegedly dramatic effect, and New Age schmaltz withers viewer interest. Miraculously, Daydreamer's stable of fuck puppies cuts through the affectation and delivers solid, fistpumping footage. Roxanne Hall and Dru Berrymoore play lesbian games for John Decker. Hall buries a fistful of digits in Berrymoore's silky nether cleft; Berrymoore makes passionate lingual love to Hall's twitching crap hatch. Decker springs forth; Berrymoore sheathes his blood sword in her glistening wrinkle and pogos furiously. Rabbit-faced Claudia Chase undergoes a ferocious double pounding from Marc Davis and Billy G. Caramel-colored beauty Bettina provides a fresh face and a howling, groinstiffening performance. Daydreamer succeeds despite itself.

-S. A.

Dirty Secrets



HALF



Directed by Jim Enright; starring Rayveness, Tina Tyler, Kelsey Heart, Dakota, Dee, Vince Vouyer, Kyle Stone and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Torn from today's headlines, Dirty Secrets depicts tabloid journalists secretly videotaping the sexual liaisons of public figures. Tina Tyler reluctantly joins Vince Vouyer and helps him document prominent politician Kyle Stone's adulterous affair. Stone rips off his condom and sprays his load onto sultry Dee's perfect ass; ball batter slithers around Dee's dripping slit and onto the ground. Porn custom dictates that the sexual shenanigans Tina's just witnessed should throw her into a cock-craving frenzy, but she's more interested in rushing the sordid evidence back to the boss. Not so fast, Tina-the political scandal has just begun. Stone's wife, portrayed by Kelsey Heart, tracks down her philandering husband and reads him the riot act. "If you're gonna fuck other women, I will too," the limber, corn-silk-haired bimbot declares. Enter Dakota; the two ladies cram each other's holes with spit-slicked fingers while the dejected Stone sulks. As in real life, one doesn't really care about the private scandals of these dirty fuckers, but the dirty dicking that Vouyer finally grinds into Tyler's twat makes Dirty Secrets worth knowing. -D. P.



DAYDREAMER: Chase does battle with dual dongs.



DIRTY SECRETS: Vouyer and Tyler's rearend collision.



Mila Goes Artsy-Fartsy in Her New Video Series

It's been said that truly great art is born of horrific circumstances. If that's so, biological anomaly/porn slut Mila's Ass Artist video series should be displayed in the Louvre.

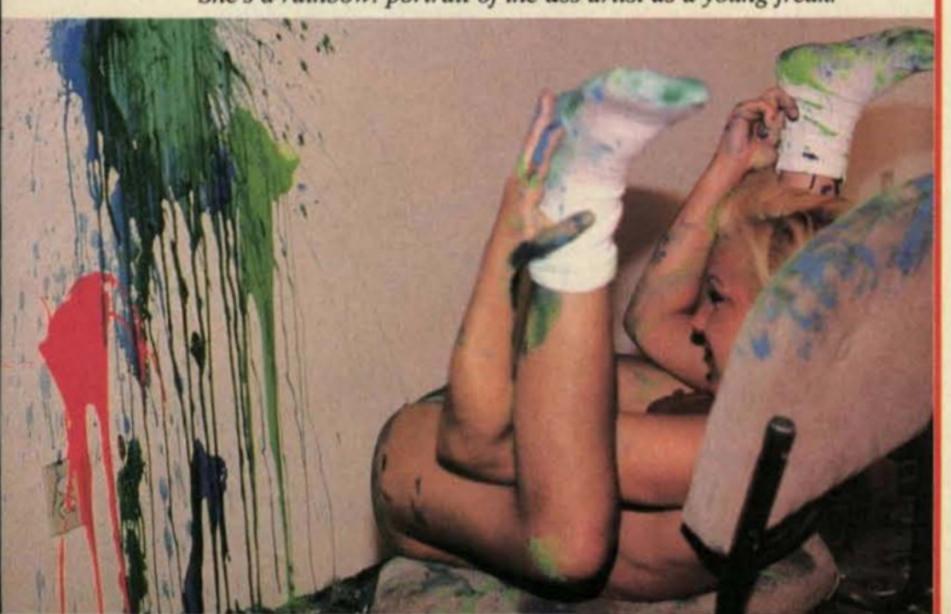
The blonde's prolapsed rectum, a pulpy, ape-in-estruslike protuberance often referred to as the colon rose, has been the source of many blue-screen atrocities. In her Ass Artist line, Mila employs her asshole to create beauty. Drawing as many as 50 different hues of watercolor paint into her bowels via enema bags, Mila takes aim. Her distended colon gushes like a psychedelic sewer pipe, splattering the canvas with fire-hydrant blasts of bright color. The resultant works, augmented with splotchy imprints of her puffy shit flume, can be favorably compared to many works of modern art frequently hung in museums and office-building lobbies.

The vibrant, chaotic energy of the finished paintings reflects their whimsical, seat-of-the-pants creation. "I run with the moment," explains Mila, who originally conceived of the idea while watching her young cousins finger-paint two years ago. "If I think that my boob imprint needs to be done between [the spots] where I just shot out of my ass, then I'll do that." While the bung artist has a particular fondness for Monet, her own work is more evocative of abstract expressionist Jackson Pollock.

Though she hasn't yet had a formal exhibit of her untitled works, Mila hopes to publicly display her paintings in the near future. (She'd particularly like to do charity auctions, she notes.) In the meantime, anyone interested in obtaining a piece of ass art should forward bids to her fan club at 4150 Arch Drive, Suite 416, Studio City, CA 91604.

"I really don't know much about art; I just like doing this," Mila adds, quickly dispelling notions of pretentiousness. Even so, she concedes, she has suffered for her art. "There's always a price that you pay for something," posits the emerging talent. For instance, she abstains from film work for a week after each session with the canvas. "After that ass art, my ass is kind of sore."

She's a rainbow: portrait of the ass artist as a young freak.



Chasin' Pink 4: Superpink



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Ralph Parfait; starring Chasey Lain, Alexandra Silk, Mocha, Nikki Sinn, T. J. Hart, Melanie Stone, Kimi Ji, Katie Gold, Jessica, Sindee Coxx and Shay Sweet.

Videocassette: Vivid Raw Video.

Chasin' Pink 4: Superpink is a silly superhero saga in which costumed cunts demonstrate the power of pink lesbo pussy. Alexandra Silk is mugged by a knife-wielding thug. Chasey Lain appears as her alter ego, Superpink, and rescues the blond damsel. Silk rewards her protector by offering her snatch as a receptacle for Lain's dildo. Double dongs penetrate aching pussies and assholes until blond devil doll Shay Sweet and her cat-costumed gal pal break up the clam-stabbing action. Sweet fingers her catty companion with her kung-fu grip. A villainous, hippie bitch and leather-clad vixen join forces with evil lady leprechaun Katie Gold. An entangled web of pussy lips grips tender tongues and sweet lips; these girls might be evil, but even pussy this bad tastes good. Borderline retarded and undeniably erotic, Chasin' Pink 4: Superpink's campy clamfest is criminally satisfying. -D. P.

Perverted Stories 21



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Jim Powers; starring Bobbi Bliss, Teah, Maren, Susy, Rock Ramer, Dave Hardman, Damien Michaels, J. J. Michaels, Mike Silver, Brian Surewood, Johnny Thrust, Fabian Ryche, Dave Winters, Drew Stanley, Herc, Rock Ramerher, Slam, Hunk Dermon, Gino Greco, Herschel Savage, Dick Nasty, Hardy, Dick Johnson, John Janiero, Alex R., Cuba, Suave, Lance, Mike Majors,

> Evan Stanton and Mark Anthony. Videocassette: JM Productions.

Deliberately depraved and puerile, the *Perverted Stories* line will never be accused of maturity, but in its 21st installment, the uneven series has grown more consistent in its ability to simultaneously horrify and harden. J. J.

Michaels exhumes dead girlfriend Maren's corpse. Michaels manipulates her blue, rigor-mortisstricken body into a prone position and savages her deceased flue. Normally, a screen tramp's lack of animation invokes viewer ire; here, it's an asset. Maren's expired clam glistens with a clear liquid-embalming fluid, perhaps—but her black-rimmed eyes maintain their glazed lifelessness. An auspicious beginning, topped only by the video's cum-soaked coda, in which slant-eyed slut Teah is gang-doused with man slop until her face shines like a Vaseline-coated diamond. Perverted Stories 21 gloriously lives up to its title. -S.A.

Madam Kitty's Fantasy Ranch



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Ray Gunn; starring Brooke, Hott Cocoa, Sage, Mystical Maggie, Janine, Promise, Luxurious Lexus, Spice, Dreamer, Marilyn, Arona, Princess Rio, Rita, Destiny, Rashay, Serena, Lactating Nadia, Brian Surewood, Tice Bune, Max Cady and Ian Daniels.

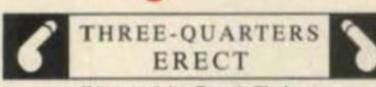
Videocassette: Arrow.

As a documentary, Madam Kitty's Fantasy Ranch is mildly interesting. As a stroker's tool, this real-life cinematic study of a legal brothel in Carson City, Nevada, withers viewer wood. The camera ambles inside, where stripper trash, snaggletoothed biker bitches and lactating, flapjack-titted hookers await. Brooke resembles a cross between Gena Rowlands and Family Ties' Tina Yothers; another unsightly slattern looks like Kathy Bates in a Lana Turner wig. Fantasy "reenactments" unfold, featuring porn studs in place of actual johns. Twiggy, black, orange-wigged hooker Dreamer unarousingly checks Ian Daniels for dick sores and lice before hoovering his schwang. "The customer is guaranteed hot, clean, tight, wet, pink pussy," declares one whore amid the onslaught of horrors. That may be true, but the pussy's packaging is all wrong; Madam Kitty's Fantasy Ranch is a jerkoff's nightmare. -D.P.



CHASIN' PINK 4: Gold feasts on Coxx's lucky charms.

Oversexed Video Magazine 2



Directed by Frank Thring; starring Silvia Saint, Petra, Laura, Lenka, Martina, Paulina, Monica, Hunza, George and Robert. Videocassette: Prime Video Productions.

Is there a better argument for the new world order than the wellspring of Czech ginch that currently graces the adult-video market? The parade of poon in Oversexed Video Magazine 2 amply exhibits the peasant allure, supple svelteness and unaltered chest meat that make Old World scrunt so enticing. Exhibit one: Silvia Saint, whose sharp cheekbones and natural, jutting milk silos open this video. A generation ago, the kittenish blonde might've been a Communist spy, using her charms to obtain vital government secrets. Here, she draws vital moans of pleasure from her brunet playmate Petra. Saint greedily laps Petra's brown-rimmed cunt flaps and slathers her shitter with drool. Elsewhere, vampy brunette Laura issues tortured-puppy howls as her beau packs her turd trough tighter than a circus clown car. Discriminating strokers are urged to Czech out Oversexed Video Magazine 2. -S.A.



PERVERTED STORIES 21: Bliss's box lunch.



MADAM KITTY'S FANTASY RANCH: Topsy-turvy trollops Destiny and Rashay.



OVERSEXED VIDEO MAGAZINE: Saint tongues Petra's dirt chute.

STROKER'S GUIDE A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Backseat Driver 6: Anal Whiplash (Texxxic/Metro)

Wendi Knight, T. J. Hart, Jake Steed Lewd Behavior 3rd Strike

(Extreme Associates) Jewel Valmont, Stryc-9, Van Damage

Pick Up Lines #32 (Odyssey Group Video) Jewel De Nyle, Monic, Peter North

HUSTLER Presents: The World's Luckiest Black Man (Vivid Raw)

101 sluts, Mr. Marcus

Creme de la Face #28 (Odyssey Group Video) Allison Kilgore, Ryaka, Rodney Moore

Dirty Dancers 15 (Fallen Angel) Triple X, Doomy Moore, Alexandra Silk

No Mercy: 10 (Pirate Video) Juditha Bella, Laura Black, David Perry

Nicky Stark's Sugarwalls Number 9 (Elegant Angel) Cherry Lee, Tamia, Tony Eveready

Totally Amateur Volume 1 (Odyssey Group Video) Brandy, Pershia, Bill

The Violation of Teri Starr: A Lesbian Gang Bang (Cream Entertainment) Teri Starr, Gina Ryder, Gwen Summer

ERECT

Bag Ladies (IM Productions) "Five skanks with a bag on their head," Dave Hardman

Bunghole Harlots Number 4: Ass Fuckers 100% (Elegant Angel) Roxanne Hall, Candy Hill, Alex Sanders

Gettin' Lucky (Vivid) Tia Bella, Dakota, Nick East

Intrigue (Sin City Entertainment) Liza Harper, Heaven Leigh, Herschel Savage

Manic Behavior (Vivid) Raylene, India, Steve Hatcher

ONE-QUARTER

Dick Nasty's Going Abroad (Hollywood Video) Cassie, Stephanie, Dick Nasty

In Your Face 3 (Zane) Cassie, Mikayla Shore, Ursula Moore

Streets of New York 12 (Pleasure Productions) Cannibal, Angel Baby, Kool Gee

Open Wide (Vivid) Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Search for the Snow Leopard (Adam & Eve)

Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift, Alec Metro

Vortex (VCA Pictures) Shayla LaVeaux, Nikita, Tony Tedeschi

Booty Duty Number 7

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Dion Giarrusso; starring Jill Kelly, Charlese L'Amour, Alexandra Nice, Candy Hill, Aniya, Lari, Phyllisha Anne, Mr. Marcus, Dave Hardman, Tice Bune, Alex Sanders, Eric Price and Rick Masters. Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Rife with delectably tasteless, trashy gutter sex, Booty Duty Number 7 elevates raunch to an art form. Spasmodic assholes gape through double penetrations; waterfalls of spit and spum drip from greedy porn-slut gobblers and asses like manna from fuckpig heaven. "You're such a fucking pervert, but it's okay. I like fucking perverts," boasts brunet sex kitten Alexandra Nice. She gropes her crotch and writhes on the floor. She sheds her clothes like a human snake for two lucky porn swordsmen. Nice grabs fistfuls of cock and jabs them as deep as they'll go into her very fuckable face, cunt and asshole. Nice gyrates and bucks like a porn Olympian in a howling, fast and furious DP. The cum-shooting marksmen fire gunk directly down Nice's insatiable throat. Another wonderfully low moment has Jill Kelly feasting on her man's turd trough as he wedges half of his hand into her spit-soaked girl cleft. The video's filthiest sluts prove to be Phyllisha Anne and Candy Hill, who gushes girl spew on Anne's haggard mug. Booty Duty Number 7 works overtime to satisfy depraved minds.



BOOTY DUTY 7: Dongs double up on Nice.



CALIFORNIA COCKSUCKERS #4: Gold gobbles goo gun.

California Cocksuckers #4: Straight **Outta Cumtown**

FULLY ERECT

Directed by uncredited; starring Gina Ryder, Nikki Anderson, Inari Vachs, Melanie Stone, Wendi Knight, Katie Gold, Jill Kelly, Dee, Blair Segal, Raquel Devine, J. J. Michaels, Ian Daniels, Evan Stone, Rob, Pat Myne, Jack Hammer, Chris Cannon, Tony Tedeschi and John Decker. Videocassette: Sinister/Sin City.

California Cocksuckers #4: Straight Outta Cumtown blows, and that's a good thing. The choad chokers presented in this video are uniformly lovely. More importantly, they're supremely skilled sword swallowers; these ladies get their licks in good.

Cutie-pie cocksucker Gina Ryder services a pair of turgid crotch rockets. Her brow furrows; her big, brown eyes lock with the camera. One lance stabs her tonsils, reemerging from her full, pouty lips with thick coats of drool clinging to its tip. She heroically hoovers both rods simultaneously. Ryder's slightly chubby cheeks amply showcase the nut gunk that falls upon them. Another duo of dongs enforces the gag rule on Inari Vachs, heartily fucking her face until she coughs up bubbly waves of spittle. Baby-faced blonde Katie Gold lunges catlike at her appointed staff, greedily devouring it. The camera captures every moment lovingly; thoughtfully, the ladies wear barrettes, so as not to obscure the action with errant tumbling hair. Blowjobvid fans, take cautious note: California Cocksuckers #4 may induce carpal tunnel syndrome.

-S.A.





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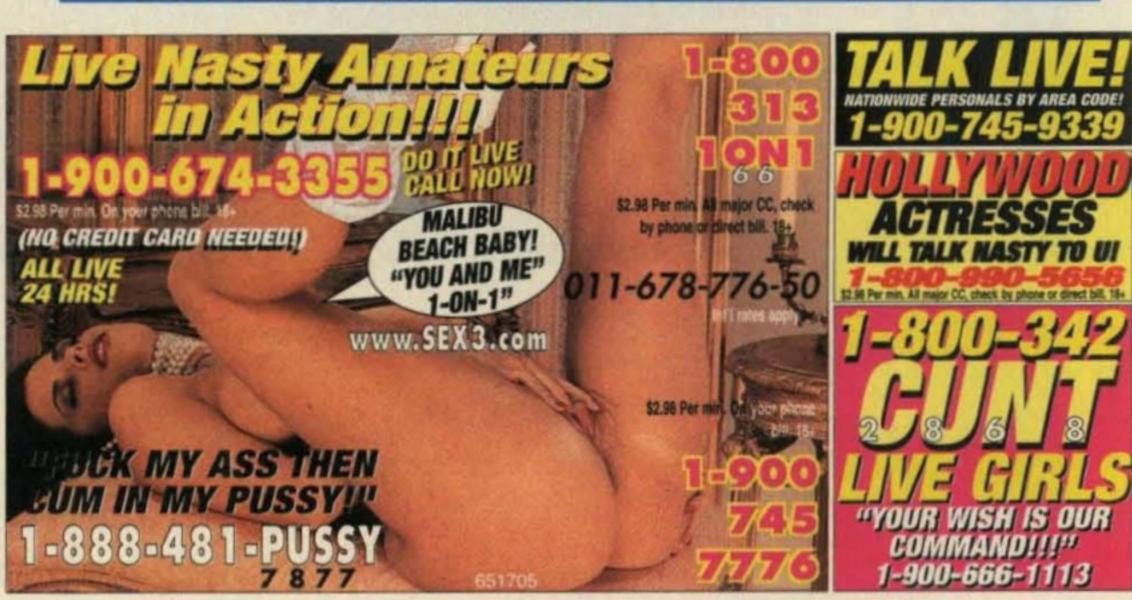
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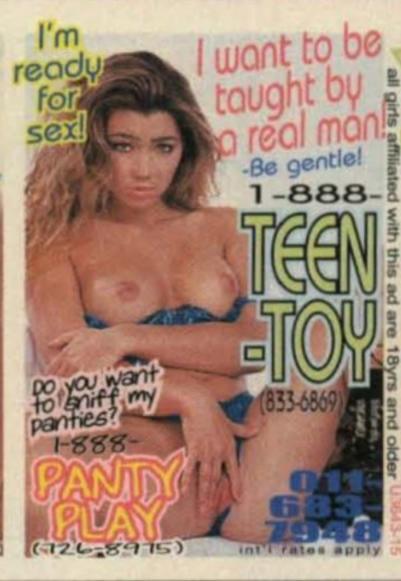


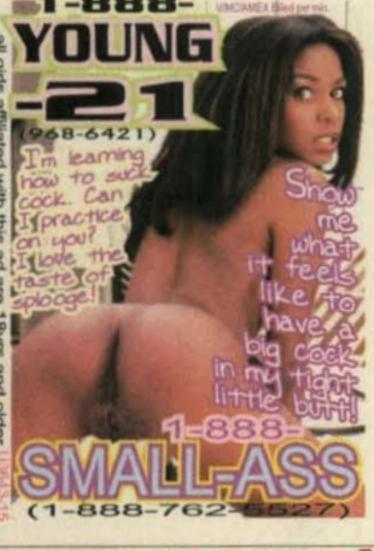












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(continued from page 35)

Dear Slut Keep your day job, because porn alone will not pay the bills. You'll have to start at the bottom and work your way up. Even Peter North screwed fat and ugly chicks to reach the top.

stick your fingers in your girlfriend's twat, dig for the G spot and wait for the gushing pot of gold. You must be patient. The process of searching for and massaging the G spot is a long, loving experience. The fountain will flow.

DEAD PUSSY

A guy can lick, flick and suck my clit till the cows come home, and my only reaction is numbness and boredom. I always need an artificial lubricant, which seems to lessen my nearly nonexistent sensitivity in that region. My current boyfriend tried digging for my G spot, and all he did was make me piss down his arm and wet the bed. However, I feel like I can almost come when a guy is fucking my tits. A man's big, clumsy hands pinching my nips as he slides between my mams is like a roller-coaster ride for me, but my B cups don't seem to sustain a man's attention. I feel cheated all around. I'm afraid implants would sever what little sexual pleasure I have left. Any suggestions? —B. H. Maumee, Ohio

Sounds like you've found yourself a series of selfish, clumsy lovers. First of all, you need to get in touch with yourself. What are your masturbation habits? Have you ever brought yourself to an orgasm? If you can't bring yourself to an orgasm, how can you tell your lover what pleases you? I suggest taking yourself out on a long, romantic date. Slumber in a hot bubble bath. Try reading some women's erotic literature. My personal favorite is Pat Califia's Macho Sluts. There's something in there for everyone. Also try The Best American Erotica, edited by Susie Bright, and Erotica, edited by Margaret Reynolds. After your bath, prop yourself on your bed, and explore your pretty pussy with a mirror and some lube. Continue reading the sexy stories, and explore yourself. It sounds like your sex life is unfulfilling and that you believe an orgasm is unattainable. You might be selling yourself short. Don't be afraid to come—you deserve to.

SELF-MUTILATION

I believe I have found a unique method to come like a howitzer. I'm an uncircumcised male, and I made a hole about one-eighth of an inch down from the top of my foreskin on the underside of my cock with a barbless fishing hook. I then inserted an earring stud through the hole, ball-side lining up with the slit of my glans. I used antibiotic cream daily to prevent infection until the hole was

completely healed. When I lube my pole and wave my flag, the stud ball slides evenly up and down the crack of my glans. Is this a common piercing?

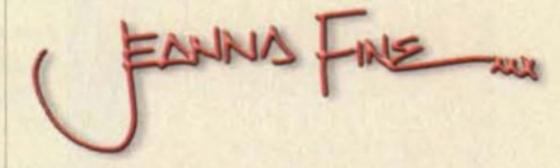
> -M.Z.Portsmouth, New Hampshire

The piercing you describe has an ancient history. In fact, Roman slaves had their foreskins pierced and locked shut as a chastity measure. This is called infibulation. I worry about you taking such matters into your own hands; please do not attempt any more home piercings. There are many places out there dedicated to the art of safe, sterile, erotic piercings. Most tattoo parlors will do it or can refer you to someone who has the experience to navigate around the fragile network of nerves and blood vessels. DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME.

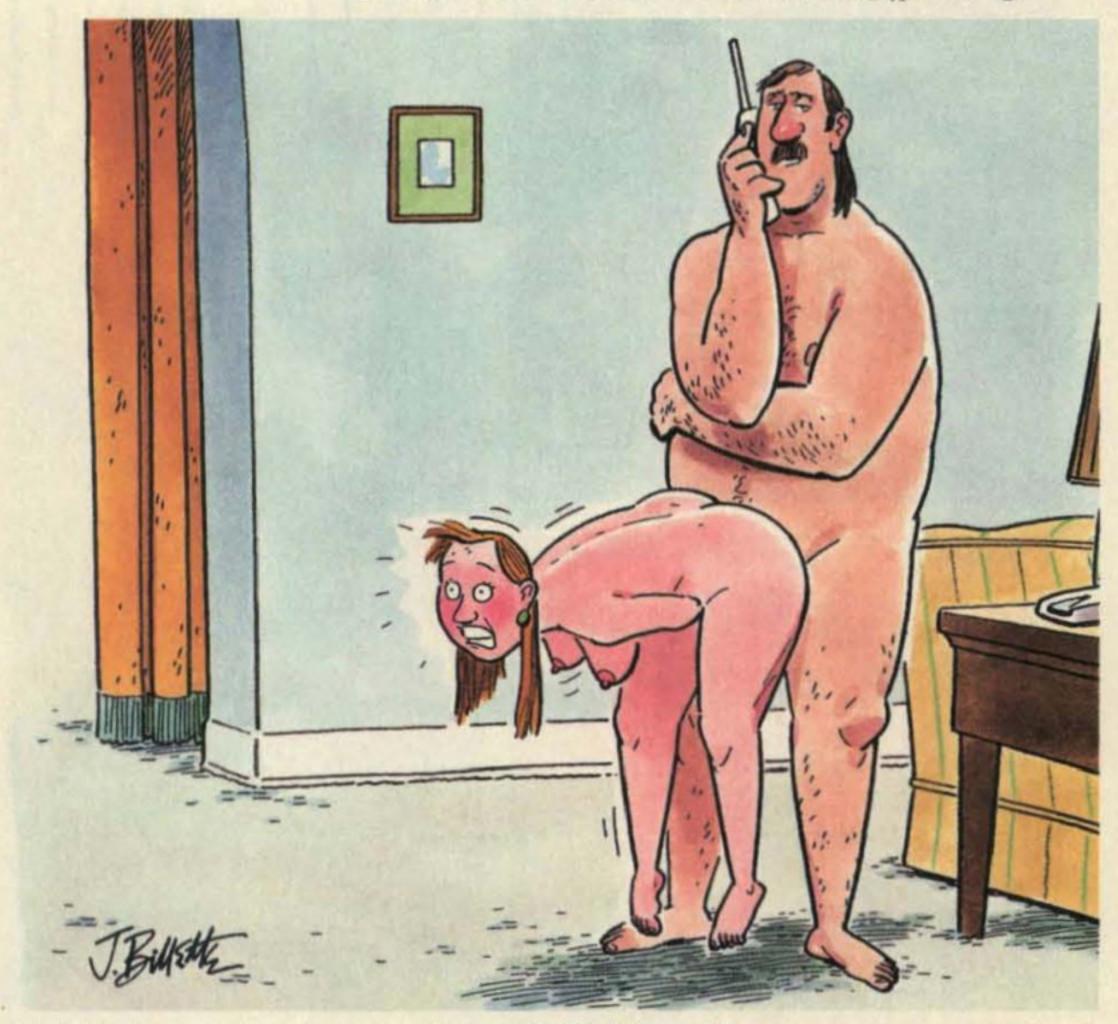
DYING TO SHOOT

I'm very interested in becoming the next porn stud or, at the very least, make some vids. If size matters (and I think it does), then I think you'd be impressed with my manliness. Unfortunately, I'm from the Midwest, and there aren't any porn shoots around here. Where should I begin to find work? -K. J.

I'm asked this question more times than you could possibly imagine. If you want to work in the "legitimate" porn business, you'll have to pack your bags and move to Los Angeles. Keep your day job, because porn alone will not pay the bills. You'll have to start at the bottom and work your way up. Even Peter North screwed fat and ugly chicks (among others) to reach the top. Jim South heads up the World Modeling porn agency, and there's a line of guys ten miles long just to fuck those skanky bitches. If you call Jim up, he'll tell you, "We don't need any more guys," and hang up. If you still feel you possess what it takes, shoot some naked pictures of yourself. Find a girl willing to make amateur videos with you so you have samples of your sexual performance. Seek out the companies who distribute homegrown videos, and send them your tapes. Good fucking luck.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA Joliet, Illinois 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.



"Al? Mike here. Suzie and me just tried some butt-fuckin', and I need to borrow your crowbar."



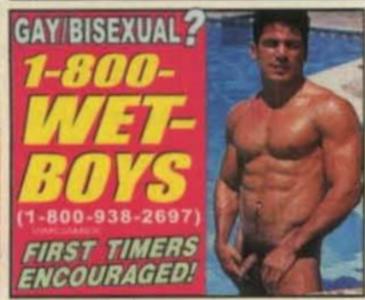












FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

Are you nuts? Do you realize that HUSTLER is intended for mature adults, not children? What's wrong with you two? It is illegal for children to obtain HUSTLER Magazine. Adults should never allow children to view it. Are you and your husband wielding HUSTLER photo spreads, chasing little kids around the park and asking them if they are intimidated by them? If you are, then turn yourselves into the authorities pronto. You and your husband are twisted, degenerate scumbags.

Larry Flynt for President

You won't remember me, Mr. Flynt, but the last time you came to Dallas, Texas, I had the honor of shaking your hand. I told you that you were truly an American hero. Today, I would like to ask you for a great favor in the name of the American people. Would you please run for President of the United States? Mr. Flynt, this is a serious request. I think that you would be the great leader that America needs. We have put up with political hypocrites for too long. Only a man with your sense of honesty could turn America around to become the world's leader again. People all over the world are laughing at America's political system. Only a man of your integrity should run for office. Ross Perot intends on running for President again, but he's only doing it as a tax writeoff. Neither Ross Perot nor George Bush Jr. nor Al Gore is qualified for this job. You should be the next President. If I could help you organize your campaign, or be of assistance in any way, please let me know. I guarantee you that you have -R. C. my vote.

Arlington, Texas

Larry is touched by your sincere devotion, but he feels that one campaign (his 1984 Presidential bid) in a lifetime is enough. As Larry has said many times: "Porn is my vocation; politics is my hobby."

HUSTLER Hypocrite Hunt

I was thrilled that you exposed Representative Bob Barr (R-Georgia) for his hypocrisy. This was a great service to America. Now the Far Right has been forced to realize that we are all human (imagine that). If only the Republicans and the Democrats would join forces and focus on the nation's business. Unfortunately, it looks as if this isn't going to happen. The Far Right will simply avoid the people's issues, like the environment, health care and education—

all issues that Big Business wants the American public to ignore. I know you have more to tell us about these guys, so give it up.

—S. C.

via Internet

By the time you read this, THE FLYNT REPORT will be on the stands, or call 1-800-386-7595 to order a copy by mail. HUSTLER promises to continually shake the rotten pits out of the Washington cherry tree.

Advice for Clinton

I'm sick of hearing about this Monica bitch and the Prez. That fat bitch should've swallowed Clinton's jism and kept it off her goddamn dress. My bitch spit out my cum one time, and I made her pick it up and smear it all over her face. I dragged her to a busy convenience store and made her buy me a pack of cigarettes with my cum plastered all over her sorry mug. Since then, no problems—she swallows it all. —B. R. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.







Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

HUSTLER Saved My Life

HOW 25 YEARS OF HUSTLER HAS AFFECTED MANKIND

BY RICHARD PURSEL * ILLUSTRATION BY JORDAN CRANE

Over the past quarter century, some 100 million men, women and children have read a copy of HUSTLER. In some instances, HUSTLER has had a major impact on people's lives. Testimonials follow.

I thought my sex life was over. I was 75 years old, and it seemed like my peter had run out of woodies. At night, I'd climb into bed with Dora, my wife of 47 years, and nestle my nose between her soft, powdery bosoms. My cock and balls were as rusty as an abandoned pickup truck.

I was also nearly blind with cataracts. My family doctor told me I had to wait until my eyes were nearly scarred-over before any surgery could be performed. Dora was all I had. I felt like such a burden on her. Oftentimes, I prayed to God to let me die. My prayers boomeranged, and Dora was the first to pass on. God can the \$100-a heap of money in that portrayal of homosexuals in the be such a sonovabitch.

Finally, my eyes were bad enough for the cataract surgery; the operation was a success. With my eyes back, I took a drive around town. An adultbook store had sprung up in the neighborhood while my eyes had soured. I thought, What the hell? I took a peek.

I browsed until I came across HUSTLER. The covergirl looked just like a younger, bigger-breasted version of Dora. Much to my surprise, my peter came to life. I bought that HUSTLER and took it home with me; boy, did I wear that magazine out. Now that I'm 82, I still read HUSTLER, and I can still manage a woody. The girls these days sure are a sight for sore, old eyes! -T. T.

I was born in Fort Worth, Texas, and that's where I plan to give up my ghost. I love HUSTLER almost as much as the United States of Texas herself, but the magazine used to make me sick.

Colby, Kansas

When I bought the December 1975 issue and saw a bold-ass black stud in the sand with a white beach

bitch, I wanted to wipe my ass with those pages.

I showed my buddies, and they shot up madder than shit. In those days, everyone was Klan.

Friday night, me and my buddies were drunk as skunks. We drove across the tracks to beat the tar out of the next black folk who crossed our path. As fate would have it, her name was LaWanda. I can still remember her African ass. Jesse fishtailed his truck around to a stop. When the dust settled, LaWanda shot us a look. "You good ol' boys lookin' to put out a fire or something?" she asked.

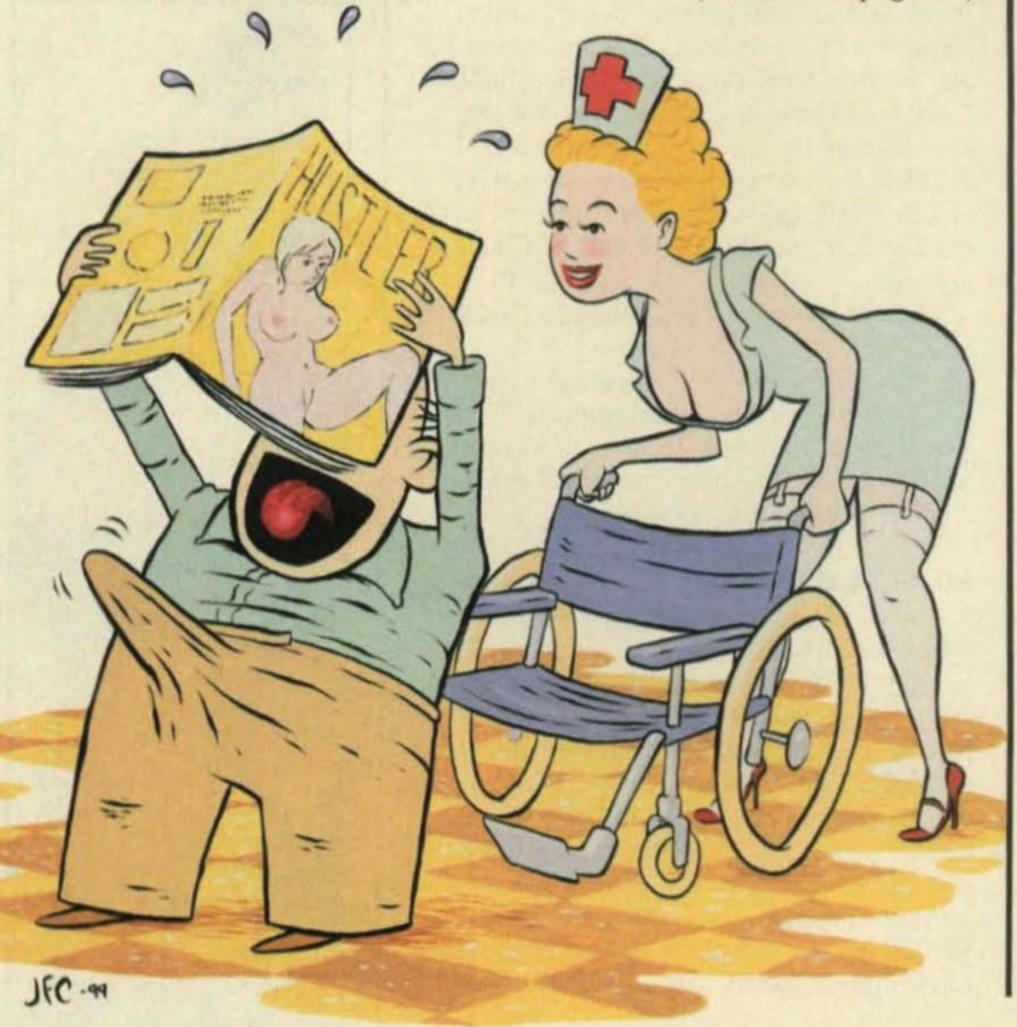
I never thought about black trash as worthy to fuck, but LaWanda must've put a spell on us crackers. She climbed into Jesse's cab. One by one, LaWanda fucked the racism right out of us, right there in the truck. She was well worth

day. Next thing you know, we were all nigger lovers. LaWanda proved to us that it's all pink on the inside, just like HUSTLER says.

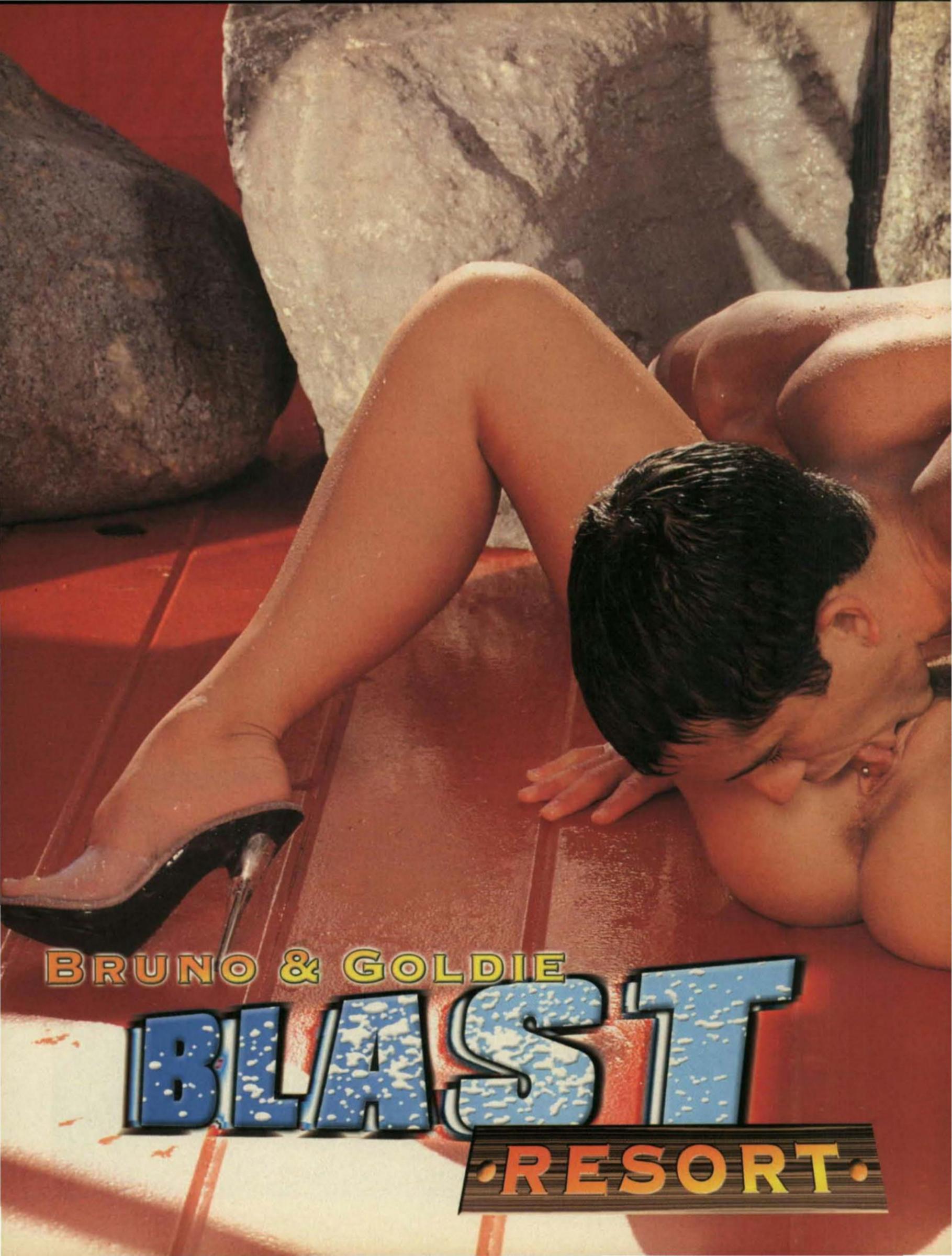
Nowadays, I'll make love instead of war with any race. I still like the white meat, but I'll tell you whatthe dark meat is twice as juicy.

> -N. L. Fort Worth, Texas

I'm not the average HUSTLER reader. I wear a tailored suit to work, as opposed to overalls; I carry a briefcase, not a lunch box; I wear cologne instead of body odor. In short, I am not a semiliterate Neanderthal. With an effeminate manner and an upward lilt in my voice, some suspect that I'm a fag. In fact, I am a fag. As leader of POOP (Pansies Opposed to Obscene Pornography), I am stung by the (continued on page 115)













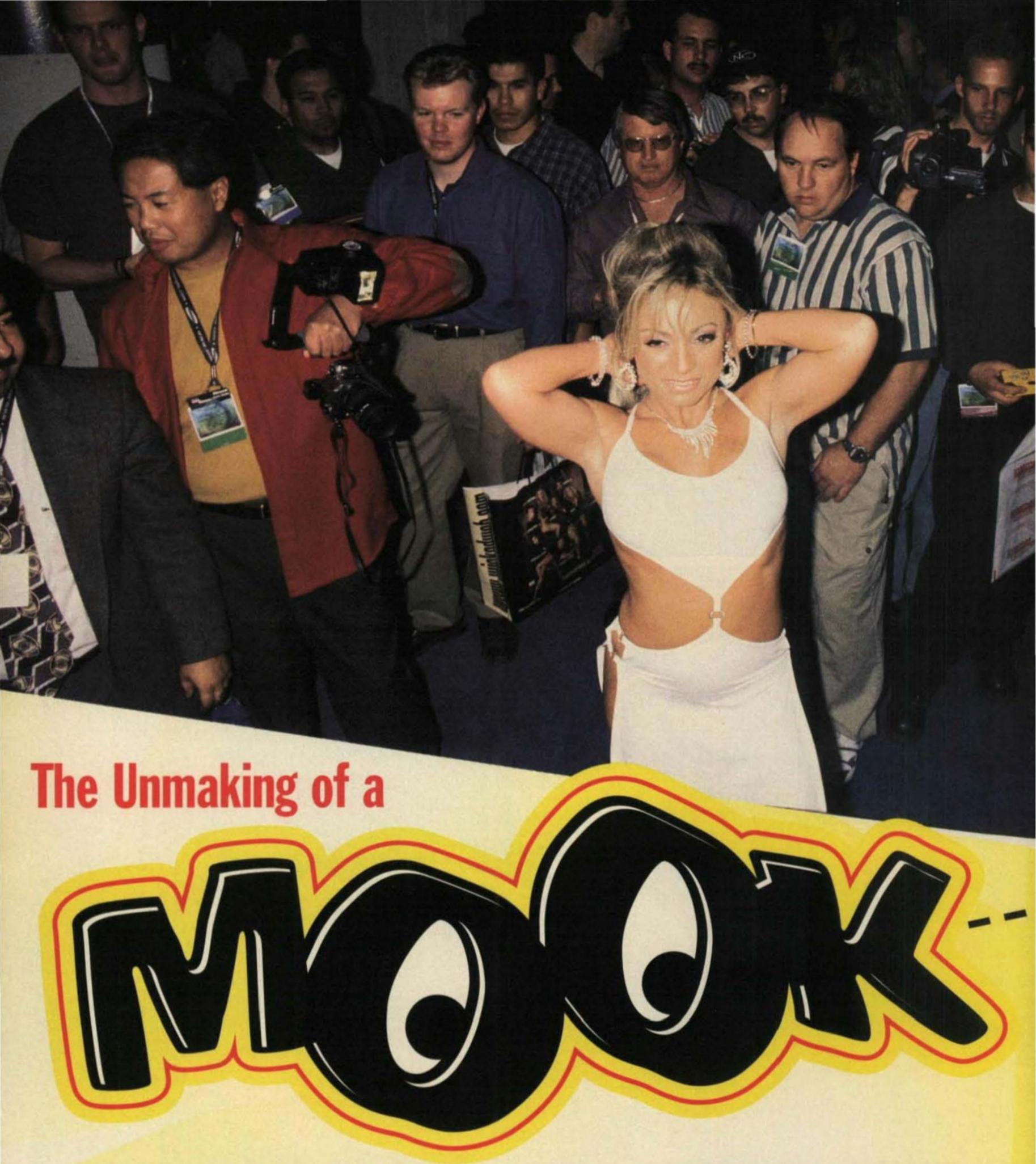












PENETRATING THE PORN INDUSTRY AT CES

ARTICLE BY DAVID BUCHBINDER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC MEDOFF & DR. X

Mooks, the faceless fans of fuck flicks, run like grunion once a year at the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Nevada. At the 1999 CES, one slippery hard-on strives to cross over from worshiper to exploiter.



The dudes step aside for a starlet who tramps topless down the aisle; they leer at her breasts, stretched like balloons about to pop, apparently oblivious to the grisly, raised scars around her areolas.

A teeming mob of men is like a living organism on an apron of blue carpet in Las Vegas's Sands Convention Center. The crowd attracts attention, and in an instant, the scrum doubles in size. Men outside the vortex strain on their tiptoes or hold video cameras above their heads for an electronic version of action taking place four feet in front of them; fold-out camcorder screens project the pink folds of a freshly shaved pussy and a glistening, black dildo. At the epicenter of the sweaty mass of mooks, a camera bulb flashes.

Suddenly, the force binding the rows of stone-faced peepers is released, and they peel away like the skins of an onion, making way for a portly photographer, who shoulders his camera bag and walks off. Lastly, a lanky blonde picks herself off the floor and pulls up her panties. Topheavy with inflated breasts, she teeters down the blue carpet and joins the tide of voyeurs and exhibitionists that flows among display booths in the vast hall.

More than 90,000 electronics distributors, retailers and producers converge on Las Vegas every year for the Consumer Electronics Show to unveil or peruse the latest retail technologies. Almost every male in this swarm of eggheads eventually thinks with his dick and heads for the portion of the convention that showcases the adult-entertainment industry.

Pornophiles and curiosity seekers file past signs that warn, You Must Be 21 to Enter. A labyrinth of velvet ropes slows the surge to allow security guards to check for the green-plastic badges that identify conventioneers. "All we get are lookies," grumbles an elderly security guard.

At the Lyons Video Distributors booth, Fantasy, a Las Vegas-based porn starlet, spreads her legs for a crowd of onlookers. Fantasy's black bathing-suit bottom cuts into her pudenda, pushing out her puffy, shaved labia. Bill Taylor, a sales representative for Advanced Internet Systems, guides his camcorder in and out of Fantasy's crotch for a penis-eye view of her clam. Fantasy obligingly moans.

"This is like getting in touch with your fantasy," Taylor says. Fantasy climbs onto her hands and knees, and Taylor zooms in on the blond hairs around her anus.

Clouds of smoke rise behind Cockzilla, an eight-foot-long, fiberglass penis with eyes and dangling lizard arms. The monster cock is promoting an upcoming release from In-X-Cess Productions. At the Anabolic Productions booth, porn queens toss T-shirts to hooting fans. The dudes step aside for a starlet who tramps topless down the aisle; they leer at her

breasts, stretched like balloons about to pop, apparently oblivious to the grisly, raised scars around her areolas.

While the adult-industry CES was designed to bring wheelers together with dealers, it has become an opportunity for porn manufacturers to interact directly with their market. Slutty starlets perch on the counters of booths and sign promo slicks, posters and T-shirts for hordes of devotees on sabbatical from mainstream CES venues.

For the lover of basketball-size bazongas, Cynthia Stacks can be approached for photos, signatures and, if a guy asks nicely, a feel of her 69HHH breasts. "There are a few triple-Zs walking around out there," she says, "but I'm not going any bigger. I want to stay attractive."

Even natural-blond porn stars, a freakish rarity, are on hand, such as Linda Thoren, a tall, fine-featured Swede. "I come to Las Vegas to see my fans," Thoren says in heavily accented English. Among the sluts at CES, Thoren's cottonknit thong might be considered an Amish choice of attire.

Porn capitalists have found that nothing turns gawkers into consumers so much as a trophy-quality piece of ass; like fluffers at a gang-bang, fuck queens proffer their bodies to the grubby hands of the masses for a \$500 day rate.

"I can still feel the sting in my hands," says Armand Gallego, fresh from spanking a starlet at the Seymore Butts booth. Gallego used to attend the mainstream CES show, but now comes to Las Vegas just to visit the adult annex. "I kind of felt bad after the first smack," he says, "but the next thing she said was, 'harder, harder'; so I switched to the other cheek, then back and forth...."

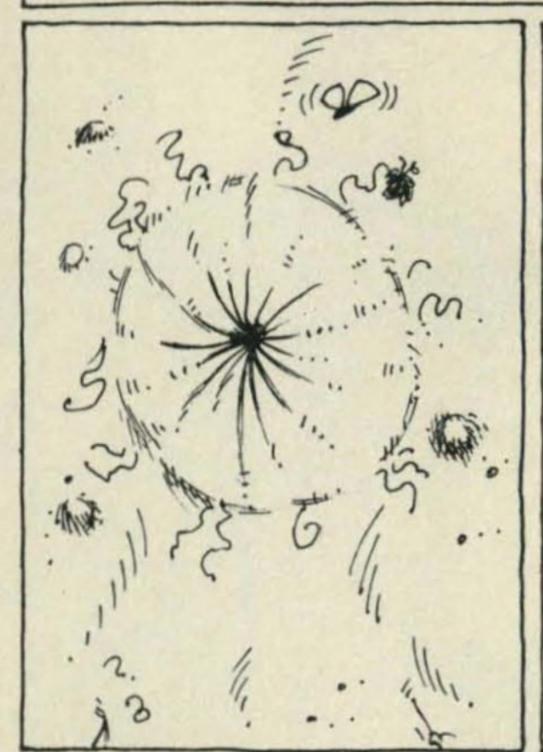
"Be aggressive," advises Jason Parks, a burly, 34-year-old buyer for a convenience-store chain. "It'll never be this easy to walk up to a really hot chick and pat her on the ass."

Accustomed to watching eagerly consenting porn sluts strap on to every available hard-on in fuck flicks, some giddy afficionados have trouble separating VCR fantasy from flesh-and-blood reality.

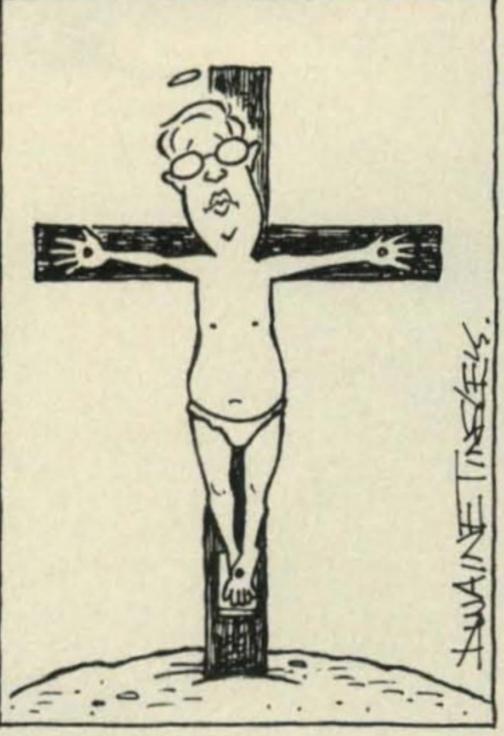
"Some guys think my ass is public property," complains Catalina L'Amour, the blond star of *Hot Nympho Slut*. "They figure, *These chicks are sluts; they love it*. But they forget that we're getting paid big bucks for what we do."

"This is a very grabby crowd," says Sid Deuce, the longhaired, blond star of Topless Brain Surgeons. Deuce sits on a table and signs autographs; she wears a (continued on page 70)

KENNETH STARR



HOW THINKING PEOPLE SEE HIM



HOW HE SEES





















(continued from page 60)

Yesterday, some guy tried to bite my leg. I grabbed him by the back of the hair and ripped his head back, and I kept ripping it back as I told him, 'You don't fucking touch me.'"

white, Lycra bodysuit that accentuates her overstuffed chest bags. "This guy walked up to me, no hello-he just squeezed my tit as hard as he could," she says. "I planted one of these in his chest." Deuce holds up one of her four-inch heels. "Yesterday, some guy tried to bite my leg. I grabbed him by the back of the hair and ripped his head back, and I kept ripping it back as I told him, 'You don't fucking touch me.'"

Houston, Metro's blond contract girl who has just collected the 300th application for her 500-mook gang-bang, poses with a quartet of Asian men. The worthy gentlemen take turns squeezing her surgically enhanced breasts and flashing cheesy smiles for the camera. "Some girls don't like these guys touching us, but I don't mind, because nothing bothers me," says Houston. Just as she runs out of 8x10 glossies, another wave of combovers with cameras appears and waits expectantly. "I've got to get out of here," Houston says, and disappears into a door in the back of the Metro booth.

Tabitha Stevens, the big-titted, blond star of Soap Opera Sluts, works her way through a queue of fans.

Will Finley, a California native who lives in New York, is next on line.

"Can I kiss your ass?" he asks.

"Sure," she says.

Finley crouches and brings his parted lips toward Stevens's butt cheeks.

"No tongue," warns a menacing man standing nearby, his arms folded. This is undoubtedly Stevens's boyfriend/manager, protecting his investment.

Finley comes up for air, deeply satisfied. "My right eyeball was a quarter-inch away from her bunghole," he says. "And it was dirty, not pink. I didn't see any brown, but it was dark. I like a dirty asshole." Finley wanted to spread Stevens's ass cheeks, but thought it wouldn't be a classy move.

Although Finley stands in line like any other fan, he hasn't come to Las Vegas just to cop a cheap feel off a screen slut. Finley's goals are straightforward:

"I came to CES because I want to make extreme hard-core," he says. "I want to make a shitload of money, and I want to screw porn geeks."

Finley has never shot a porn movie before, although in 1994 he and Parker Sherman, an early shooter for the Sodomania series, were prepared to produce The Secret Society, about a secret sex club. According to Finley, Misty Rain, the lithe star of scores of porn films, was on board and the movie was ready to shoot when Sherman inexplicably dropped out of the project.

For his latest attempt at breaking into the business, Finley has lined up an investor, Michael Parkburg, a Los Angeles independent-film producer. Together, they make up I'm Yo' Daddy Productions. "He thinks maybe he's going to fuck these chicks," Finley says of Parkburg. "I don't know. But I know he wants to give me money."

While Finley doesn't have so much as a script, he is determined to ink a distribution deal before he leaves Las Vegas.

"This isn't brain surgery," he says. "I can stay up the night before and write some scenes. Maybe a guy walks in on another man having sex with his wife, and they have a really rough threeway."

Finley's first priority is hustling up talent; he approaches Doomy Moore, a brunet starlet known for her shapely ass.

Moore hands him her card and asks Finley what his porn name is.

"Jonny Galatin."

"Jonny Galatin?" she asks, recognizing a work in progress. "What about Galaxy? Jonny Galaxy." Galaxy sticks.

Buoyed by his newly acquired nom de porn, Will Finley approaches Alexxus, whose screen credits include an appearance in Fresh Pink II, a low-budget feature. "I'm Jonny Galaxy," he says. "I'm going to be shooting some footage this spring, and I think you're really pretty. I wanted to find out if I could get a contact number for you and find out how much you charge."

Alexxus's rate for a boy/girl scene is \$900 and for a girl/girl scene or solo, \$400. Alexxus quotes Finley A-list prices, even though she only works with her boyfriend, doesn't do anal and, in Finley's words, "looks like she was hit in the face with a sack of nickels.

"They always start high," Finley adds. "Maybe this isn't the place to find talent."

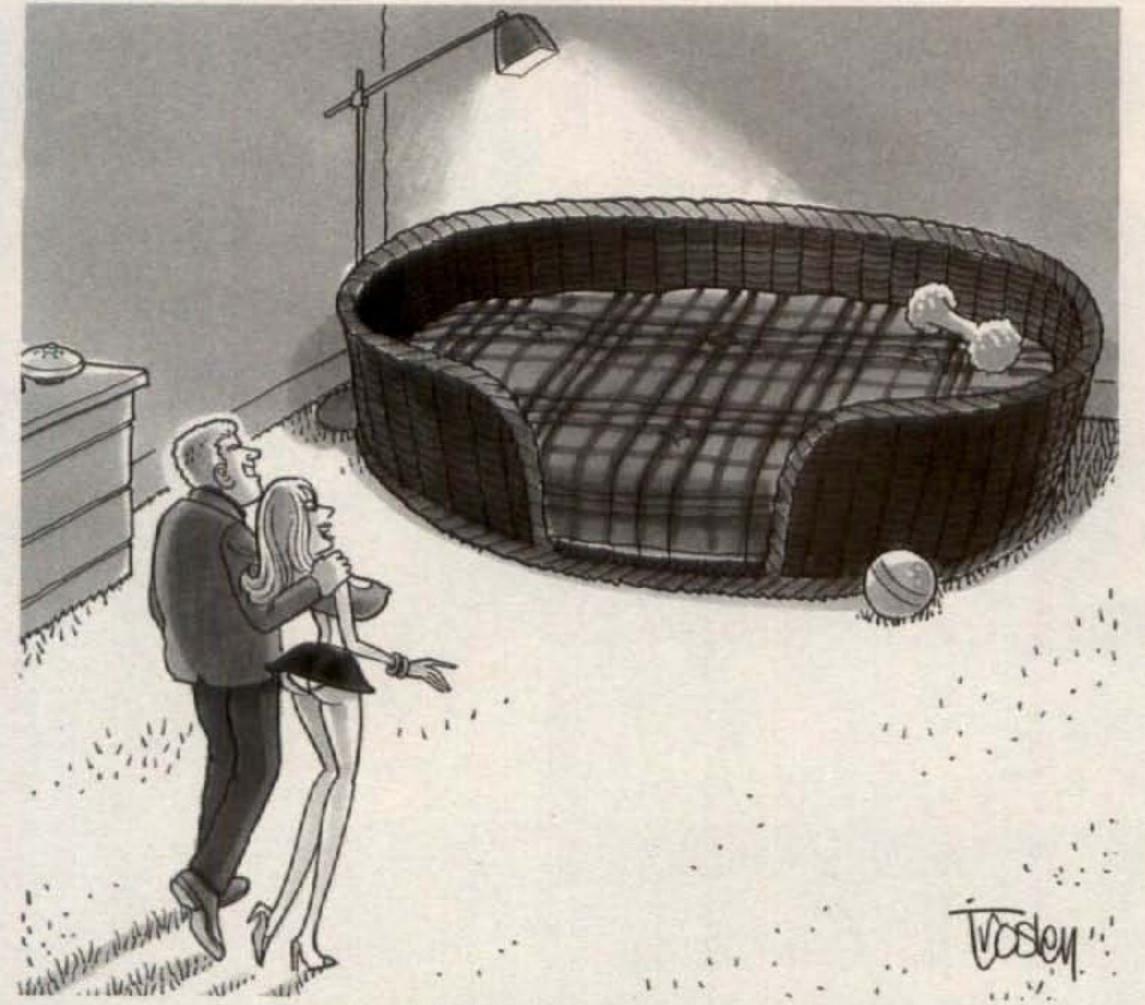
Finley approaches Sunshine Films, a distributor with a nondescript booth in a lowrent corner of the exhibit hall. Next door is an adult-novelty stand, cluttered with dildos and penis-shaped ice-cube trays.

Finley tells Sunshine's Rita, a cagey Israeli, that he is a filmmaker looking for distributors who buy product.

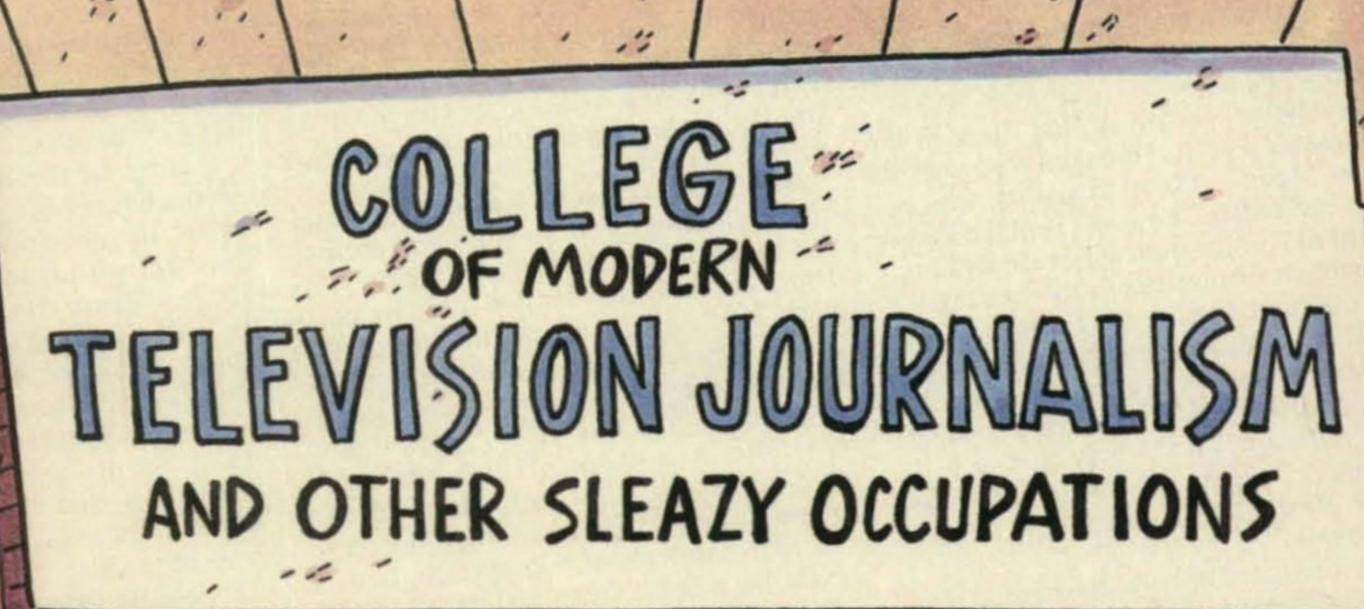
Rita fixes him with a stare.

"First, make for me hairy," she says. "Very hairy girl." Rita gestures vaguely toward her crotch. "Second one, make for me bald, totally bald. Third one, make for me something nobody else makes." Rita pauses as she searches for a word. "Bizarre," she emphasizes.

Finley walks away with Rita's card, emboldened. Indistinguishable from any other mook at CES, and without having



"Something tells me you like to do it doggy-style....





"In porn, there are insiders, and everyone else is an outsider. That's why you see the same guys in every movie—it's that hard for the mooks. I should know, because I'm a mook."

shot a video—without, in fact, owning a camera—Finley has found a bottom-rung distributor who is interested in his work.

"This is going to be like shooting fish in a barrel," he says.

The catchall for every first timer in the business is Farrel Timlake, co-owner of Xplor Media. "Real amateurs are our bread and butter," he says. Timlake knows how hard it is for outsiders such as Finley to establish themselves in the jizz biz.

"It's a hard life," says Timlake, whose beard and shoulder-length hair give him the appearance of a flower child. "In porn, there are insiders, and everyone else is an outsider. That's why you see the same guys in every movie—it's that hard for the mooks. I should know, because I'm a mook."

Even though Timlake co-owns a production company and rubs elbows with the filthy-film elite, he identifies more with the unwashed masses than with the slick in-crowd, "As the yolk is to the albumen, so am I to this industry," he says.

At the Xplor booth, Finley chats with Timlake, who reclines on a Day-Glo bean-bag chair. Like a supportive uncle, Timlake encourages Finley along his chosen path.

"You keep knocking on that door long enough, it'll open," Timlake says. "It Finley says.

doesn't matter what you shoot [your film] on, it doesn't matter how pisspoor it looks, somebody's going to love it for that, and as long as you have sex on it, somebody's going to pay you money for that."

As Jonny Galaxy, Finley works the floor, chatting up porn stars and collecting business cards. Bad-boy auteur Max Hardcore warmly invites him to party with him at his hotel suite later that night. "People are unfailingly polite because they don't know who you're going to be in a few years," says Finley. He reflects a moment and adds, "At worst, they're just looking at me as another guy to exploit, another guy to go out there and shoot footage. At best, I might have some fresh vision."

In a 12-foot-wide corridor near the concession stands, foot traffic is bottle-necked by Anna More, a buxom, black porn chick who leans over a booth chatting with a friend. More's G-string has wedged into her snatch, and a pussy lip dangles from the pink swatch of fabric. A janitor distractedly sweeps discarded fliers into a trash bin, and a tiered wall of Asian men, some kneeling, some standing, snap photos.

"I'm already starting to hate my fans,"

That evening, Jonny Galaxy chomps on a cigar in his single room at the Mirage Hotel. "All the porn hangers-on smoke cigars," he says.

Acting on the wisdom he has gleaned from conversations with sundry porn veterans, the neophyte has stripped his double bed and pinned a white sheet above the headboard. He craftily places a freshly rolled joint in an ashtray on the bed stand, along with a plastic, disposable camera and a banana.

Galaxy's goal for the evening is to crash one of the many porn parties taking place in the city and bring an aspiring porn actress back to his hotel room for a gratuitous blowjob.

"I need to get test shots of the talent," he says with a grin. "It's not enough just to ask how much they charge; I need to know how nasty they'll get—if they'll do fisting, if they'd object to being peed on, if they'll take three cocks in their ass. I also need to know how these girls look naked—someone may have had a C-section."

A long line stretches outside Club Utopia, on Las Vegas Boulevard, for the Nymphomaniac's Ball, hosted by Extreme Associates. A girl in a miniskirt hands a scrap of paper to a bouncer. "I don't know if it's an important name or not," she says hopefully.

Concentric circles of fans, almost all of them male, surround Club Utopia's dance floor and gaze at a trio of porn sluts writhing in a cage. A young man in blue jeans clutches a bag from McDonald's; munching french fries, he joins a quartet of mustachioed men nursing longnecks. They shout to one another above the din of techno music.

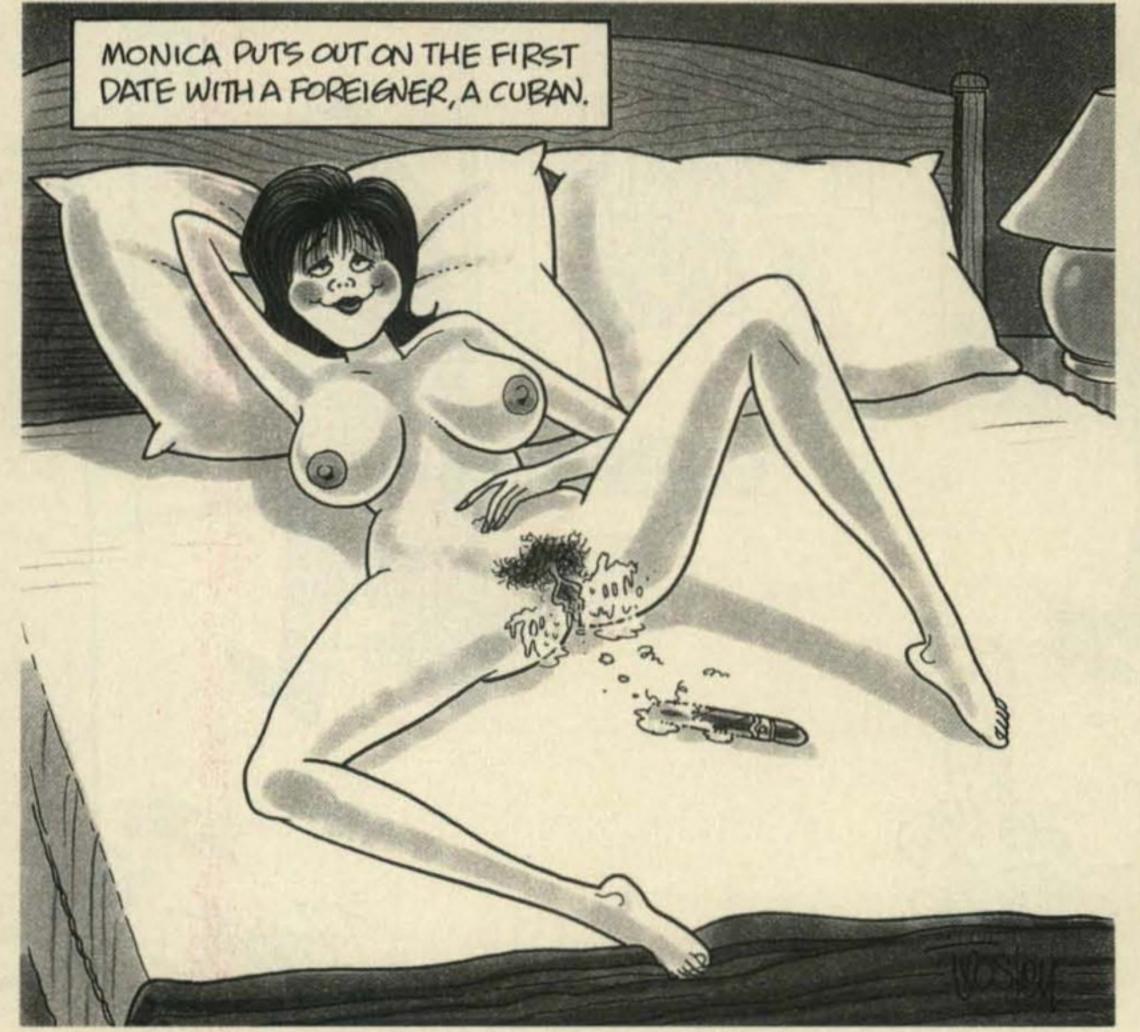
"The 49ers' offensive line is nothing without Harris Barton," says one.

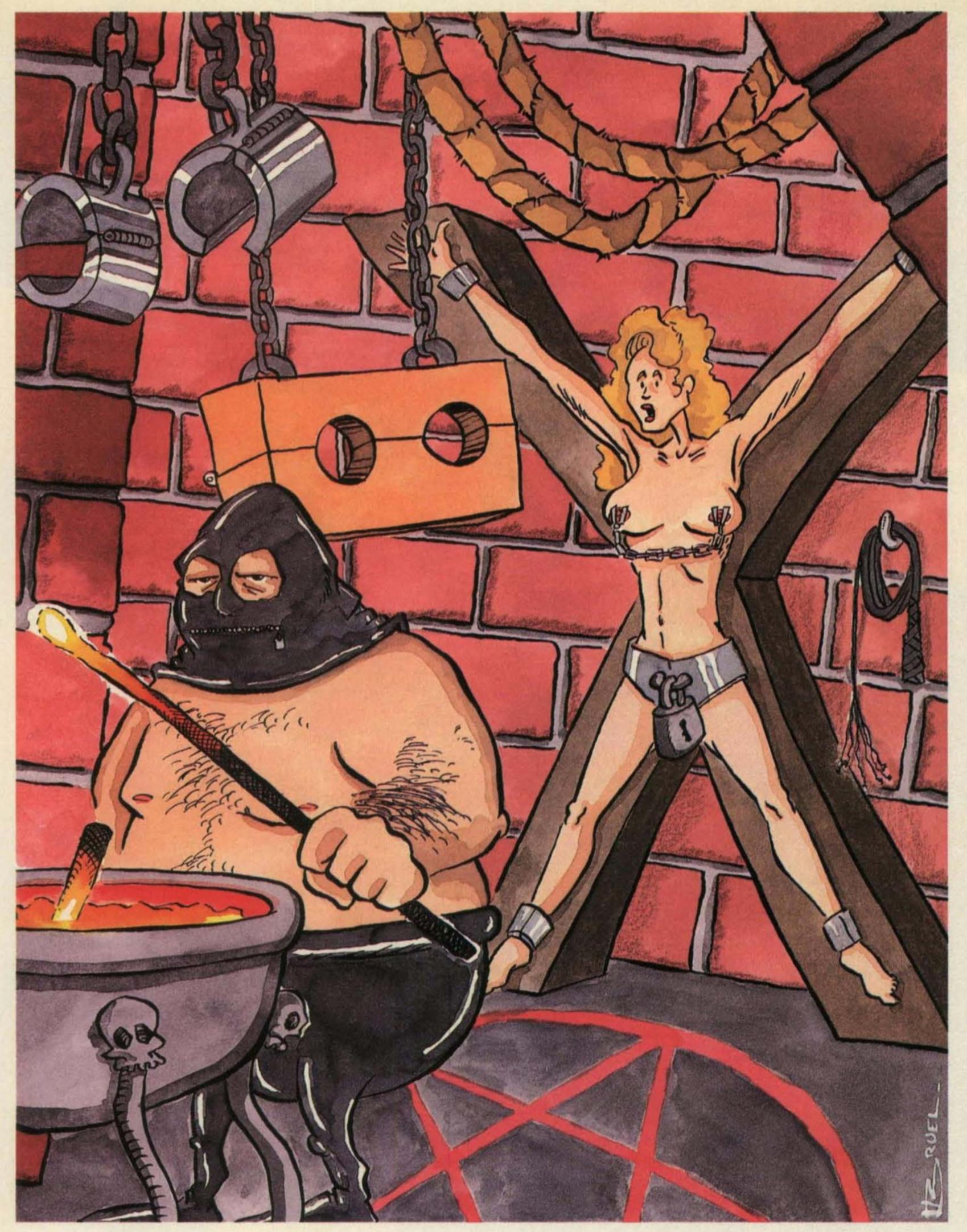
"That's so true. I love you," shouts another. "Something tells me that Arizona's secondary is going to bump the receivers the way they did in Dallas."

Recognizing the Nymphomaniac's Ball as a lost cause and roughly denied access to the VIP lounge upstairs, Finley hopes he'll have better luck trolling for trim on Saturday night, after the AVN Awards, the porn industry's version of the Oscars.

Late the next night at the Rio Hotel, a 40-story tower set three-quarters of a mile from the Strip, tipsy, blue-haired ladies toddle on zigzagging carpets in the maze of blinking lights and gaming tables. In a lonely corner of the casino, a newlywed still in her wedding dress disconsolately plunks quarters into a slot machine. In a rooftop piano bar, a blues singer croons,

(continued on page 122)





"I'm not saying we should get married. I'm just saying, let's move in together and see how we like it."

REVECHO PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES "My hands are my livelihood," declares lounge pianist Alana. "I have to keep my fingers nimble at all times, or I'm out of a job." The blond songstress begins her daily drills, burying flailing digits in her silky sheath. She frigs her love bean furiously. A series of throaty moans accompanies her clit crescendo. "I've perfected every one-handed piano piece ever written," she notes. "Synchronizing my scale running with my snatch stroking is an excellent discipline builder. My dexterity has other career benefits too. During my break, I perform my five-star handjobs on the barflies in the men's room, and the tip jar really fills up. "Most musicians take five between sets," Alana adds. "I prefer to give five-fingers-and make my fan base grow."



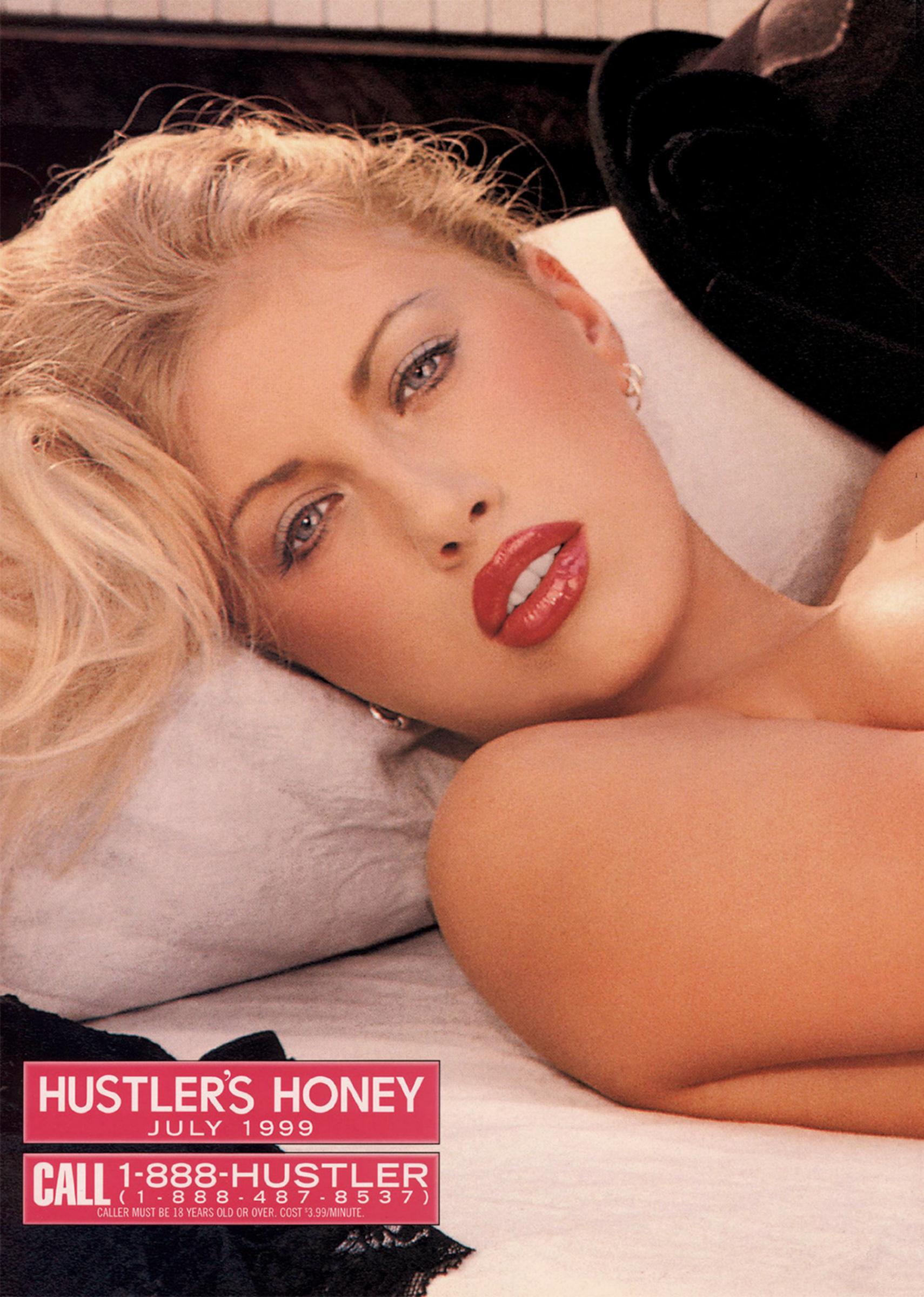




















Desiraye, a veteran porn actress, checked into the hospital to give birth. The midwife was surprised to learn that the mother-to-be had no idea who the father was. "I was on four different movie sets that week," the slut shrugged. "I'll know the father once the baby's born."

After the birth, the midwife approached Desiraye with the tiny bundle. "Don't be shocked," the midwife said, "but your baby is a girl, and she's black."

The porn chick thought back. "Then the father's Rodney, that guy I fucked for Miscegenation Follies."

"Look," the midwife pointed. "She also has blond hair."

"Blond hair? Oh, that would be Lars from Aryan X."

"Are you sure? Look." The midwife pointed to the baby's almond-shaped eyes.

The slut seemed confused. "Maybe that guy from Thirty Seconds Under Tokyo?"

Just then, the baby began to cry. The young mother took the child in her arms and said, "Thank God!"

"Why? You know which one is her father?"

"No, I had this horrible feeling that she was going to bark."

Question: How does Michael Jackson keep his youth?

Answer: By giving him a pizza, a new bike and a Nintendo 64.

Andrew was riding a bus across town. As a woman in a tailored suit climbed aboard, the driver grabbed his throat and made retching noises. The woman burst into tears and hit the driver with her purse.

Puzzled, Andrew watched the woman slowly pull herself together. A few minutes later, the lady in question rang the buzzer. As she passed the driver to step off the bus, the man once again grabbed his throat and made retching noises.

The lady began to sob all over again and once more hit the driver with her purse before leaving.

Andrew asked, "What was that all about?"

The driver replied, "Oh, she's a regular passenger. I'm just teasing her. Her daughter hanged herself last night."

A 24-year-old lipstick lesbian went to the gynecologist. She sat in the stirrups, flaunting her rosy, whistle-clean quim. "Young lady," exclaimed the appreciative doctor, "you certainly have the cleanest vagina I've ever examined."

"Thanks," said the dyke. "I have a woman in four times a week."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Israeli* as: a Hebrew national.

Little Jenny came running home from playing at Johnny's house, flushed and grinning from ear to ear. "Hey, Mom, guess what?" Jenny enthused. "Johnny's got a penis just like a peanut!"

Her mother was understandably confused for a second. "What do you mean, dear? Is Johnny's penis shaped like a peanut?"

"No, silly. It's salty!"

Question: What vibrates uncontrollably and comes on your television?

Answer: Michael J. Fox.

On Friday, Ed showed up at his favorite watering hole to find that the bartender had bought a monkey. Ed watched with fascination as the creature sat on a bar stool eating maraschino cherries. Before the monkey would eat a cherry, he would examine it closely, carefully stick it up his ass and examine it again before finally swallowing it whole.

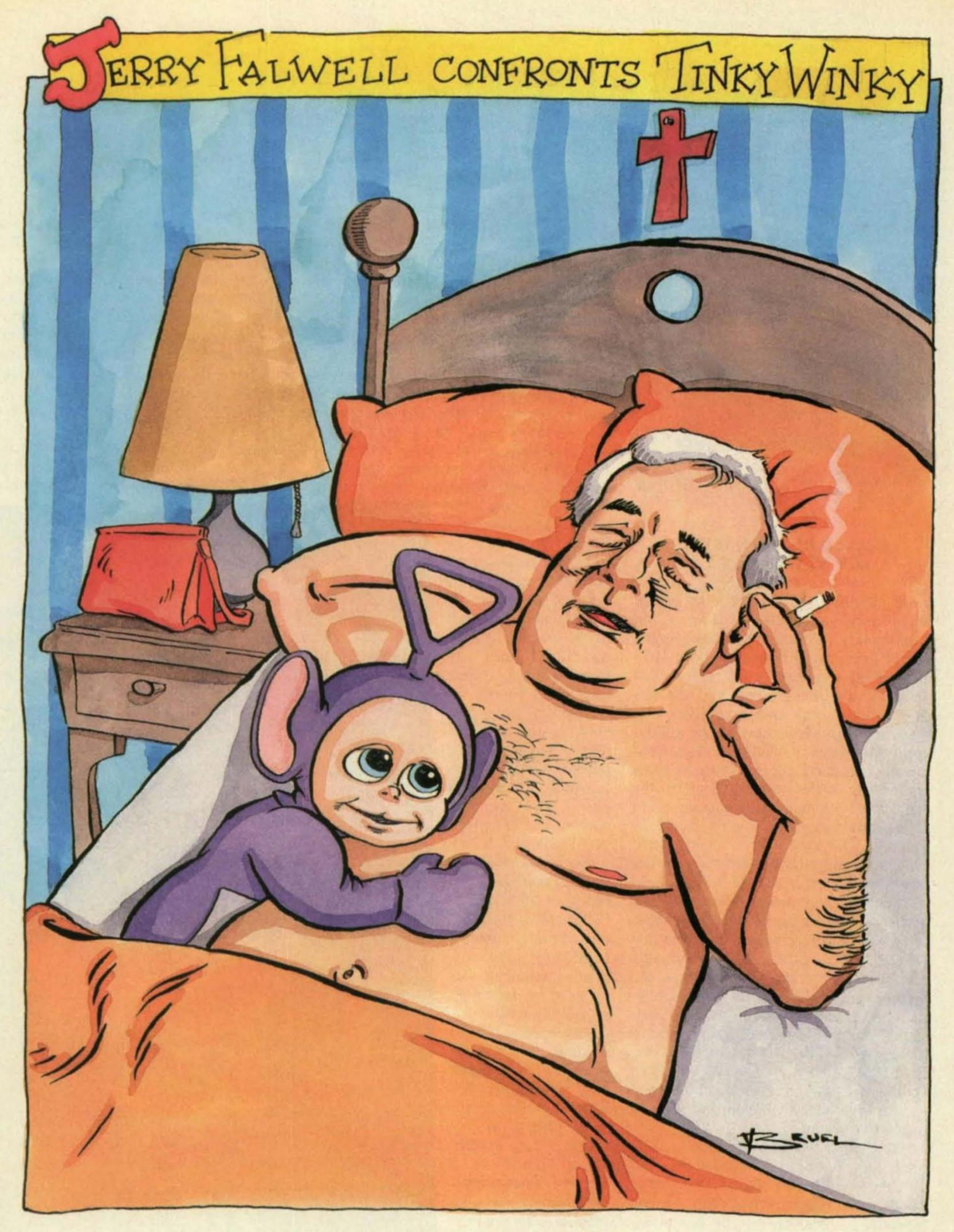
"What the hell's that monkey doing?" Ed asked.

"Well," the barman leaned back, "a few weeks ago, when I bought the monkey, he went a little wild. The damn thing scampered down the bar and knocked everything to the floor, jabbering like crazy. I chased him onto the pool table. The little monster bit one of the pool players. Then the monkey grabbed a cue ball and rammed it down his own throat."

"Okay," Ed pondered, "but why's he shoving maraschino cherries up his ass?"

"Ever since that cue ball, he measures everything before he eats it."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"I knew I was right about you!"



GOLDEN-SHOWER ANNIVERSARY

I was enjoying HUSTLER in my garage when I learned about the magazine's 25th Anniversary. Congratu-fucking-lations, Larry! I saw my first issue back in 1978 at the tender age of seven; even then, I knew the mix of sex, humor and shit-stirring (both literal and figurative) was potent enough to last beyond the millennium. Memories flooded me as I sat amid the oily rags and paint cans with my pants around my ankles: whacking off to the centerfold with three tits; whacking off to the biggest beaver ever hunted, the Texas Tunnel; whacking off to a big-titted brunette pissing like a racehorse onto her oh-so-lucky slave....

Then the trip down mammary lane became a screeching dead-end—because my wife was screeching on the other side of the locked garage door. Normally, Shelly is very understanding about the private time I demand for my monthly sacred moment (actually an hour-long spank session devoted to America's Magazine). After all, she ordered the HUSTLER subscription to keep me from spilling my juice in other cunts. I zipped up, cursing under my breath, and stormed over to let her in.

"Yes, dear?" I mewled like a little bitch upon sight of her beet-red face and clenched teeth. In an excited state, Shelly can kick my ass. Her violent leanings have always made for mind-blowing sex—and bone-crunching domestic disputes. Unwilling to appear

on another televised installment of COPS, I chose a politely pussywhipped expression while regarding the moldy, damaged, cream-filled condom dripping in her shaky right hand.

METTERS

She barked, "Unless this rubber was used inside your butthole—and contains one of your bar buddies' jizz—you're in for a world of pain." Shelly has this stupid goddamned rule where I'm not allowed to bang other chicks, but I am allowed to bring home any homo I want.

That way, she can watch. The fact that I'll never, ever allow some fag to darken my back doorway for the sake of Shelly's nut hasn't stopped her from forcing me to watch gay porn and from dropping other, less subtle hints. Of course, if I suggest hooking up one of the hippie skanks in her poetry circle for a threeway, I'm a sexist pig. I love my wife and her D-cup melons very, very much...but I have to acknowledge the fact that she's one sick fucking bitch.

"That's probably one of our condoms," I groveled. The disgusting scumbag was flung in my face with an audible splat.

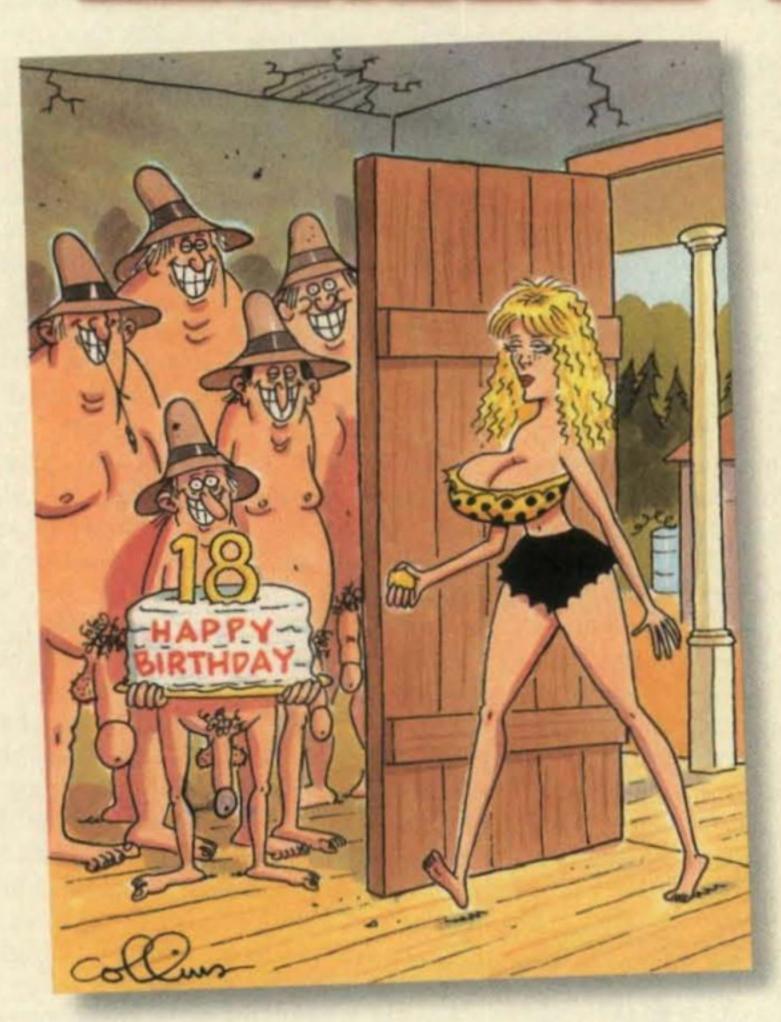
"My pussy hasn't caught a whiff of latex in two years, and you know it," Shelly screamed. Her fists flailed at my chest. "You always shoot your load in my ass!" I never realized my wife was so infuriated by my definition of safe sex. She hit me repeated-

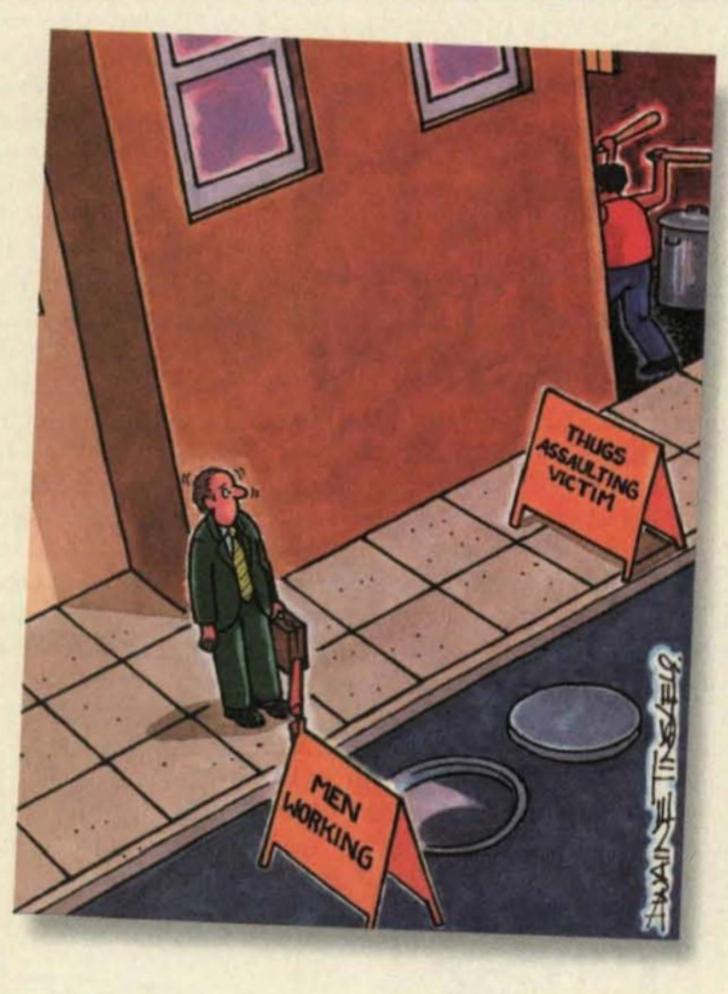
ly; yet I could tell her heart wasn't into the girly slaps. Shelly wanted to believe I would never need more than her bodacious body, short-cropped, black hair and long, flexible legs. I grabbed her wrists and roughly slammed the hysterical snatch against the wall.

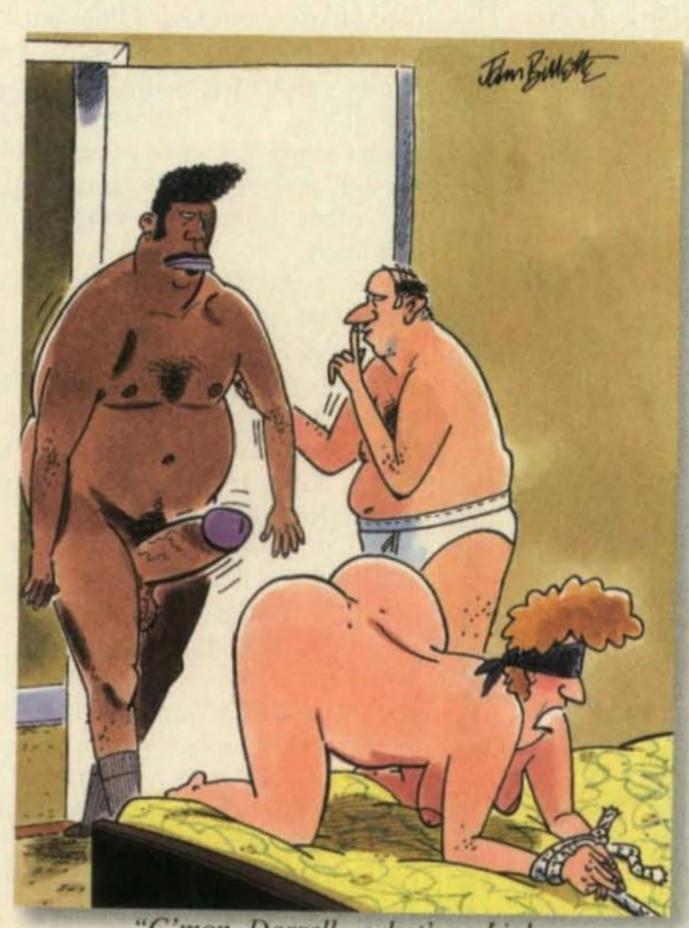
"Listen to me," I insisted, slapping her pretty face for effect more than impact. "I jerked off into that condom. I was watching a porn tape, and most of those sluts have AIDS; so everybody has to wear

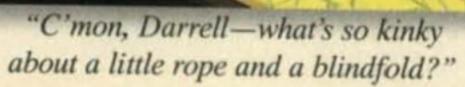


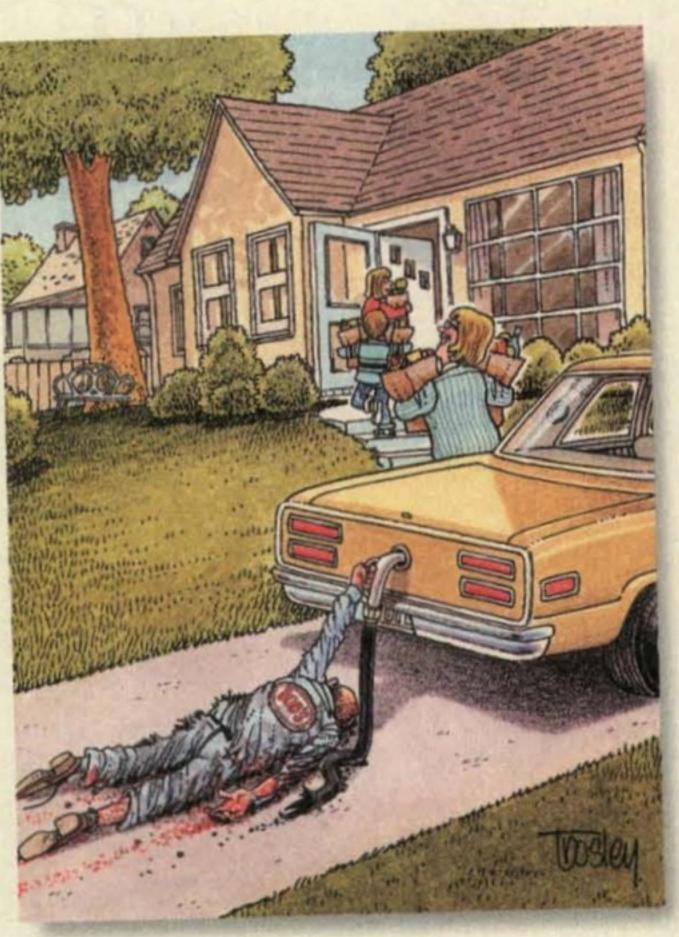
HISTLE BANK











Hot Letters I shook off the final drops of pee, enjoying their satisfying splash against the mess on the floor. Shelly was thoroughly soaked...and she loved every acrid moment of it.

condoms, and if I beat my meat without wearing a condom as well, I don't know what it feels like to fuck the slit on the screen!" My eloquent, impassioned explanation washed the fury from Shelly's eyes in a wave of awareness...and hormones. Suddenly, her fist unclenched to give my crotch a healthy squeeze.

"I understand," cooed Shelly, unzipping my fly and riffling within for my still-rigid johnson. "So now you want to roll on a Trojan and fuck me. Why didn't you say so?" Her knees hit the dirty, cement floor of the garage, and the tip of my dick hit her tonsils. Although Shelly's lips were barely moving, the muscles in the back of her throat were seductively massaging my length. She slurped loudly; I grew almost as hard as when I was fucking my hand over HUSTLER. The butterfly kiss of my wife's tongue on my great white's underbelly sent shivers up my spine. I could never fool around and risk losing such a proficient cocksucker; however, I had other activities in mind than spending the afternoon in her esophagus.

"Actually, honey," I stated carefully, especially unwilling to piss her off with my meat within chomping range, "I'm not in the mood for a blowjob. See, HUSTLER's been around for 25 years; so

I thought we could commemorate the magazine's golden anniversary with a golden shower."

Shelly froze, her fist clenching again—this time at the base of my peter.

"Twenty-five years is not the golden anniversary. That's 50 years."

I groaned, "Whatever. By that time, I'll be too old to peel off more than a drop at a time. Just take off your T-shirt, and let me color those pale, white jugs yellow."

Much to my surprise and delight, Shelly complied. Watching her unroll the incredibly tight T-shirt from her massive chest was like seeing a snake with huge hooters shed her skin. Her jeans flew off next; soon, Shelly lay beneath me, her immaculate rump resting squarely in a puddle of Pennzoil. This was going to be one messy fuck. I towered above her supine, wanting goods and felt my bladder burn.

"Unnh," I grunted as a pre-squirt dribbled from my dong. My many battles with morning wood could attest to the difficulty of taking a leak with a hard-on. Nevertheless, I was determined. The only liquid my body secreted for a solid minute was the sweat from my brow. Shelly squirmed; the tension clearly made her uncomfortable, which only made me more excited. Then the floodgates opened. A hot, stinging, golden ray fired from my cannon, splattering onto Shelly's gross sacks and all over her scrunched-up face. She threw her head back, and the trickle pooled in her belly. I felt like God, pissing warm rain upon His unworthy subjects. The gasping and wet sputtering from Shelly's lips was my hallelujah chorus. I shook off the final drops of pee, enjoying their satisfying splash against the mess on the floor. Shelly was thoroughly soaked...and she loved every acrid moment of it.

"Let me suck you clean," begged my urine-stinking wife. I lowered my member into her gaping mouth, enthralled to see a final, mischievous droplet dive down her gullet. One of my hands reached below and pinched her swollen nipple while the other crammed pipe between her lips. Crouching was necessary to fuck my wife's face. She had become my human toilet; dispensing a wad to her stomach would be my most satisfying flush.

"Arrrgh, yeah," I panted, fairly hopping up and down to properly assault her skull. "Swallow it all...every fucking gallon from my bladder and my balls!" Loud, slurpy gurgling emanated from the back of Shelly's throat. She would probably choke if I didn't finish fast. I built up as much friction as possible by plunging even faster.

Finally, I came buckets. The sensation could have been misleading, but I believe I produced as much splooge as I did piss. Shelly gulped frantically to keep up with the endless load. She was forced to surrender when the white mess burbled over her lips and down her chin, mixing with my other juice like curdled milk in lemonade.

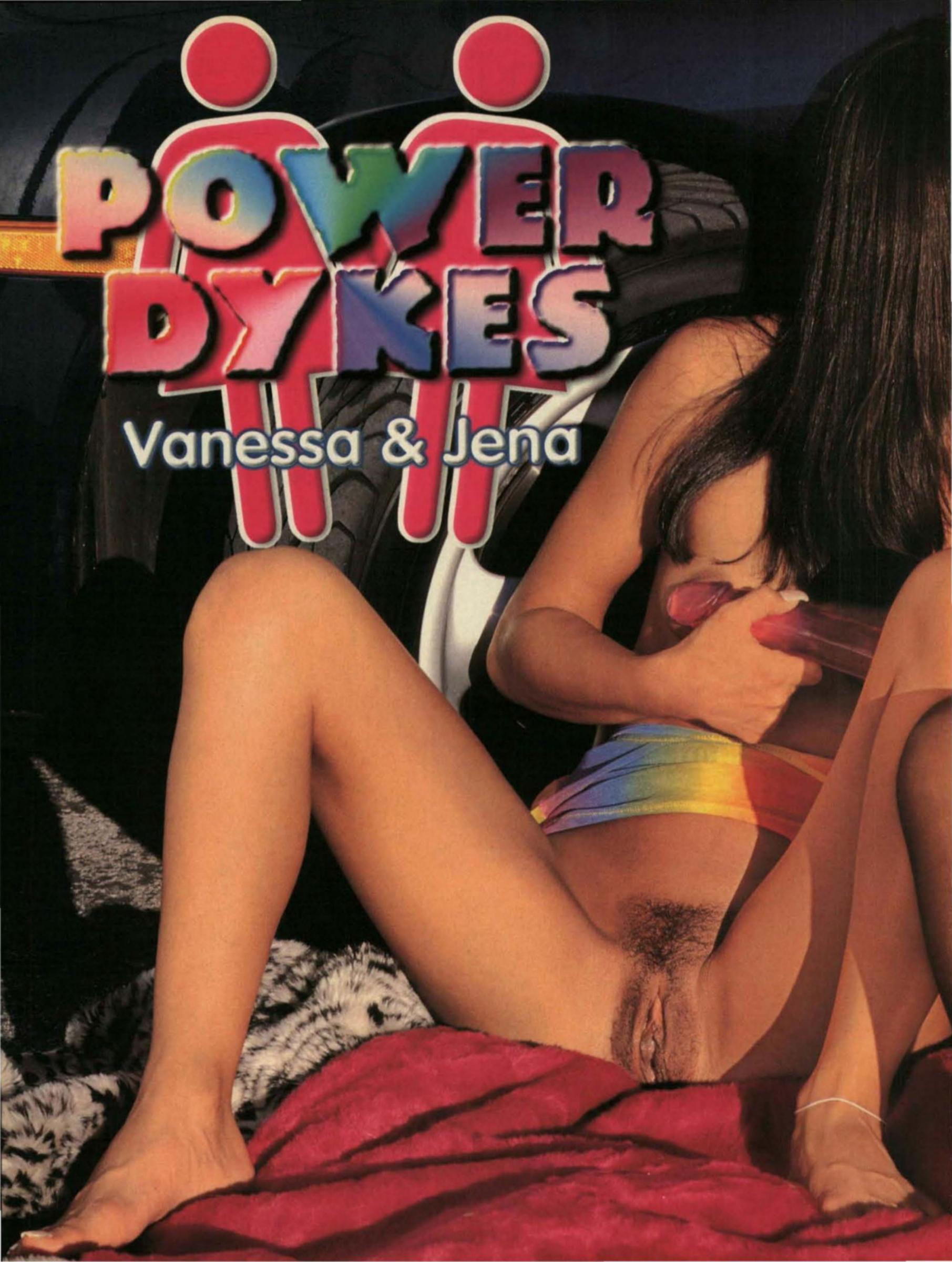
I was toweling Shelly off when she stated her new policy for pee play, or Golden Shower Rule: Pissing on her is only allowed if she is permitted to take a crap on my face immediately afterward. I told you, she is one sick fucking bitch! Thank God HUSTLER's going to be around for the next 25 years. —D. Y. Tampa Bay, Florida



TWENTY-FIVE THE HARD WAY

Hi, HUSTLER! Remember me? I wrote to Hot Letters exactly three years ago to celebrate 22 years of filthy Flynt fun ("Nappy Birthday," July 1996). I had also turned 22 and celebrated our mutual birthday by offering my tight, blond twat (continued on page 98)



















Hot Letters I don't care if I find yet another burning cross on my front lawn; I love black cock nearly as much as I love HUSTLER and will continue to sing the praises of both.

to a bunch of black guys in HUSTLER's honor. Well, judging by the letters in the following month's Feedback, some readers weren't too happy about my biracial clusterfuck. Someone even called me a race traitor!

Did the outpouring of hostility curb my wicked craving for chocolate? Hell, no-I've never gone back! You peckerwoods will simply have to keep dreaming about what it's like to sink the pink between my taut, perfect thighs. I don't care if I find yet another burning cross on my front lawn; I love black cock nearly as much as I love HUSTLER and will continue to sing the praises of both.

Twenty-five years is a much bigger deal than 22, of course; so I celebrated in a much bigger way. Over the past three years, my little black book of enormous, black penises has expanded, just like the circumference of my sopping girly hole. In fact, I realized I have enough Negroes at my beck and call to pull a train of immense proportions. The only way to outdo my previous birthday bash was by vowing to fuck 25 African American males in a row.

Sure, I can hear some of you other female, slutty HUSTLER readers scoffing. Any bim with three holes and a heartthey are ebony, veiny monsters with the power to permanently cripple. For all my naysayers, I added a spicy little backdoor clause: The entire gang-bang would be strictly anal. That's right; I was only accepting rear deliveries for the sloppy fuckfest's entirety. An occasional blowjob could be administered for the sake of maintaining erections, but each participant was required to poke my tight and turgid shit ring. I didn't care if I couldn't sit down until HUSTLER's 26th Anniversary! My vage was closed for business, and the formal invitation I sent out explained as much.

"Damn, Babs," mumbled the evening's first arrival, a high-school gym coach named Andre. "I knew you was crazy, but I didn't think you was this fucked-up in the head." I suppose the light-skinned brother was simply reacting to the sight that greeted him as he opened the door to my apartment: a 25-year-old, Caucasian, shapely female ass raised in the air, with lube dribbling from the tasty, brown crack. I was facedown in the shag carpet and quite ready for the first spike to be driven. Rough hands slapped my cheeks, causing me to gasp.

Andre wasted little time in penetrating my sphincters. He started with a single beat can take on 25 pork swords—even if curious finger, wiggling inside to test the depths. After sufficient gouging, more

fingers followed. I immediately broke my promise by grinding my clit against my palm. Hey, I was putting my ass on the line; I ought to be able to bend the rules a little!

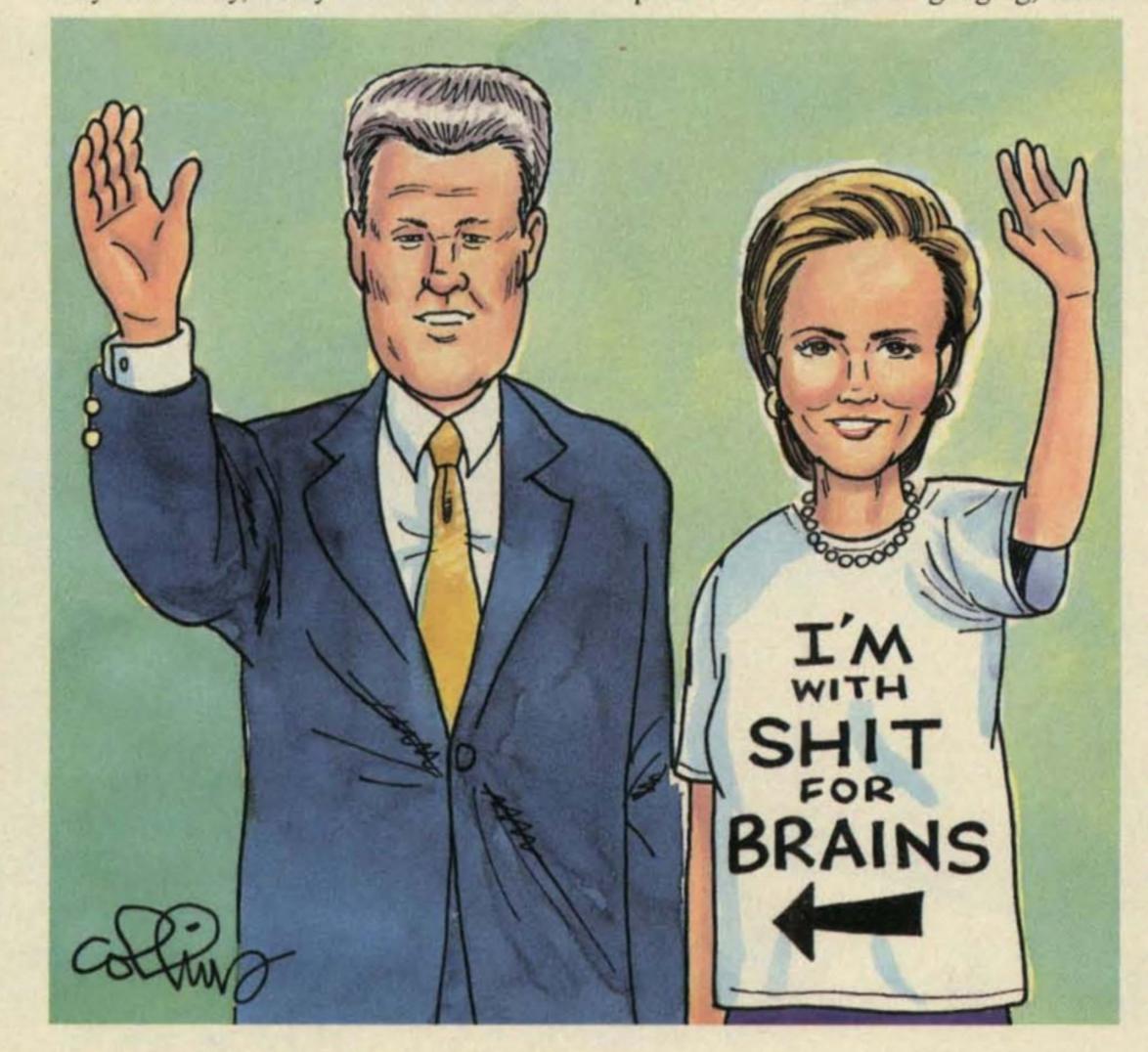
We played proctologist for a while before I heard the telltale unbuttoning of Andre's pants. His engorged head was fat and cruel, wedging into my opening with little mercy. I bit the carpet and dug in my nails for a rough ride. With a single thrust, Andre buried most of his bone between my ass pillows; he pumped in rough, awkward strokes that caused me to cry out loud.

"Shut up, bitch," he insisted, smacking the back of my head. "This big ol' cock up your ass ain't shit. Two more brothers just showed up." The long fellows were Darnell and Samuel, a pair of burly street hoodlums who attempted to rape me one night and were disappointed by my complicity. They were all gold-toothed smiles as they waved the invitations in my face, spouting obscene explanations of their sodomic intentions. I sucked Darnell to a standing, quivering ovation; he and Andre violently jostled for positioning in my anus.

"Motherfucker, pull out," demanded Darnell. "Let me get a taste, and we can stuff her shit at the same time." Andre agreed, allowing Darnell to crawl beneath me and slide his manhood into my colon from below. A few thrusts later, Andre returned, stretching my rectum to engulf a double dose of dark meat. Again, I screamed. This time, Andre's callused hand covered my mouth to prevent alarming the nosy neighbors. Samuel watched the events with a sneer on his scarred face. His jumbo-size wiener dangled in his hand.

"That shit is gay," drawled Samuel, his tissue steadily growing erect. "Y'all be rubbin' dicks." Despite his derisive words, Samuel hopped at the opportunity to offer a gland when Andre dropped out. Now Samuel and Darnell were the pair of pricks in my angry pooper. They pushed in swift, alternating motions, causing my bowels to churn and quake. I was somewhat relieved when Darnell quickly pulled out and dumped hot scuzz upon my backside. Samuel's blast was fired within; he shuddered beneath me, and my rump rode the spermy convulsions. I felt squishy and tired. The gang-bang had officially begun.

Jo-Jo, Pauly and Slick were the next posse to kick down my door. The three chums caught my attention months ago by sharing animated conversation outside (continued on page 107)



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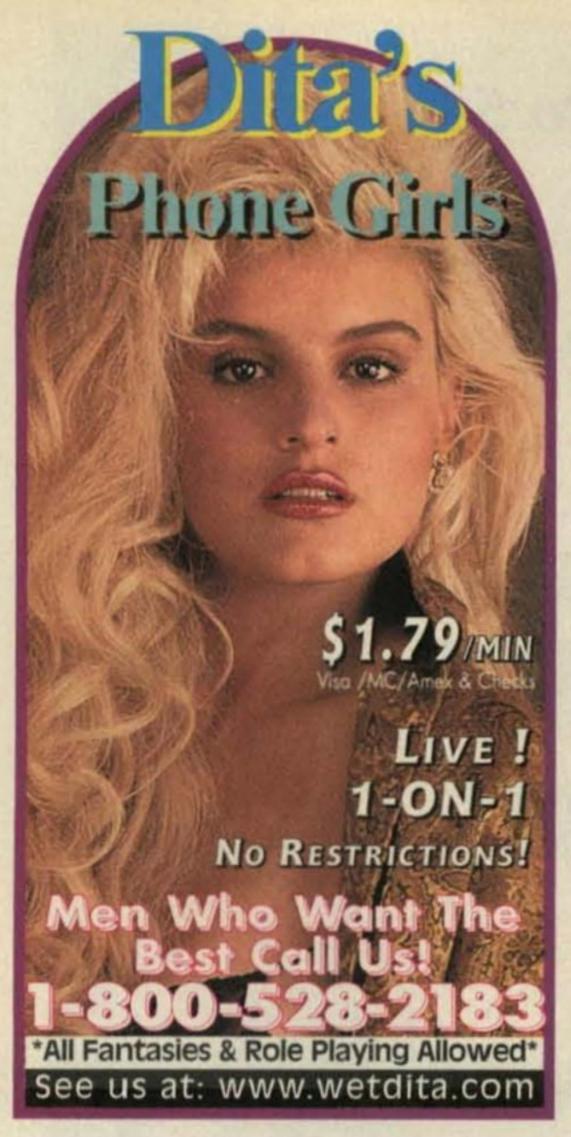
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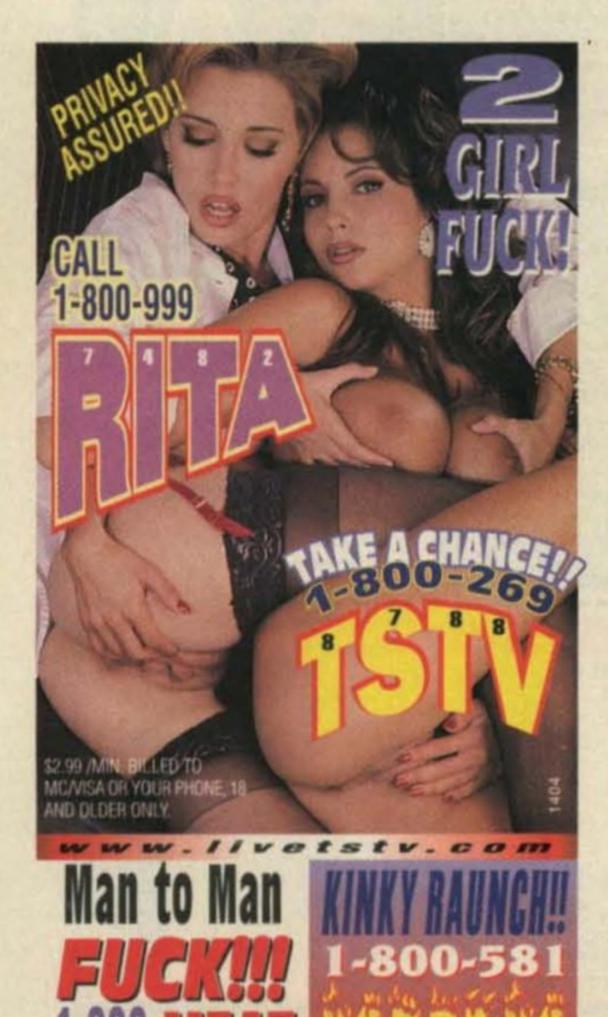
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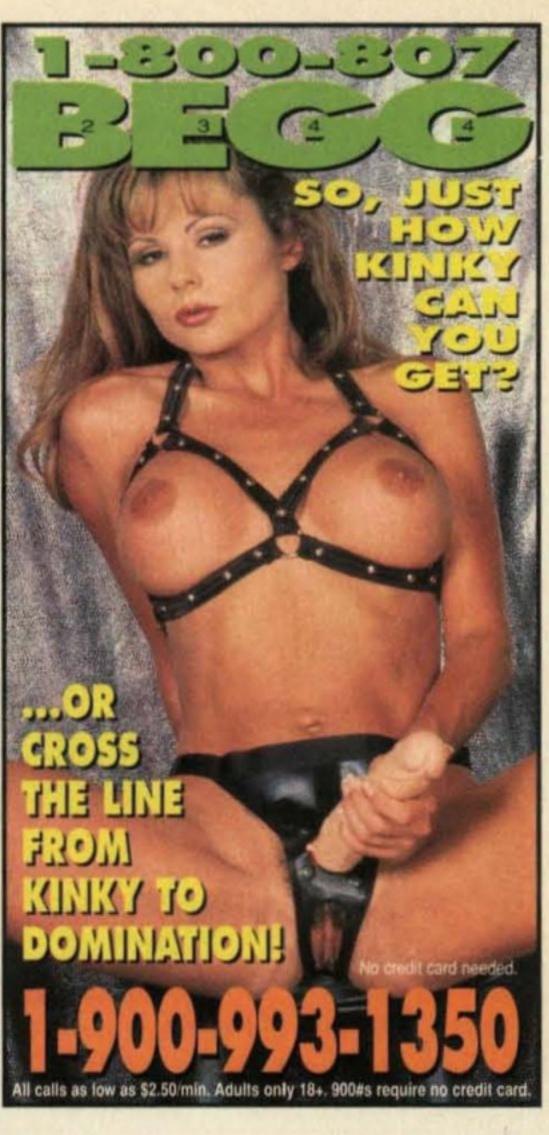






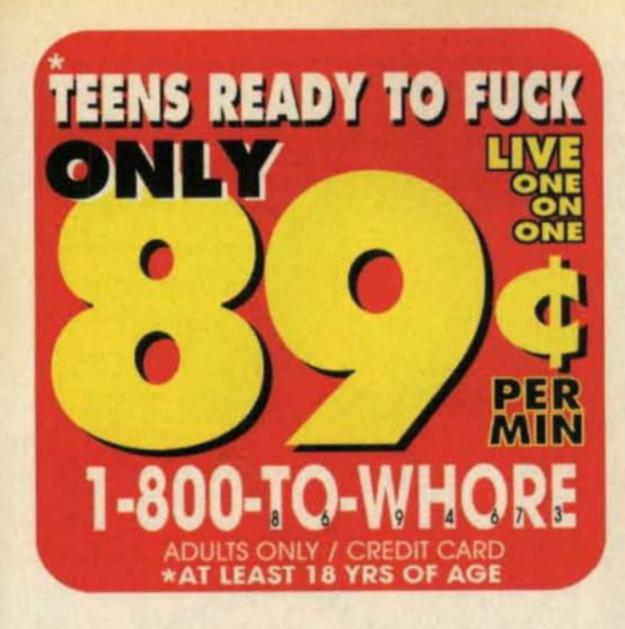


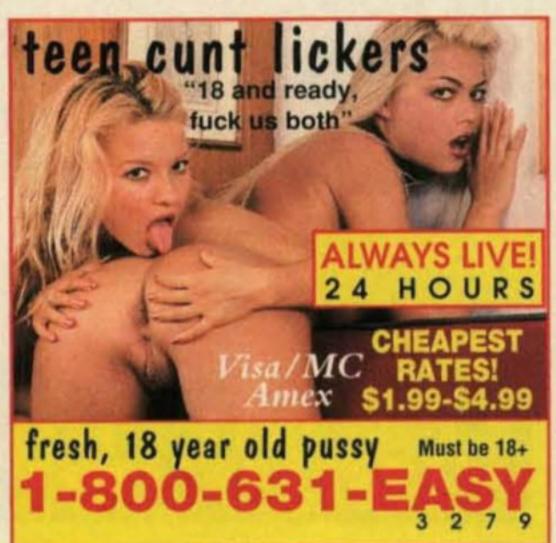


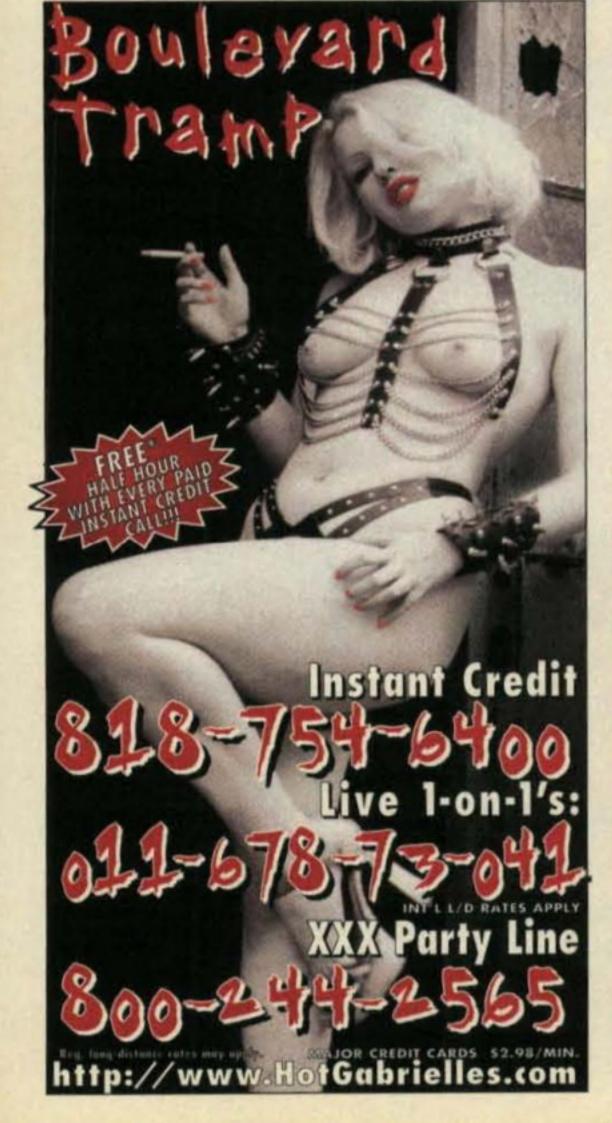




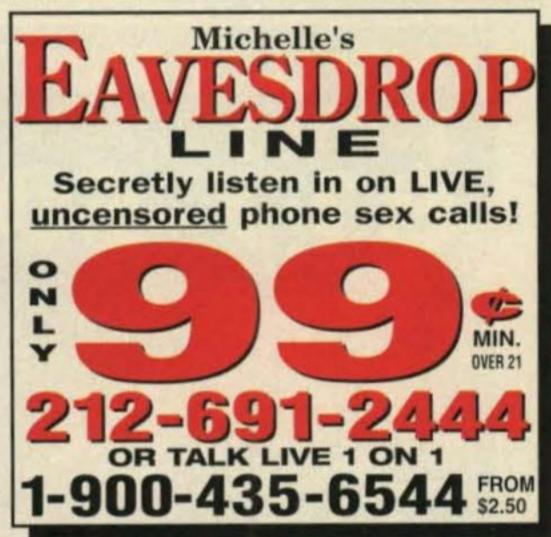












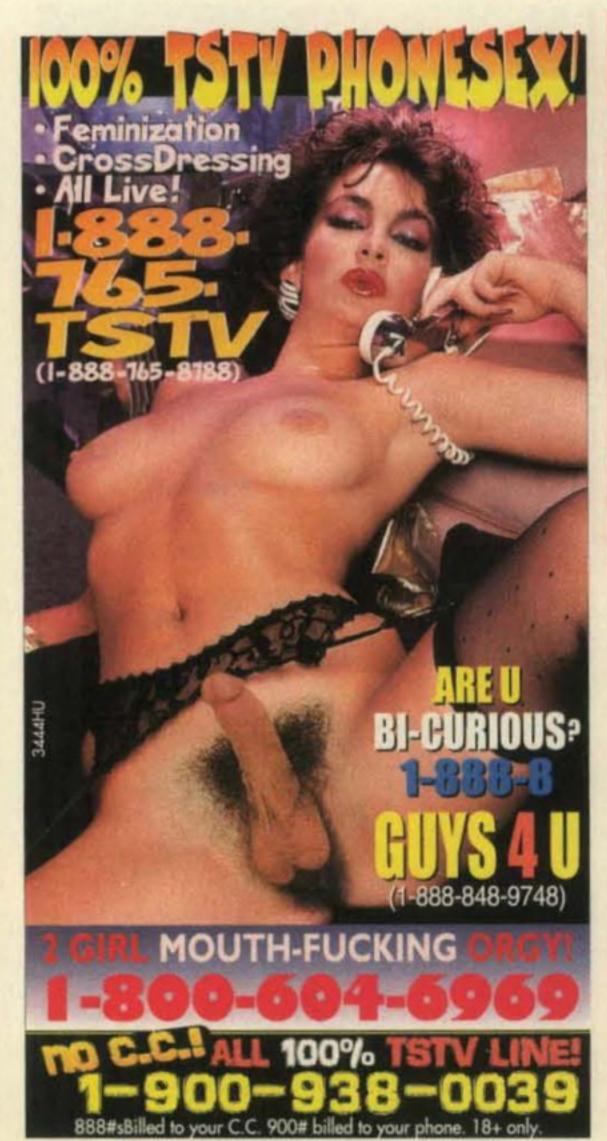


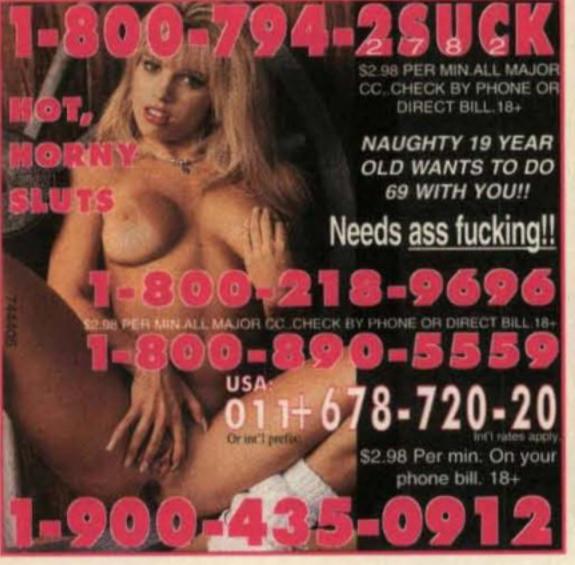




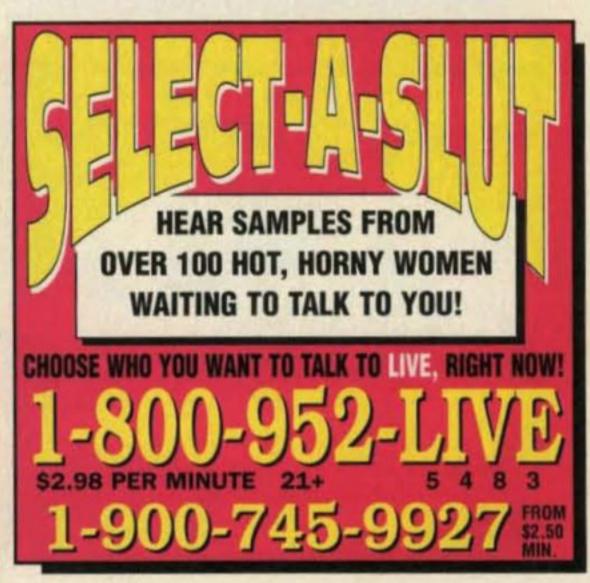






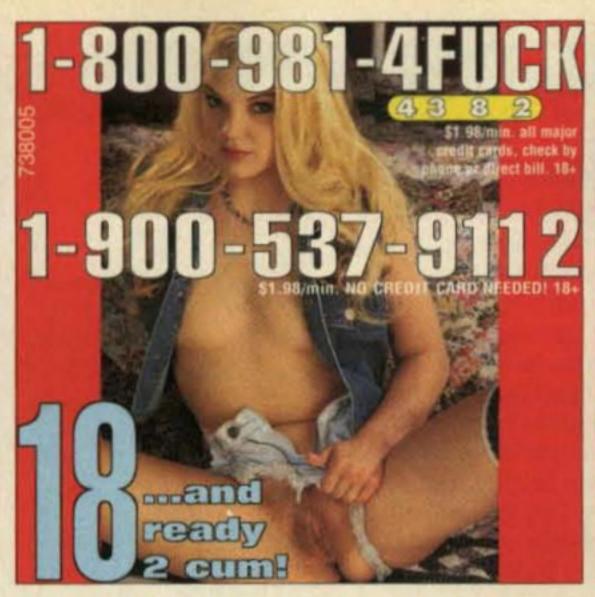


















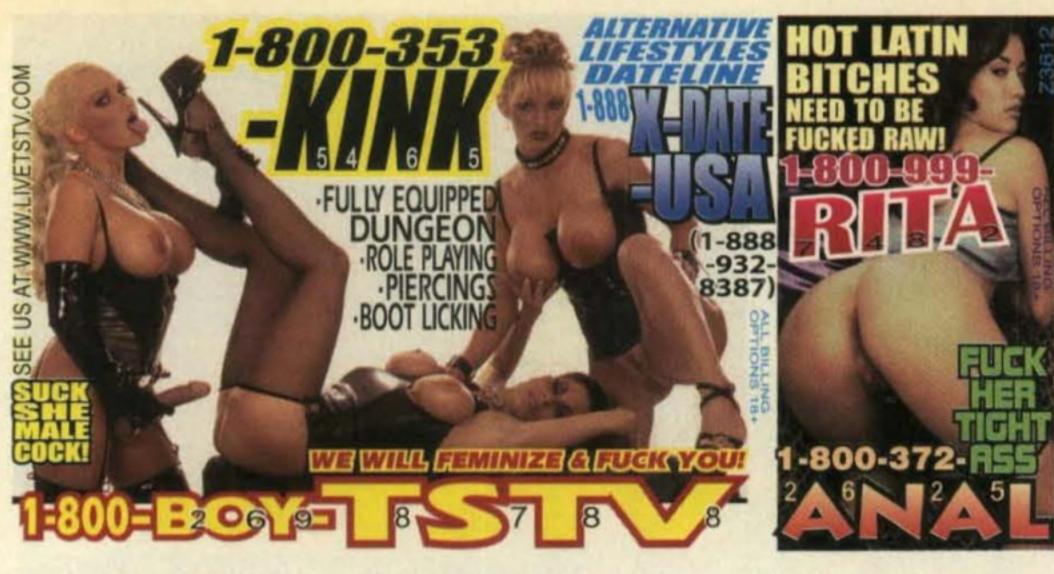












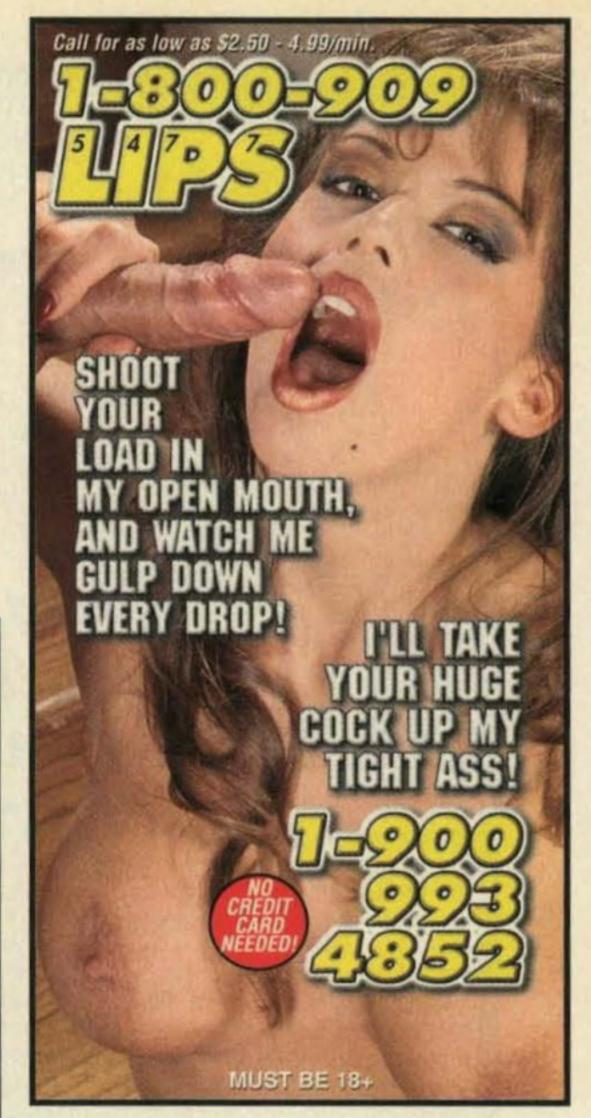


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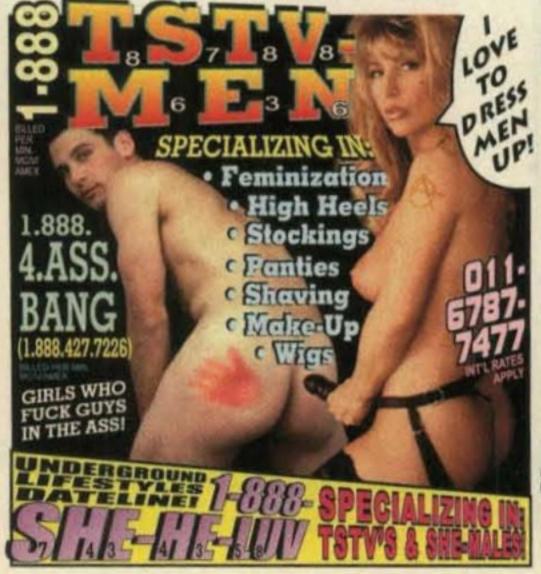
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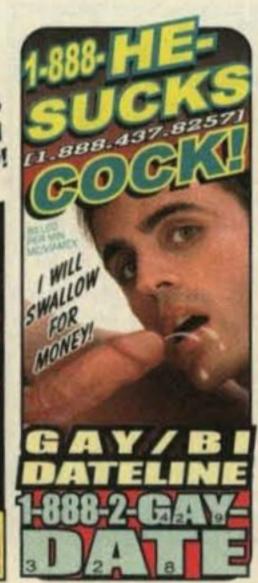
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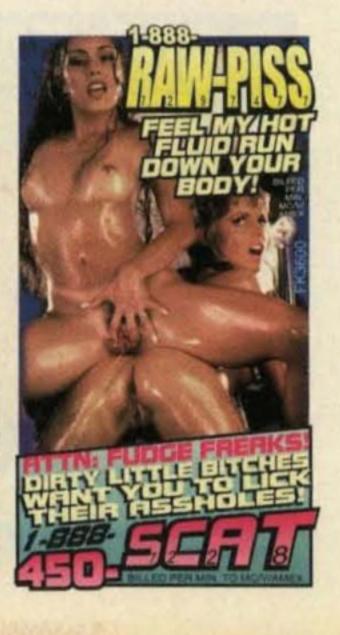




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(continued from page 98)

Hot Letters I licked the tasty treat clean of ball sauce, and J. T. resumed the buggery. When he came, he yanked a fistful of my matted, blond hair and rode me around the room like a bronco.

a local liquor store. They shared my hungry, white bottom with the same rowdy enthusiasm, clambering over one another like circus monkeys.

"Let me rock that 'fo it all bloody and sloppy," drooled toothless Jo-Jo. His malt-liquor stench rose above the general aroma of sweaty balls and dried spunk. Jo-Jo sported one of the thickest gourds I've ever anally imbibed; either that, or he shoved a bottle up my bung. I would have turned around to find out, but Pauly was fiercely bobbing my head up and down his tool. He was kind enough to pause when I gagged, but quickly resumed the pace.

Air squeaked from my shitter like a deflating balloon upon Jo-Jo's withdrawal. I felt his chum dribble weakly into my asshole, which he helpfully dilated with the assistance of two fingers. Jo-Jo aimed an alcohol-poisoned spitball down the hatch for good measure. I was nicely lubed for the invasions of Carter, J. T., Harold, Al, Buster and Franklin, the members of a street-performance singing group. The six melodic studs had made my snizz sing one summer night when I had no change to toss into their hat. J. T. was the first to doo-wop my raw pooper. He easily slid in—then pulled out almost as quickly.

The angry buck howled, "Damn, Babs, how many niggers done come in here already? My dick is all covered in sperm and shit!" I could only blush with mild embarrassment as J. T. waggled his jizzcovered dong in front of my eyes. His soaking sex looked like a chocolate-andvanilla twisty cone. I licked the tasty treat clean of ball sauce, and J. T. resumed the buggery. When he came, he yanked a fistful of my matted, blond hair and rode me around the room like a bronco. The other 11 partygoers cheered their lusty approval.

Great, I thought, too exhausted to protest out loud. Now every one of these black bastards will pull my hair.

Sure enough, my prediction proved all-too-painfully true. Buster lived up to his name by repeatedly driving his dork all the way into my large intestine, then quickly retracting to watch my browneye wink shut. He punched the monkey hole viciously with his shaft and managed to squeeze in his index finger as well. One of my rectum's helpless, stunned gapes was greeted not only by a gallon of Buster's spew, but also a load from big, fat Franklin, who beat off into the red, gasping depths. Each involuntary clench of my sphincter muscles belched up more scum; my ass felt like

it might never stop leaking.

Four well-hung horndogs I met at the movies showed up-Lamont, P-Nice, Takwon and Stumpy. By the time Stumpy climbed on top of me and attempted to rectally insert the handless arm that won his nickname, I was ready to call off the Negro-league spurting event.

"Guys," I blurted, producing a sizable sperm bubble from my sore lips. "I know I promised to let everybody fuck me in the ass. So far, I've taken on 19 of you, and I can't handle another bung drubbing. What do you say we take a little break? I'll take a shower and a nap, then jack off those of you who haven't had the chance to-ulllp!" A black guy I didn't even know and hadn't seen enter shoved the entirety of his 13-inch joint down my throat. I couldn't breathe and nearly passed out. The crowd descended upon me; Jo-Jo made sure I remained conscious by shoving his fingers into his own ass and waving the brown digits under my inflamed nostrils. Black men poured into the house at an alarming rate. I counted up to 40 at one point and wanted to eject those without invitations, but there were three hoses in my mouth, two in my poon and one up my screaming-sore shit box. I wasn't going anywhere.

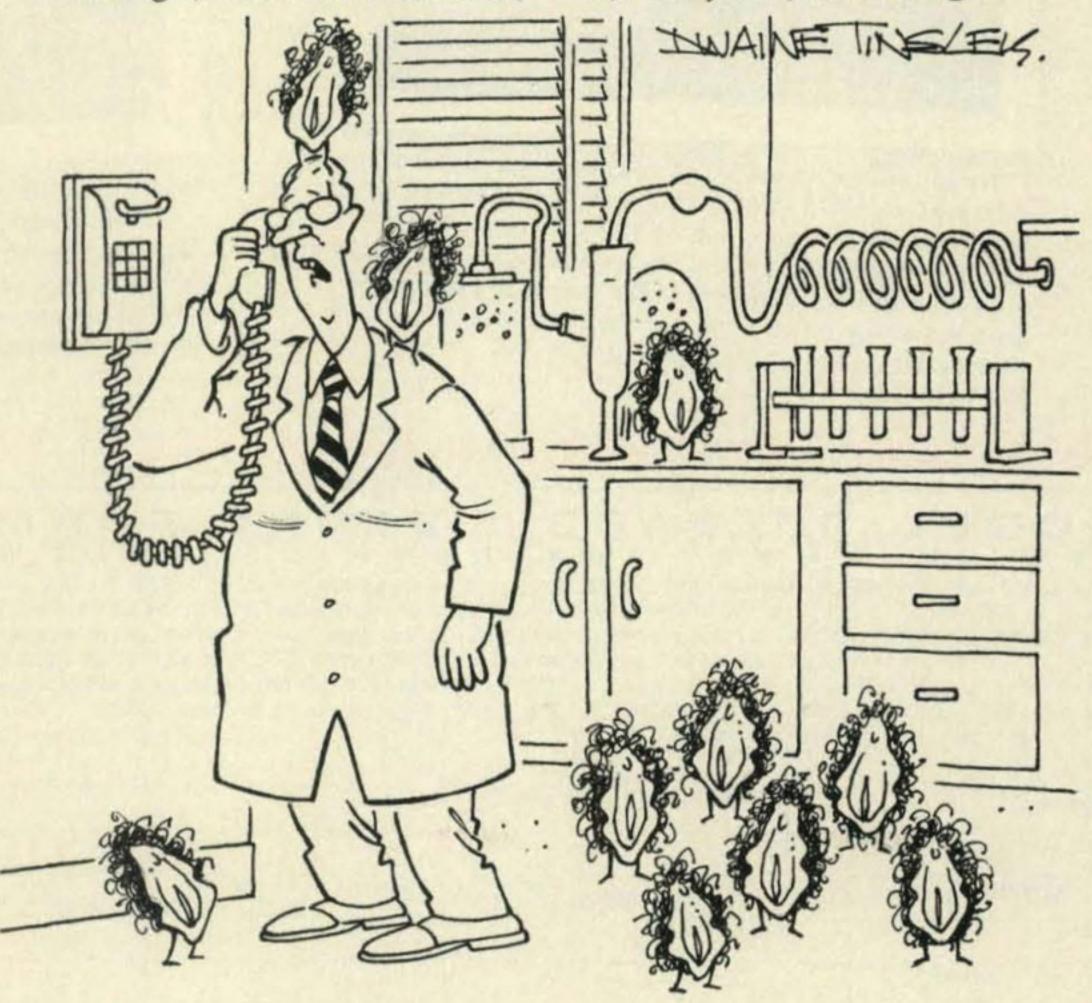
"That's right," bellowed an unfamiliar,

muscular, bald man of color. He assumed the role of ringmaster in the three-hole circus, lining up the animals and directing them in the brutal assault on my womanhood: "Fuck that white bitch harder. If you put your foot on her shoulder, you'll find better traction. Aim that jism at her eye, and seal her eyelids shut. She don't want to see what we gonna do to her." Everywhere I looked, I saw glistening, brown flesh. I lost all feeling in my legs and was lifted and tossed from fucker to fucker like a living rag doll. When the sun rose the next morning, and the last Negro left-a city bus driver named Carl, who was actually very nice-I was bruised from head to toe and had dislocated my jaw.

In other words, I had the time of my life! Okay, so I probably won't be hosting any gang-bangs until I'm released from the hospital. But guess what, HUSTLER? I'm sending you all the photos to whet your appetite! Say, are any of your Editors black? If so, they can attend my Hundred Man March in the summer of 2000.

> -B. A. Bellefontaine, Ohio

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Directory assistance? I'd like the number for the White House...."

Beaverson

Tiffany is a 26-year-old hairstylist and exotic dancer from Atlanta, Georgia. Yank her chain, and hear fluttery chimes echo from this sensuous Southern belle. When she isn't dancing or prancing around town shopping, Tiffany likes to camp next to a roaring fire. She yearns to explore the genitalia of five other women at the same time. Let's hope your desires ignite a lesbian campfire frenzy.

Photo by Boyfriend

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18
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Sultry Jennifer is a queen from Queens, New York. This 24-yearold leads a buffalo stampede on her buffalo-pattern sheets. Dancing, ice-skating and titty watching are Jennifer's hobbies. A horny voyeur, Jennifer titters at the thought of a "buxom blonde being ass-porked by a well-endowed, black man while she rides my husband's prick like a hobby horse." Ride 'em, cowgirl!

Photo by Husband

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Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name		
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THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



"Smoking, posing nude and satisfying my ol' man" are 23-yearold Mary Jane's obsessions. Yreka, California, is home to this naked guest-services worker. Mary Jane's fantasy is "to watch my fiance fuck my beautiful, blond girlfriend, then have them DP me." Fill 'er up!

Photo by Boyfriend

Carlotta is a 33-year-old exotic dancer from Washington, D.C. Domestic pleasures consume this dancer's days, especially cooking. After her daily workout regimen, Carlotta treats herself to long, hot bubble baths. Her recurring sexual fantasy "always involves sex in public places." Flash that gash, Carlotta. HUSTLER readers—be on the lookout.



Bobbie is a 21-year-old rock-'n'roll mom from Columbus, Ohio. "Concerts are my biggest thing," she says, "after spending time with my son and boyfriend." The **HUSTLER** pictorial Polly and Jean: Journey to the Isle of Lesbos (February 1999) inspires Bobbie's sexual fantasy. "I would have Polly sit on my face and Jean lick my clit," she confides. Tuna sandwich, anyone?

Photo by Boyfriend



Thank God this 36-year-old Beverly Hills, California, lingerie model doesn't live in Georgia, that evil land where dildos are banned. Starr is her name; shopping, collecting sexy shoes and pinup photography are her games. When asked about her sexual fantasies, Starr replied, "Gee, I think I've fulfilled them all. Any suggestions?" We'll save that task for our HUSTLER readers.

Photo by Friend





Roxanne S. is not only a model, she's a creative artist and fitness guru. Besides working out and dancing, this 24year-old Horsham, Pennsylvania, honey loves drawing, painting, computers and traveling. Roxanne's fantasy is "to be with another" Use your imagination, and fill Roxanne's blank.

Photo by Friend



Wholesome and charming Rebecca from Continental, Ohio, is wild and nasty between the sheets. When this voluptuous secretary is home from work, she demands to be "handcuffed to the bed, whipped and fucked in the ass." The 19-year-old also enjoys shooting pool and skinny-dipping. Nothing like a wet warm-down to cool off those hot curves.

Photo by Friend





"Nude parties are the best!" proclaims Ginger, a 30-year-old housewife. Arlington, Texas, is the party place where Ginger strips and struts her stuff. Regarding sexual fantasies, Ginger admits, "I think I've tried them all, but I'd love to try anything I haven't heard of." Perhaps HUSTLER readers can come up with some ideas for naked Ginger?



A loan processor during the workweek, earthy Nikki spreads her wings and soars to the country on her days off. Horseback riding, tennis, waterskiing and skydiving are all turn-ons for this 30-year-old Sea Island, Georgia, native. The blond thrillseeker fantasizes about having "sex under a waterfall with an island stud." Where's Hervé Villechaize when you need him?

Photo by Friend

Nineteen-year-old Sierra hails
from the rocky bluffs of
Scottsdale, Arizona. A dancer
by trade, sexy Sierra loves to
escape to the great outdoors
and experiment with nature
photography. She describes a
foursome as her sexual fantasy.
"I want to have my boyfriend
and another couple bring me
to orgasm after orgasm after
orgasm...." Who says it's better
to give than to receive?

Photo by Boyfriend



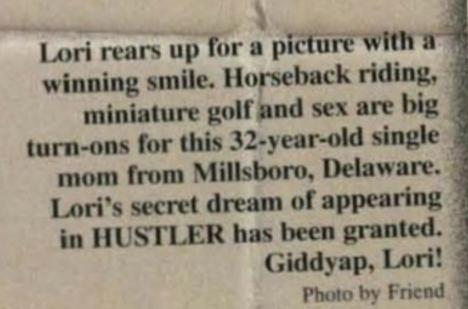


Hollywood is the name of this leggy truck driver from Iron Mountain, Michigan. Hollywood's hobbies include dancing, modeling and having sex. Strong-willed and in charge by nature, 28-year-old Hollywood desires a role reversal behind closed doors. "I want to be controlled in a double-penetration situation," she demands. Hollywood feels so good.

Photo by Friend



Fast cars, drag races and men are among the many hobbies of adventurous Chaz, 24. This Tucson, Arizona, native is an optician who dreams of "finding the right man and skydiving naked after a series of orgasms." Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Chaz!





Siri is one eager blonde who is fanatic about other blond vixens. This 36-year-old computer office administrator from Santa Rosa, California, is also crazy about snakes, bearded dragons and exhibitionism. "I like anything and everything nasty and naughty," Siri boldly announces. "I love to drive naked, fast and furious in my '79 Corvette!" Darling Siri, you drive us over the edge of sanity.

Photo by Friend



Weightlifting, mountain biking and kayaking keep this sucker-sucking 30-year-old in prime shape. Bonnie Lynn is the name of this curvaceous Georgia peach; Brunswick, Georgia, is her hometown. A customersales representative, Bonnie Lynn confides, "My ultimate fantasy is to have sex in a hot-air balloon a mile high in the sky." There's nothing like a natural high for a heavenly dream.

Photo by Friend

Sheila is a devilish bookworm from Baltimore, Maryland. The 32-year-old administrative assistant enjoys reading novels, collecting comic books and "lots of hot, oral sex." Sheila lists double penetration as her sexual fantasy. As you can see, Sheila's Baltimore booty is ready for service.

Photo by Husband







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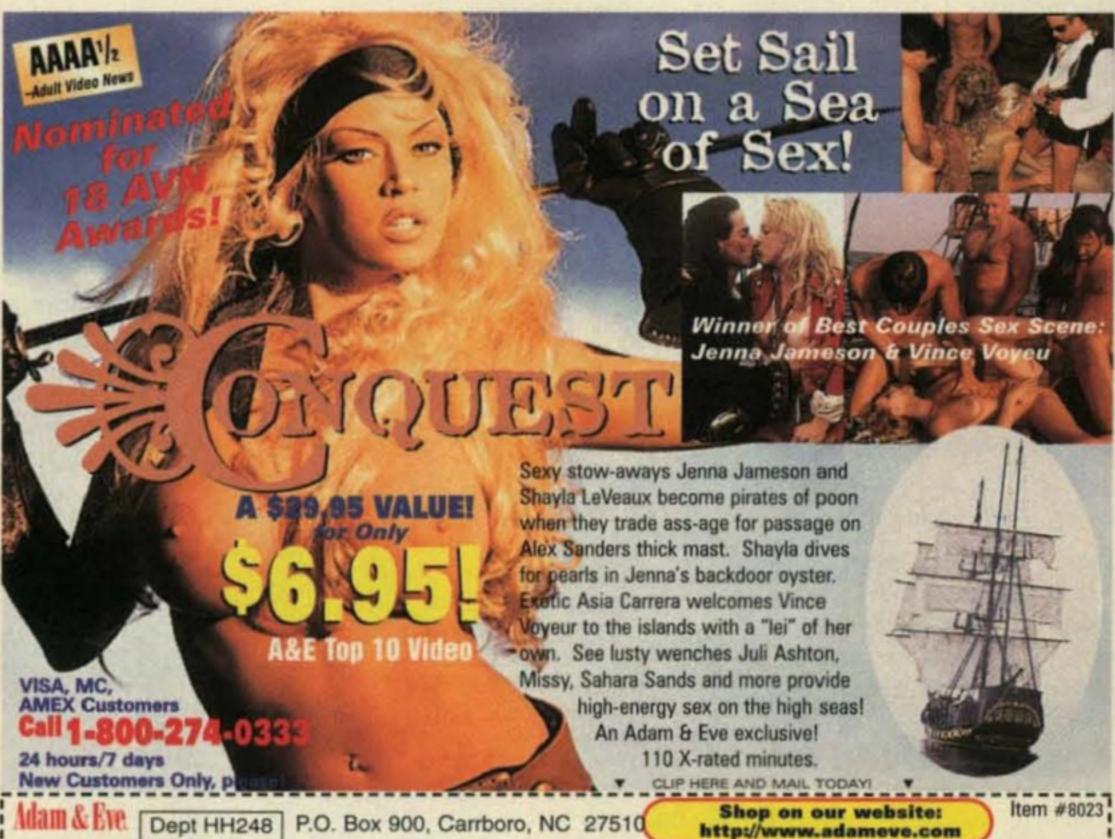
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(continued from page 48)

Sex Play It hurts my feelings when I see a white man fuck a black woman. I hate it. At the same time, it turns me on. The Soul Food pictorial made me so mad, I tore the motherfuckin' pages right out!

pages of HUSTLER; this magazine institutionalizes homophobia. However, I owe this filthy magazine my life.

A vigilant colleague spotted an antigay, antiblack spoof in the January 1998 issue ("The Thin Line Between Black and Gay," Bits & Pieces). I walked into a liquor store in San Francisco's Mission district to buy the magazine. Unbeknownst to me, a gang of fag bashers had followed me. They had bats and were prepared to brain me. I exited the store with the HUSTLER in my hands and was confronted by five skinheads. One was swinging a set of nunchakus. He approached me and apparently saw the HUSTLER. "Oh," he said. "We thought you were a fag." He laughed and slapped me on the back.

The disappointed bullies climbed back into their pickup truck and drove off into the night to find another sorry victim. I still abhor your magazine and your lowlife readers, but I owe you one. Thank you, HUSTLER. -B. F.

San Francisco, California

I'm a black man, and it hurts my feelings when I see a white man fuck a black woman. I hate it. At the same time, it turns me on. The Soul Food pic- I stole home and sawed a cavity into the some as Gloria Steinem's poetry. torial in HUSTLER's February 1980 issue made me so mad, I tore the motherfuckin' pages right out of the book! The white man has everything, including money, power and his own white women. But I-the black man-only have my black woman. So it hurts me bad when a white man is fucking my black woman and, to top it off, my black woman is enjoying the fucking. Damn the white man; he's going to take my woman too?

As much as it hurts, I want to see more. I'd love to see a pictorial of President Thomas Jefferson fucking his slave woman Sally Hemings. Make her enjoy the fucking he gives her. When I see this, it will make me angry and hurt my feelings, but at the same time, my big, black horse cock will explode in the biggest orgasm of my life. Nobody slaps me down like HUSTLER Magazine.

> -D. C. Atlanta, Georgia

I didn't know the meaning of pussywhipped until I married a New York-Jewish-vegetarian-feminist yoga instructor. With Shayna, I was always in the dog house: "Get a better job. You're lazy. Massage my feet." As time went by, I stopped hanging out at bars. I stopped eating red meat. I stopped fucking hookers. Shayna had a wide, jiggly ass and blowjob lips that she almost never put to good use. I was hooked like a crack fiend on her Hebrew hootchie.

Shayna was always on the verge of dumping me. As a result, I didn't dare let her know that my sexual needs far eclipsed the amount of pussy she made available to me. When she'd allow me to lap her snatch, I gobbled her beef flaps with great appetite. Sometimes, out of pity, Shayna would guide my aching pole into her love tunnel, and I'd savor every stroke as the last I'd have for a month or more.

When I'd come home from work, the first thing I wanted to do was to bend that bitch over a couch and roughhouse her rosebud. Unfortunately, as a yoga instructor, she was trying to overcome the constraints of her body and land her psyche on higher spiritual planes. Butt sex was a low priority.

After six months of marriage, the sperm was backed up to my ears. I had to do something. I felt like a schmuck— I'd never bought a porn magazine before, but I slinked to a newsstand late at night and bought a copy of HUSTLER.

foam-rubber cushion of the couch with a steak knife; that's where I hid my onemagazine porn stash.

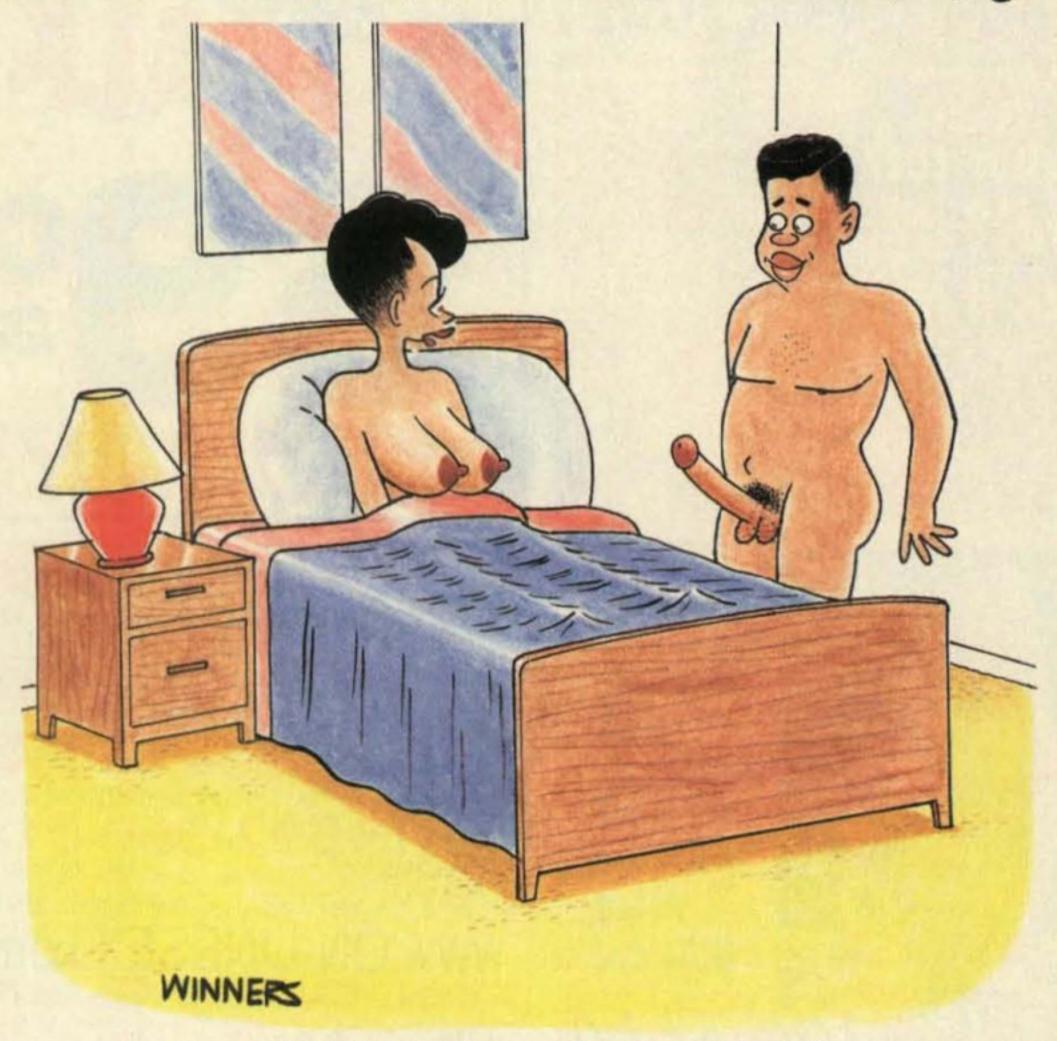
A centerfold with magnificent, mammoth, natural breasts was my fantasy girl. (Kelly: Lady in Waiting, October 1997.) After I whacked off to her for a month, the sperm gradually drained out of my body. I could see my wife for the golddigging wench she really was.

I found that I could have sexual relief and gratification when I wanted it, not when my wife decided it was time to dole out just enough pussy to keep me hooked. HUSTLER cured me of my dependence on snatch.

Shayna found the hidden HUSTLER one evening; the pages were caked with splooge and had crinkled when she sat on the couch. That was the beginning of the end for me and Shayna. A petrified copy of HUSTLER did what an expensive round of marriage counseling could never -P. W. have done.

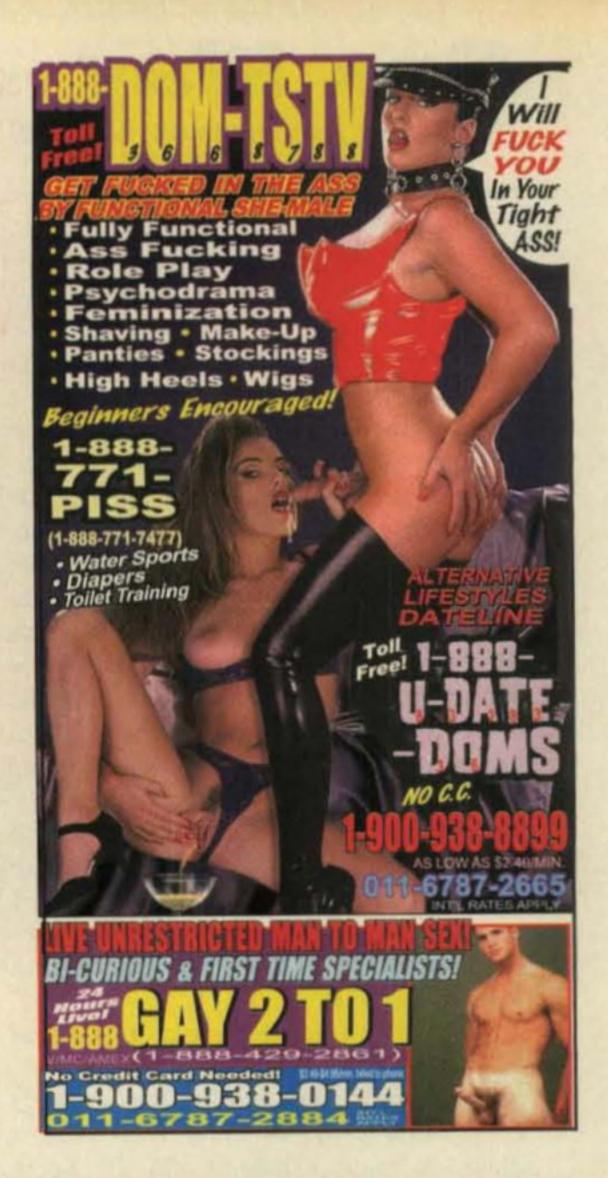
Ann Arbor, Michigan

P.S.: Shayna was upset by one copy of HUSTLER; if she could see the stacks of rape videos I have in my bedroom today, she'd think HUSTLER was as whole-



"A big dick is only as good as the guy using it."















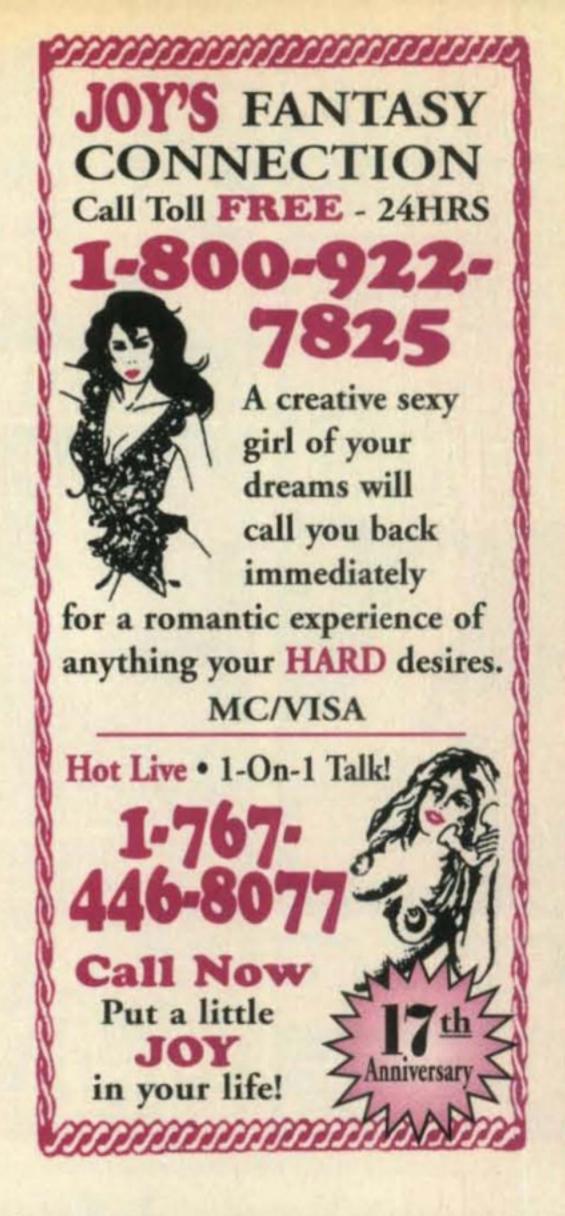
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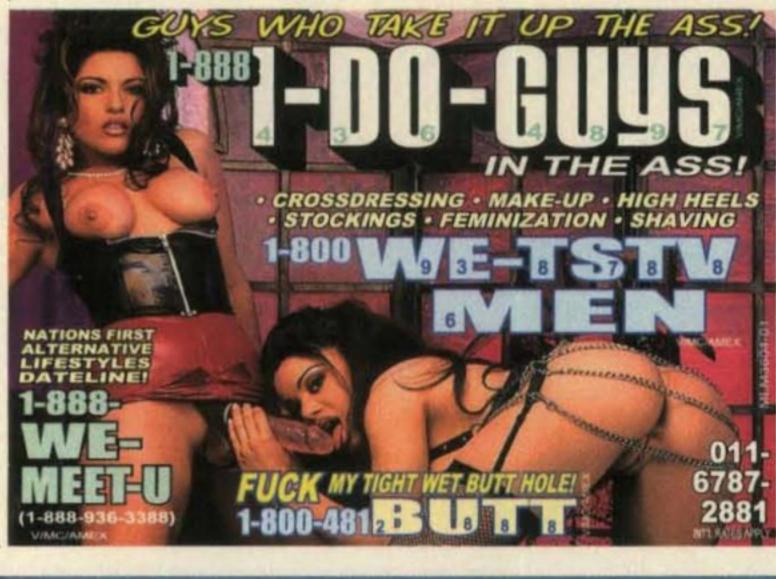
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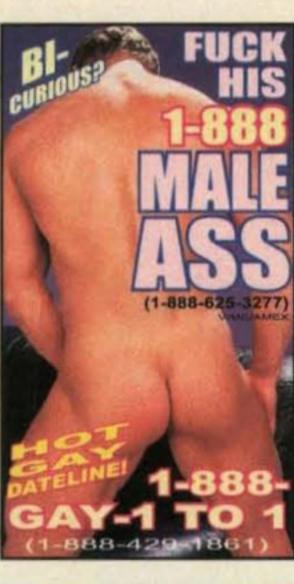
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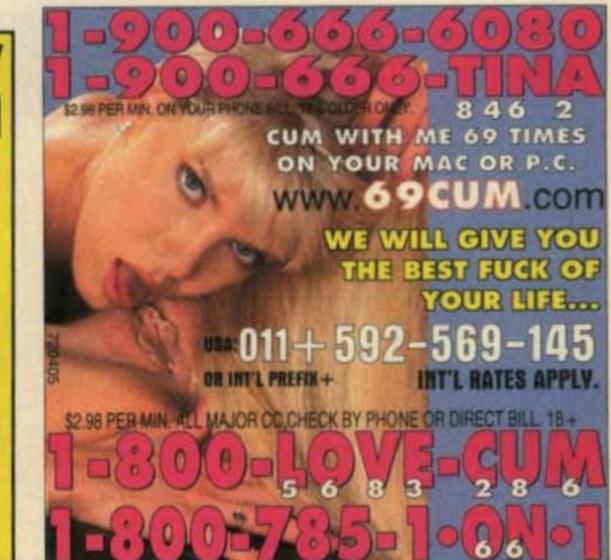




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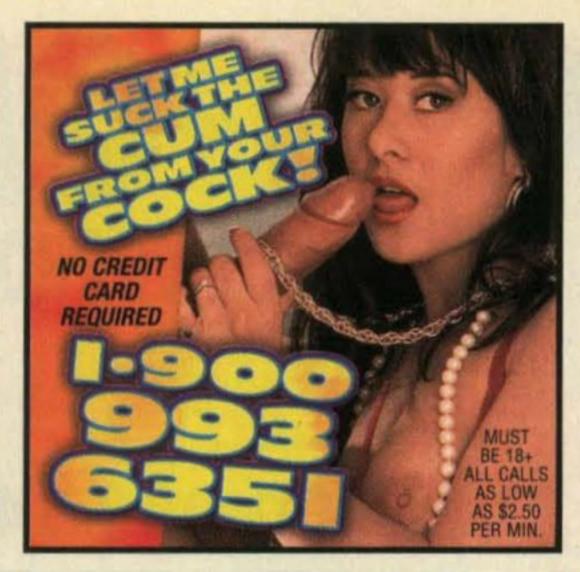




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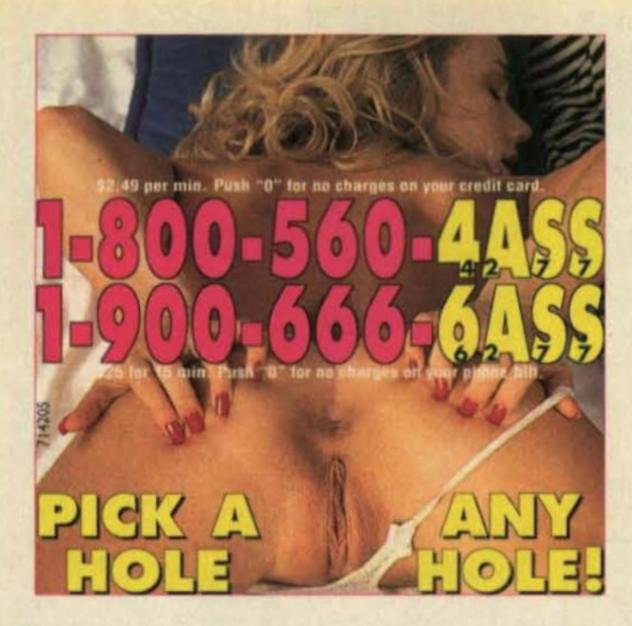
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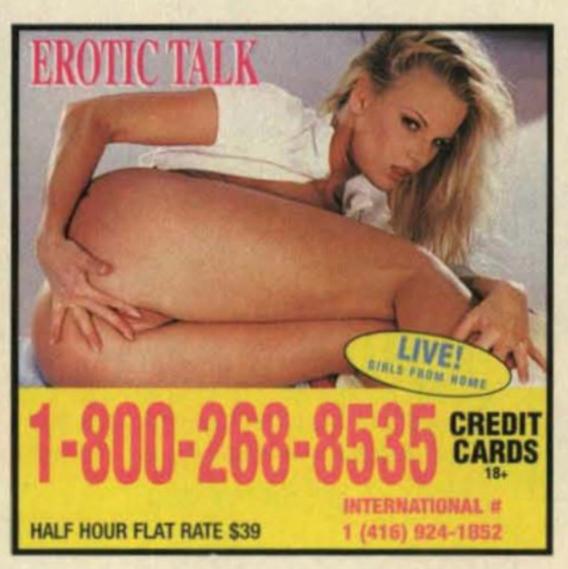
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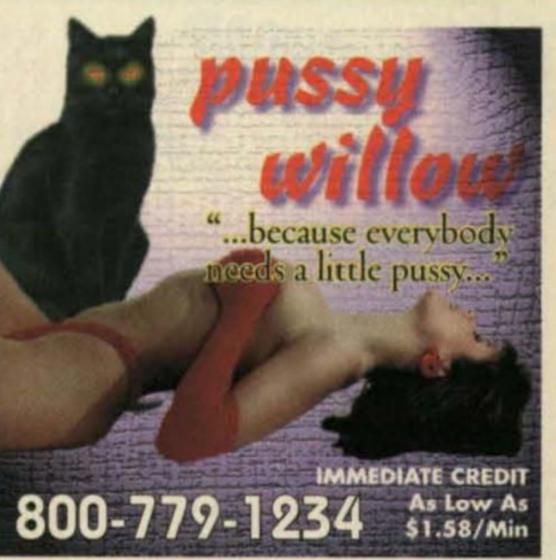










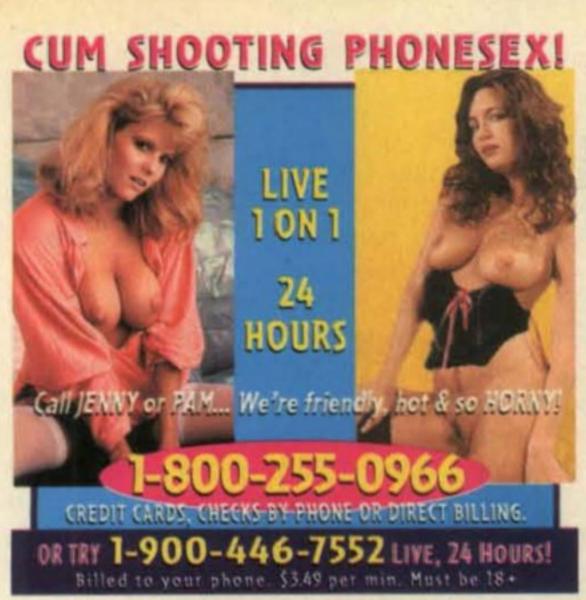








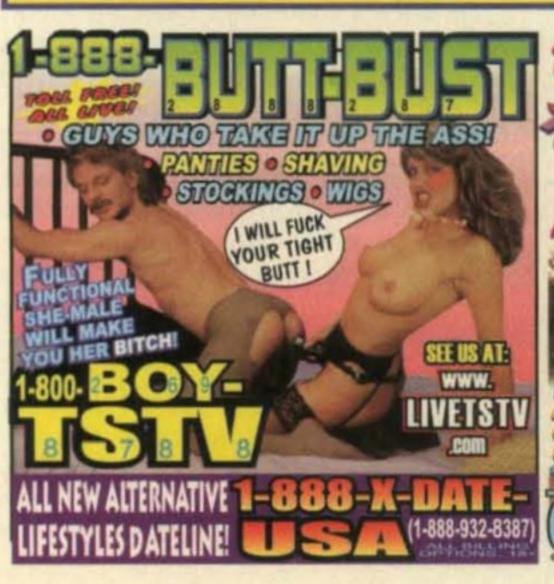
















Future Flynt

(continued from page 29)

tors, dildos, butt plugs and racks of Tshirts and trashy lingerie. An adjacent cafe serves cappuccino and cheesecake.

Described as the "Barnes & Noble of Porn" and "the Gap of sex paraphernalia," HUSTLER Hollywood is a revolutionary departure from the sleazy adultbook stores that have been hard-core's traditional home.

On a recent weekday afternoon, a trio of Brazilian tourists shop for HUSTLER-logo T-shirts. A woman carrying a newborn baby in a bassinet peruses an exhaustive selection of vibrators. Nearby, her husband examines a life-size rubber replica of porn star Christy Canyon's genitalia.

"This is the adult store meets the new millennium," says Theresa Flynt-Gaerke, Larry Flynt's second daughter and Vice President of Retail Operations. "Half the people who shop here are women, and they come up to me and thank me for giving them a place where they can shop and feel comfortable."

HUSTLER: Back when you started, no one would have believed that you would still have the energy and sense of outrage 25 years later to continue to put yourself

when the movie [The People vs. Larry Flynt came out. He asked me a question I'd never been asked before. I guess the reason he asked was because he was in a wheelchair. He asked, "If you had not been in a wheelchair, would you have fought as hard as you have for the First Amendment?" I thought about it, and the answer was no, because I figured I've been shot, paralyzed; at this point, what are they going to do to me next? So it's time to get even, and payback's a bitch. I've tried to pay them back every step of the way.

HUSTLER: Who are they?

FLYNT: The system. Listen-I would never go back to the days when I was calling a federal judge a motherfucker and throwing oranges at him and all that kind of stuff, wearing a flag as a diaper into a court, cussing out the Supreme Court. But I don't fuckin' regret for one second ever having done that. Just think of the millions of people in America that would like to tell a judge on a bench, "You're a nogood, lousy motherfucker." It's a great feeling, even though it got me 15 months. **HUSTLER:** Will you still be doing this 25 years from now?

FLYNT: No. I don't know when I'll



Mook

(continued from page 72)

don't know what love is." Below his feet, Internet porn company IEG has rented a two-story penthouse suite to host an AVN Awards after-party.

A sweeping staircase leads to an upstairs bedroom, where a sex show is being broadcast live over the Internet. Downstairs, in a corner next to a babygrand piano, a pretty blonde dances alone, unmolested by goons. Porn legend Ron Jeremy makes the rounds, and starlet Brittany Andrews, dressed in a bluetaffeta prom dress, is sunk deep in a sofa, chatting with a smut scribe.

At a well-appointed bar in the suite's kitchenette stands Jim Powers, who produces the White Trash Whore series. In Powers's fist is the trophy he won earlier that evening for Best Continuing Series.

"White Trash Whores is wholesome entertainment for the whole family," he says, dripping with contempt for his work. "For my acceptance speech, I wanted to whip out my dick and piss on the award."

Just as Will Finley arrives, wearing a \$200 Jill Sander shirt, Rio Hotel security guards turn away new arrivals; IEG has apparently passed out too many tickets. A maroon-jacketed security guard blocks Finley's path to the door of the suite.

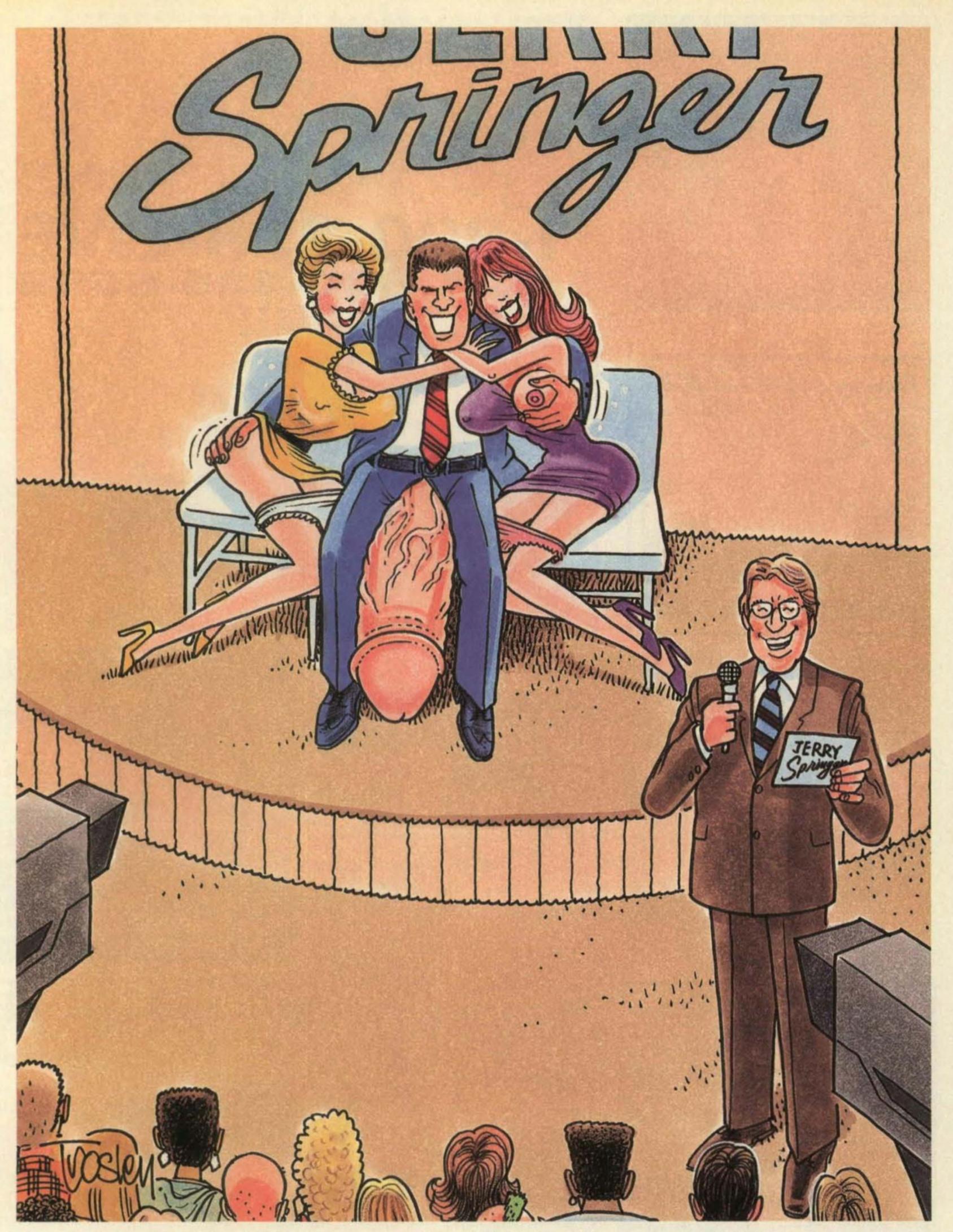
"Can't go in there, party's over," he says. Finley attempts to talk his way in, although he doesn't even hold a ticket. A second guard approaches to within an inch of Finley's face and threatens to throw him out of the hotel. A third holds open an elevator door for him, which he reluctantly steps into.

Finley returns to his room with a hooker he picked up at the Mirage's bar. "It's one thing going to CES and talking business," he says later. "It's another thing to go to these ego-crushing parties.

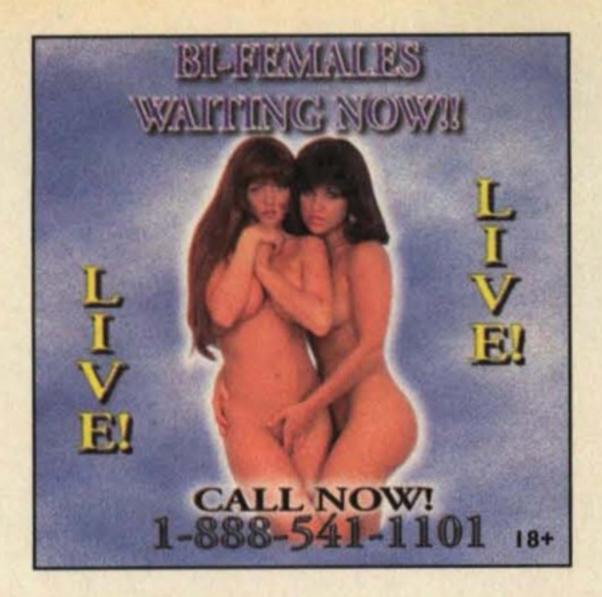
"Here I am; I'm this mook," he adds. "Sometimes I have to do some soulsearching, because if I make this a career, I might develop a detached, cynical attitude toward something I deeply love. I don't want to ruin the magic, but now that I've had a taste at CES, I find it nearly impossible to tear myself away."

On Sunday, the convention's last day, a televised football game competes with scantily clad girls for male attention. Workmen break down booths, disregarding the fans who linger on lines for autographs, and step out of the way as bright-blue carpets are rolled from the poured-concrete floors. At the Xplor booth, Farrel Timlake spots Finley and raises his fist in the air.

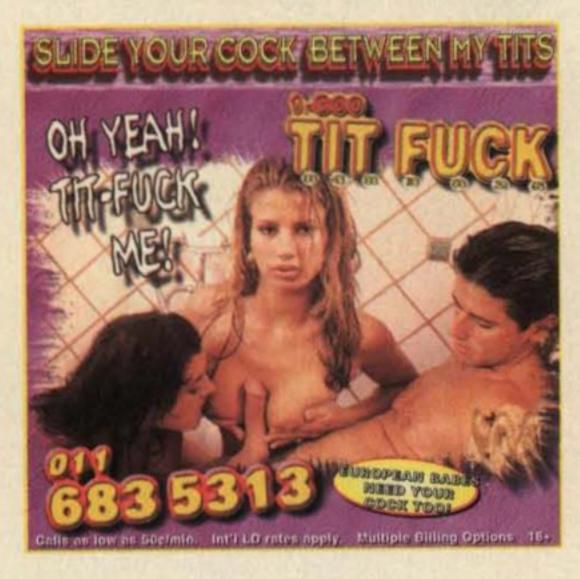
"Hail the wandering mook," he shouts. "Hail."



"On today's show...secretaries who actually like sexual harassment on the job."



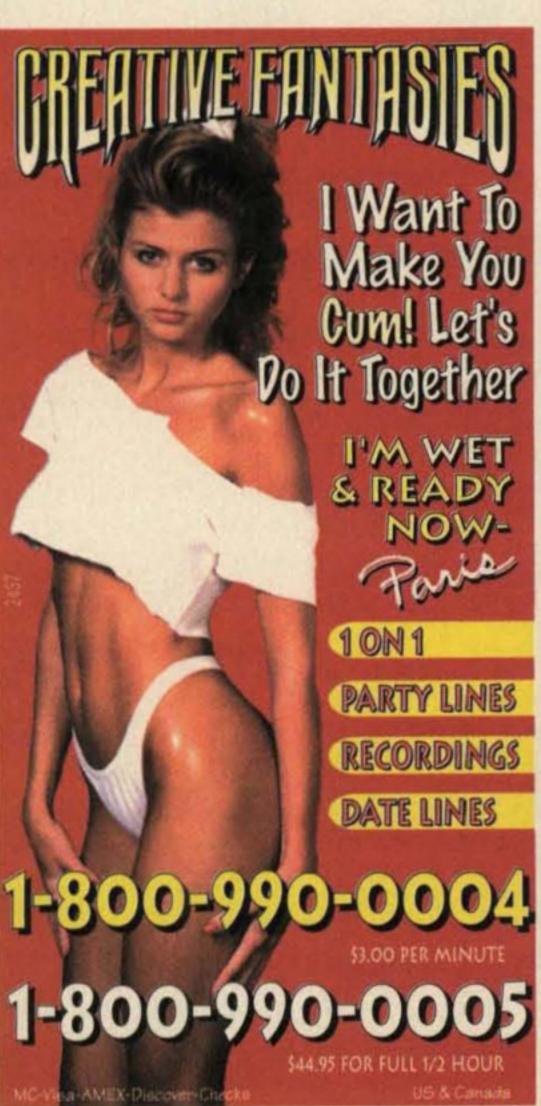






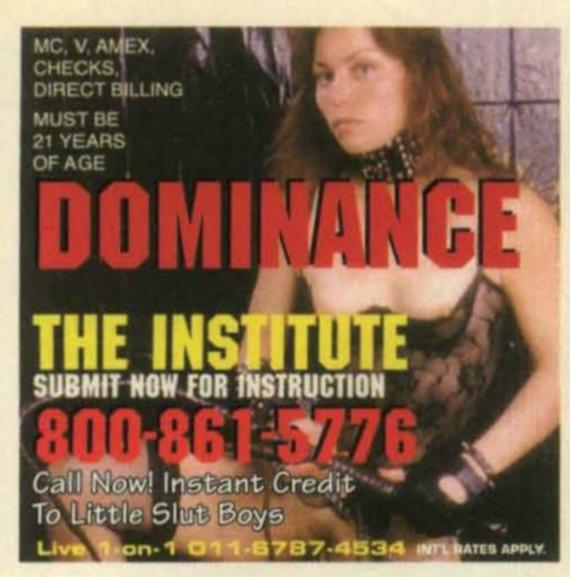














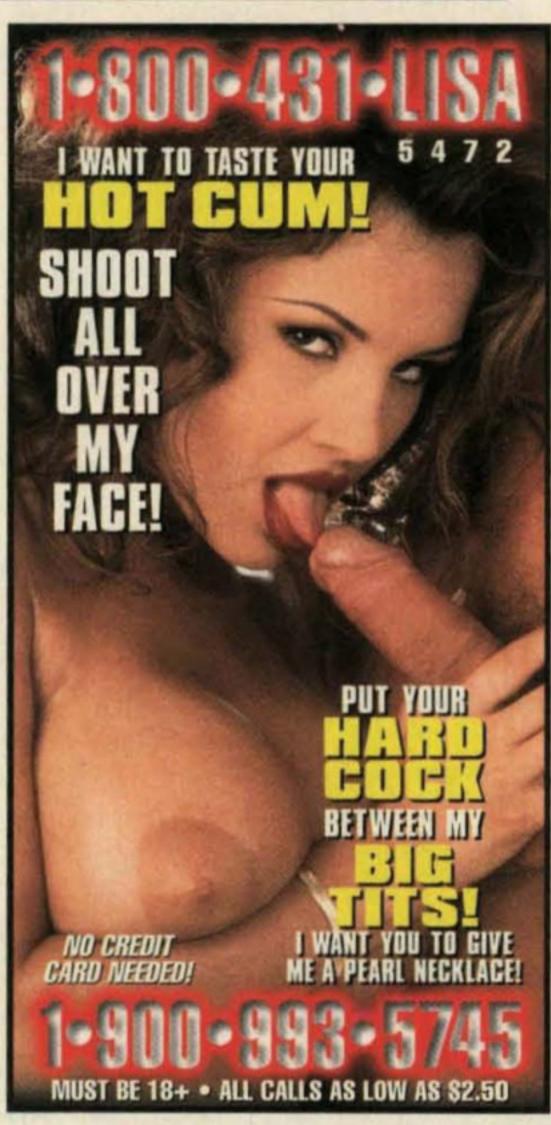


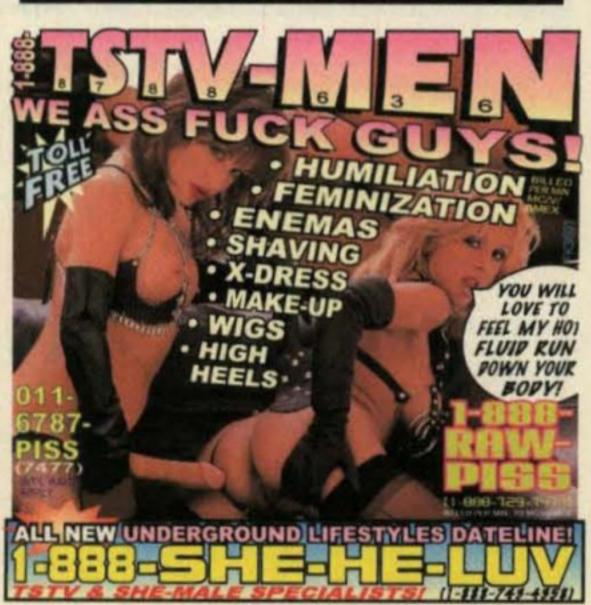


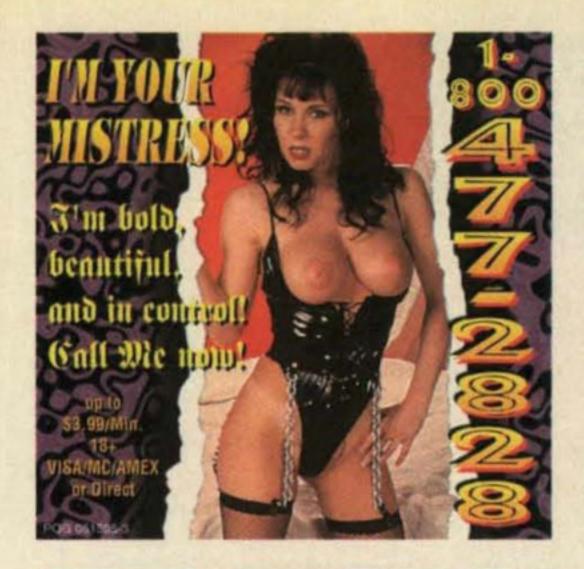


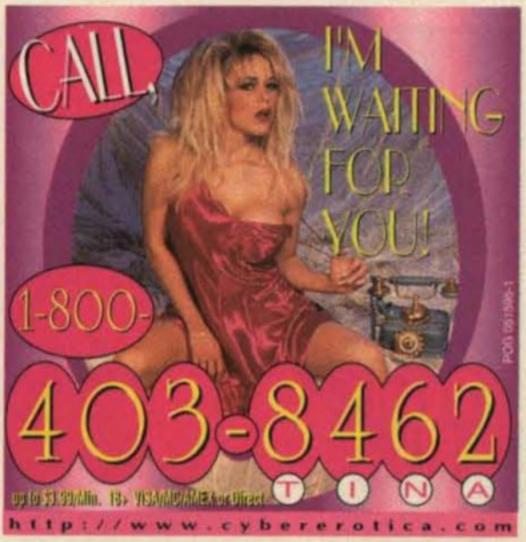


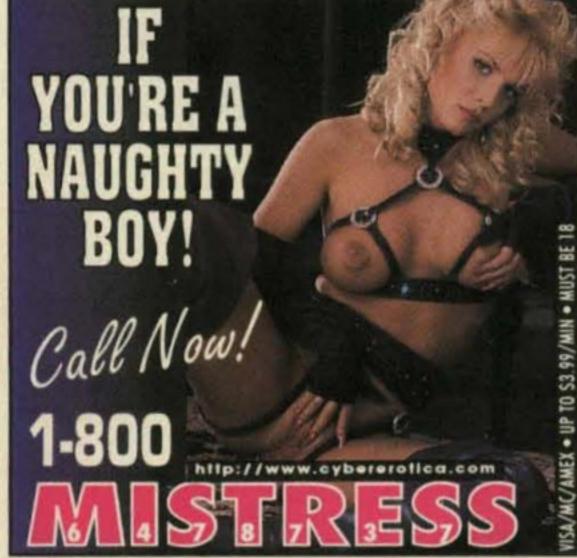














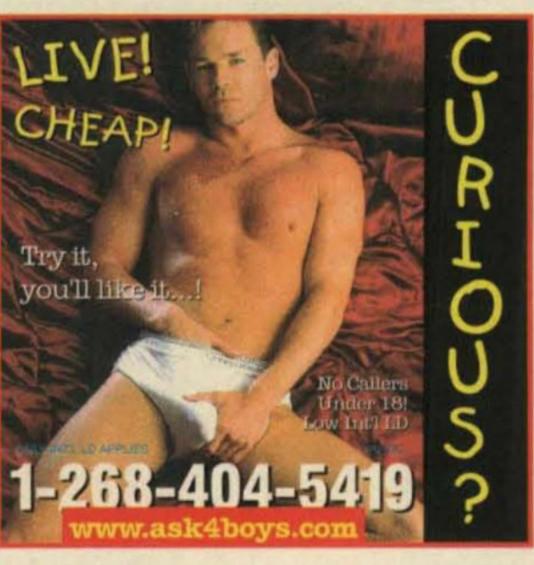










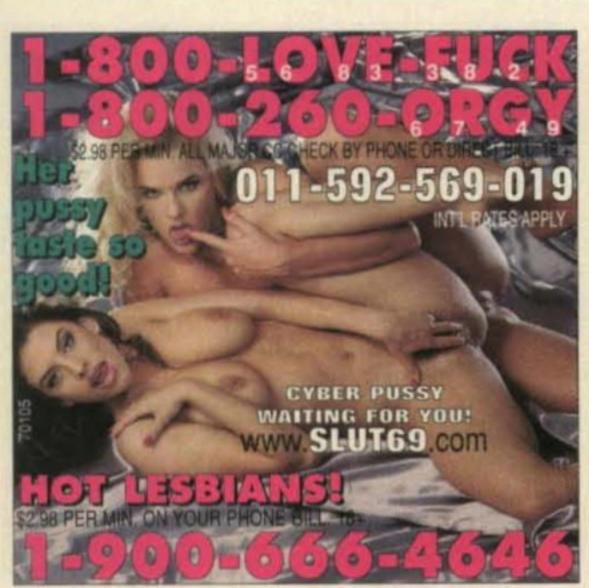






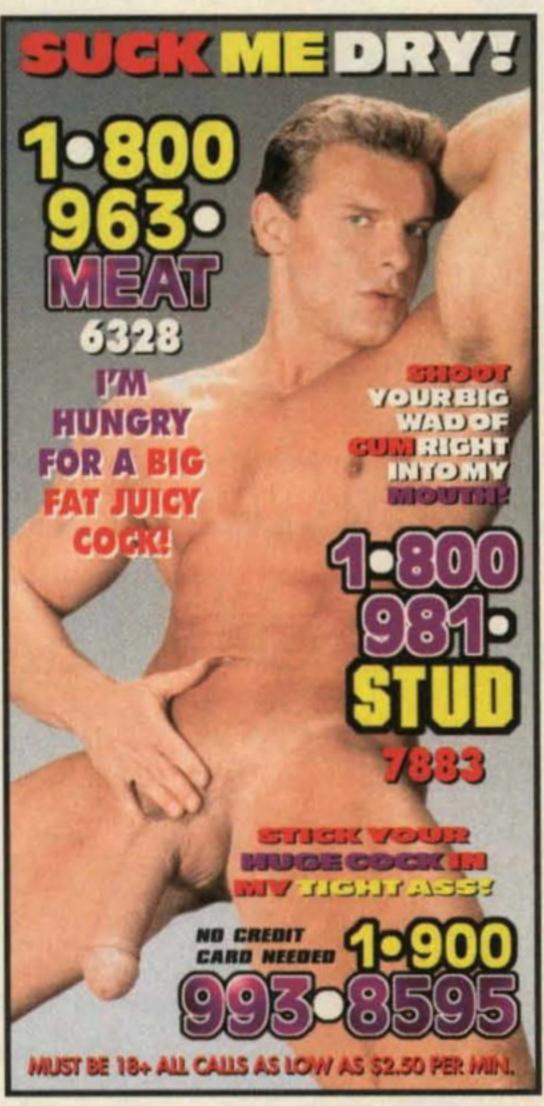
































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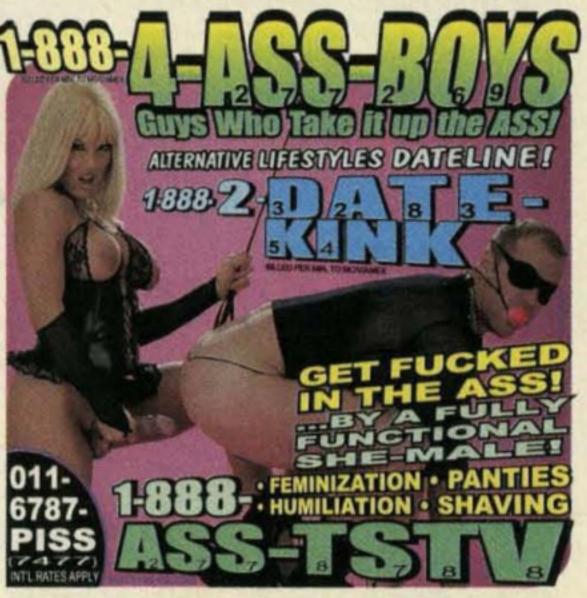
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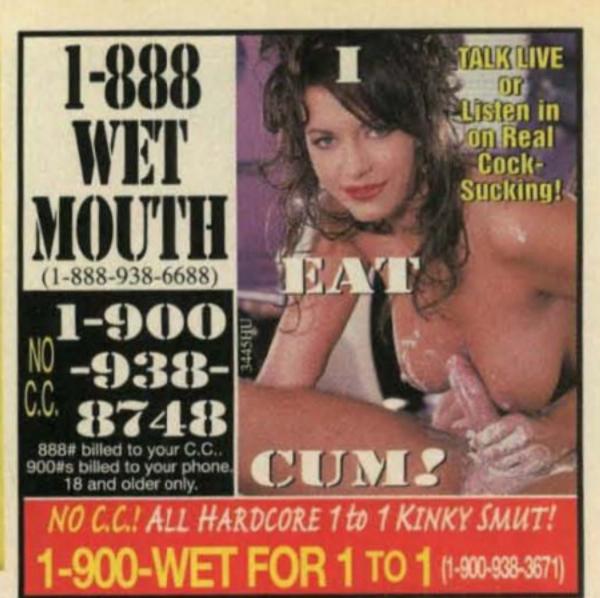
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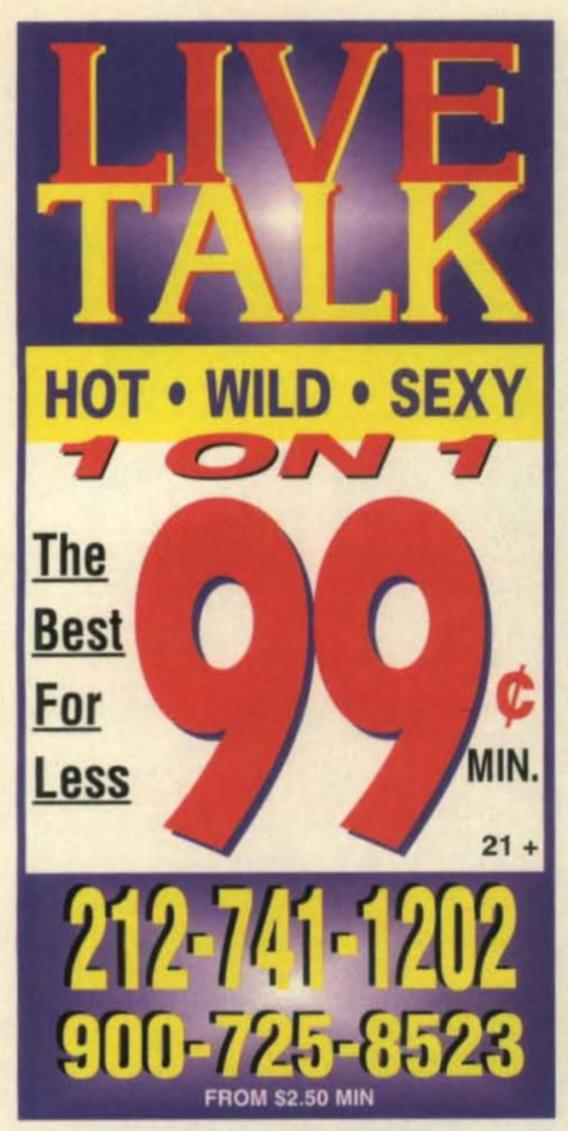
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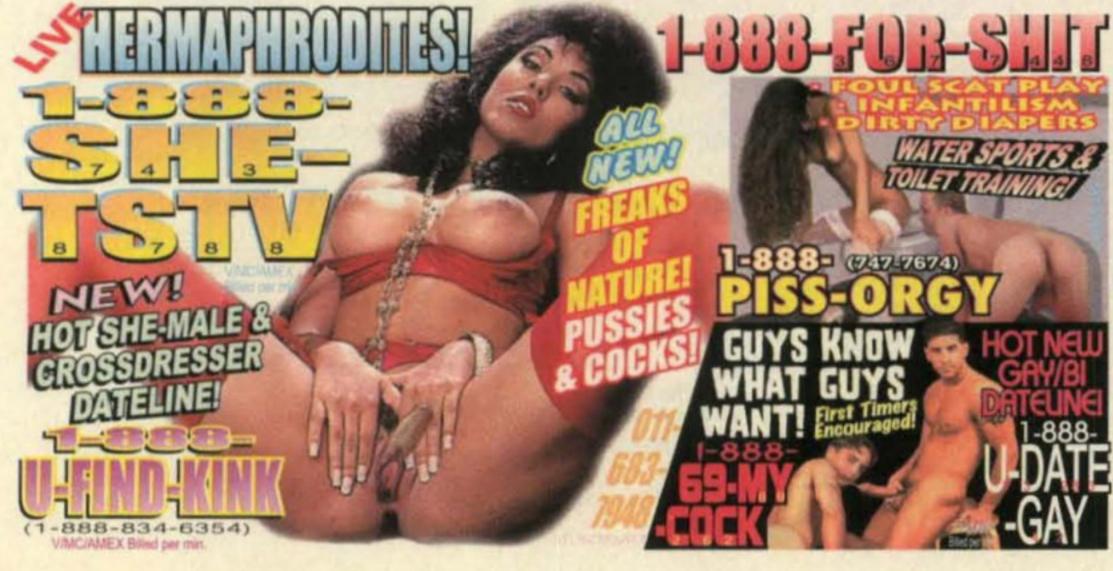
















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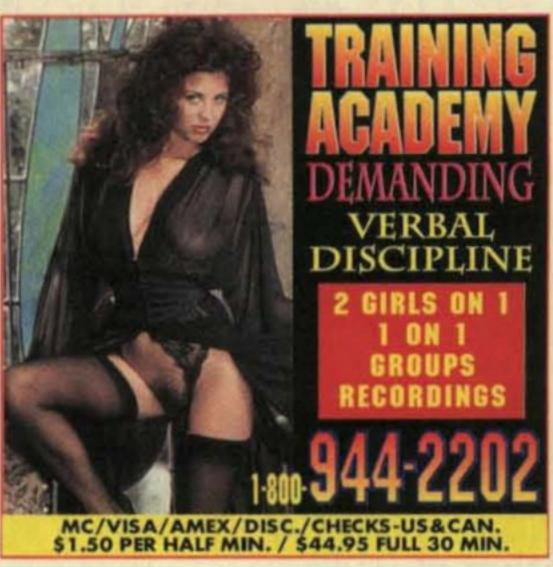
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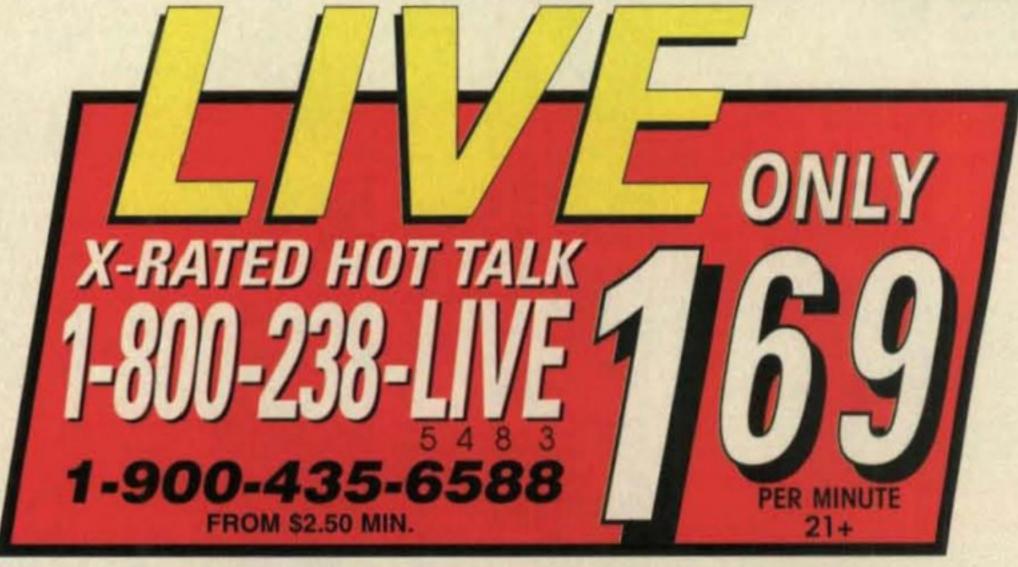
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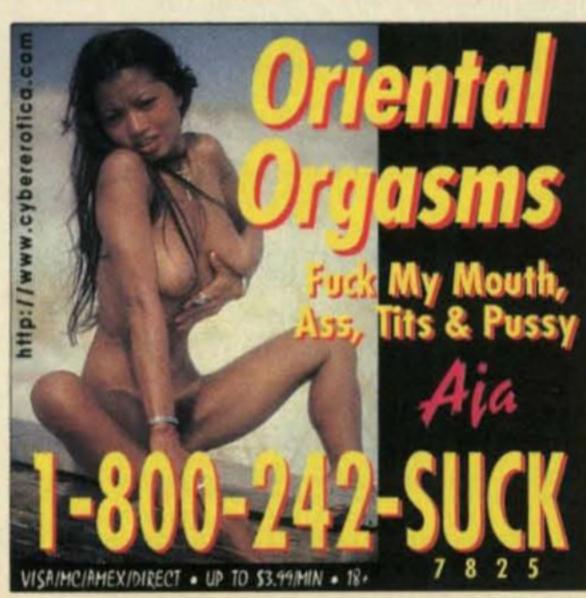














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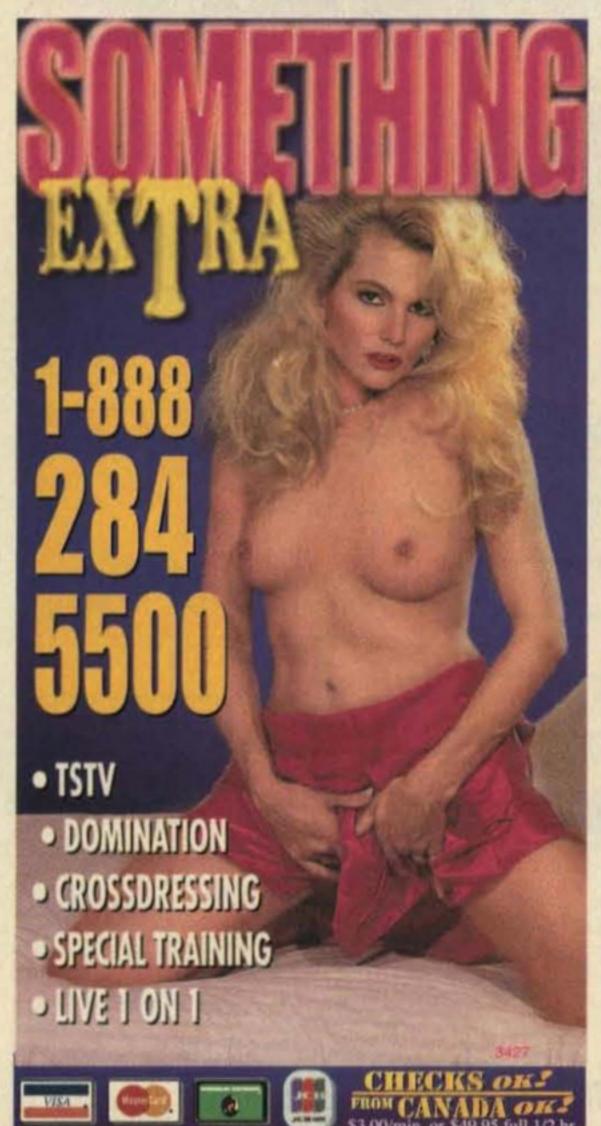
















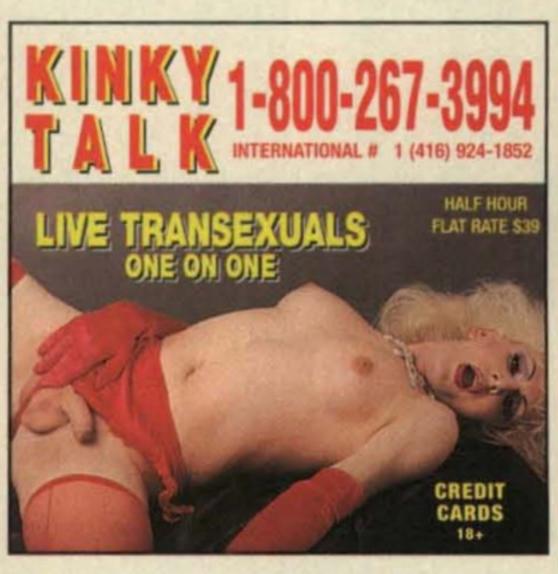
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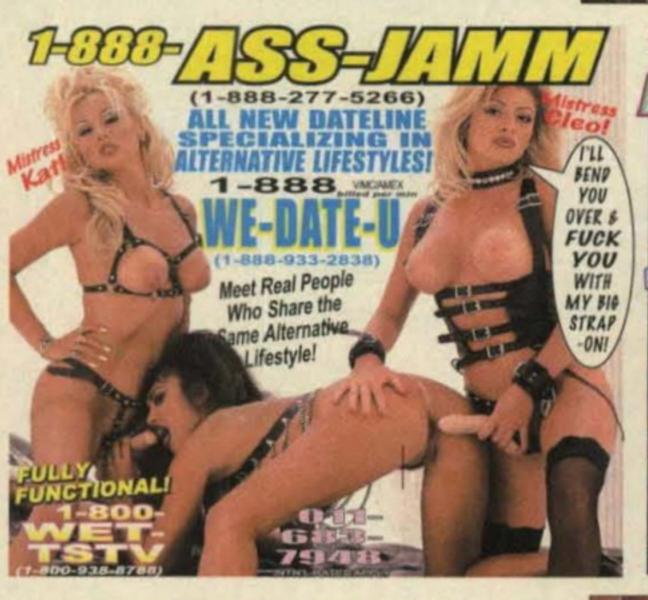


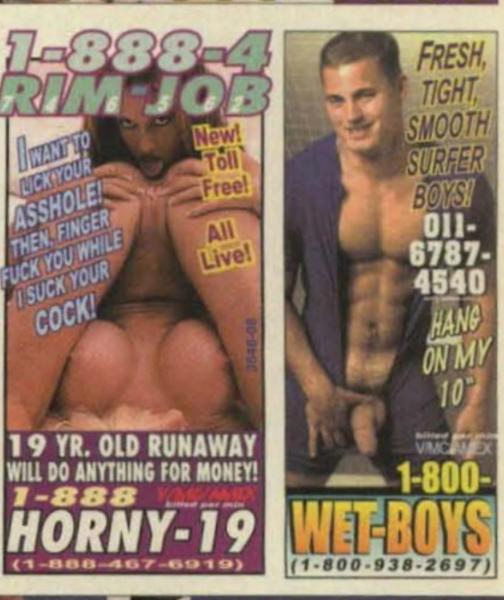
























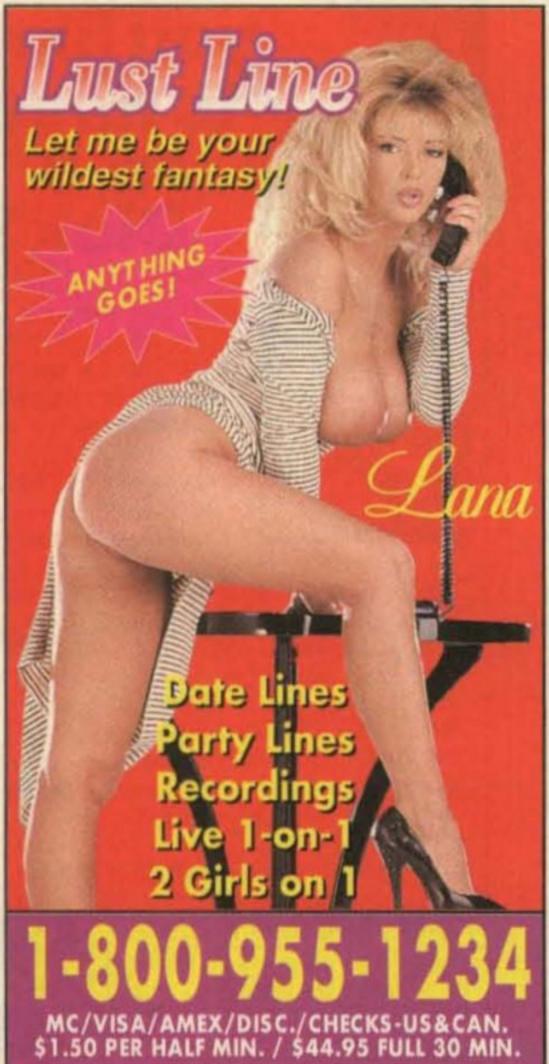






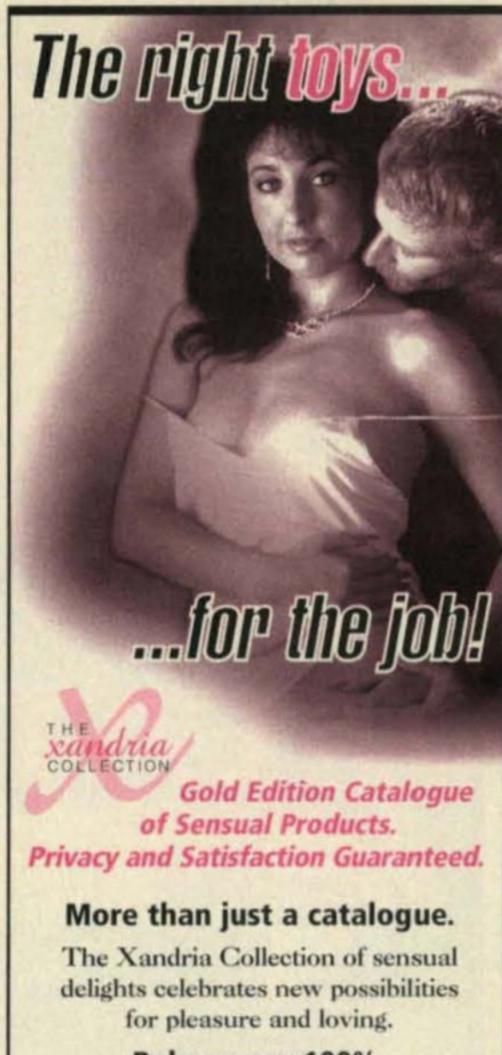












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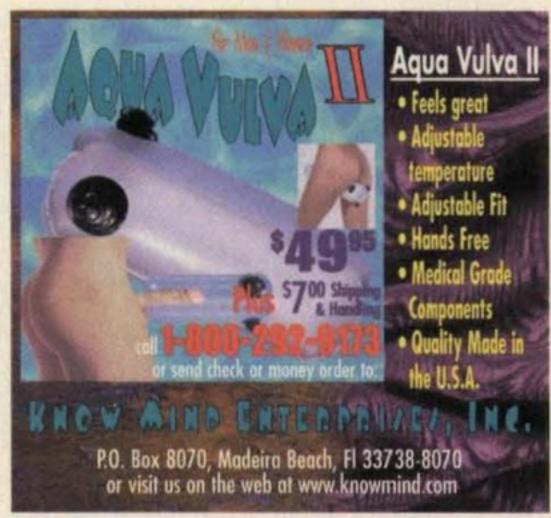












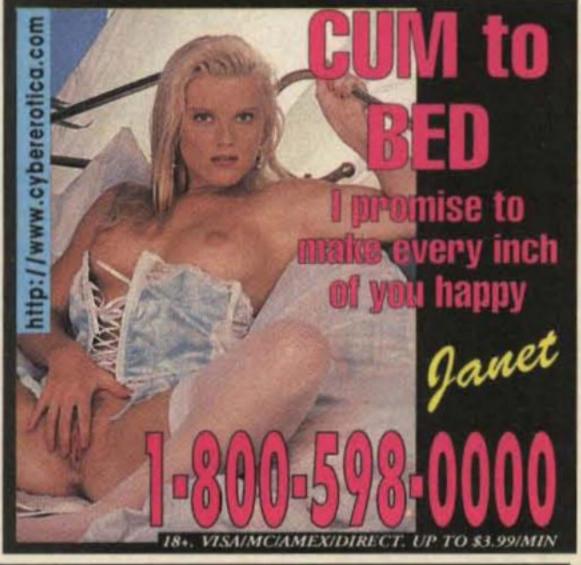


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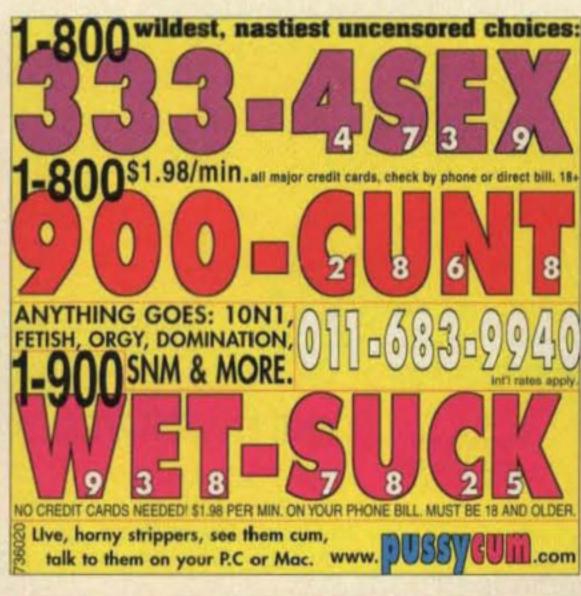
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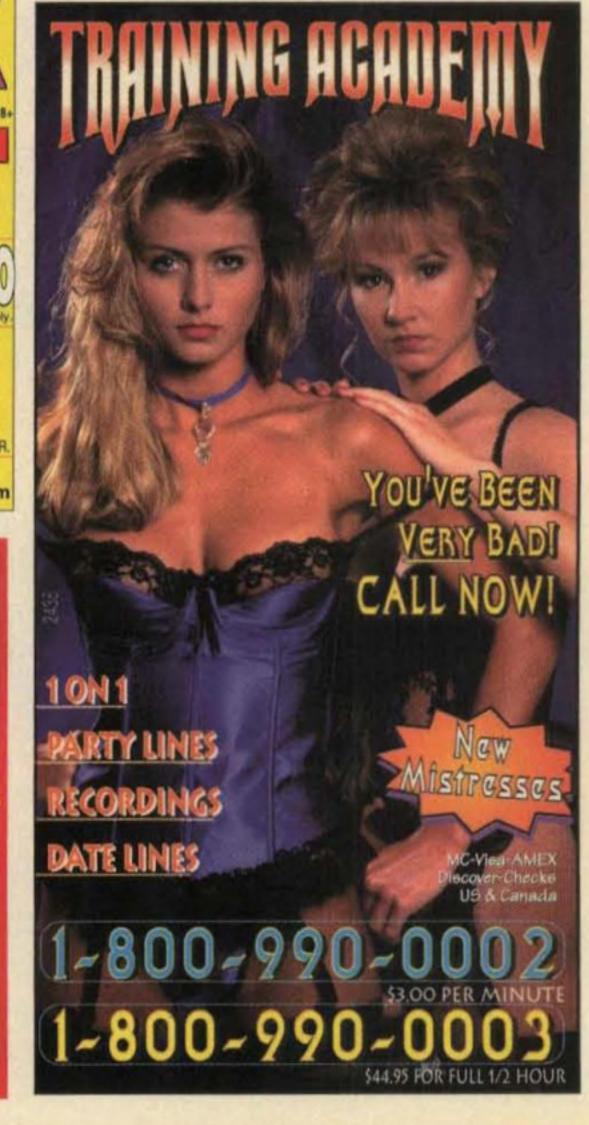
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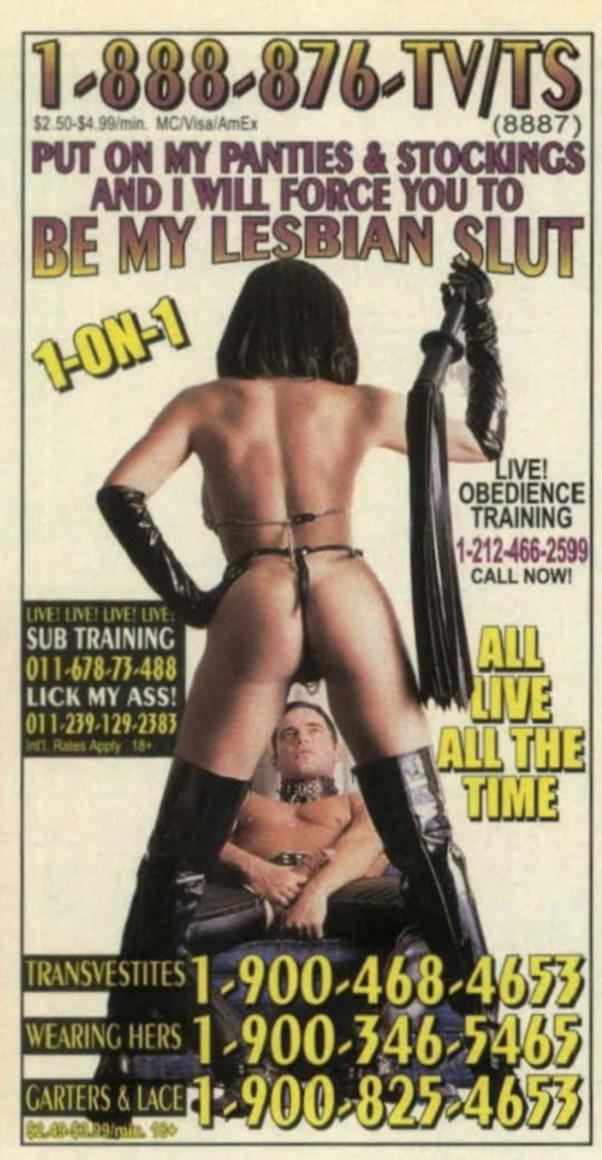


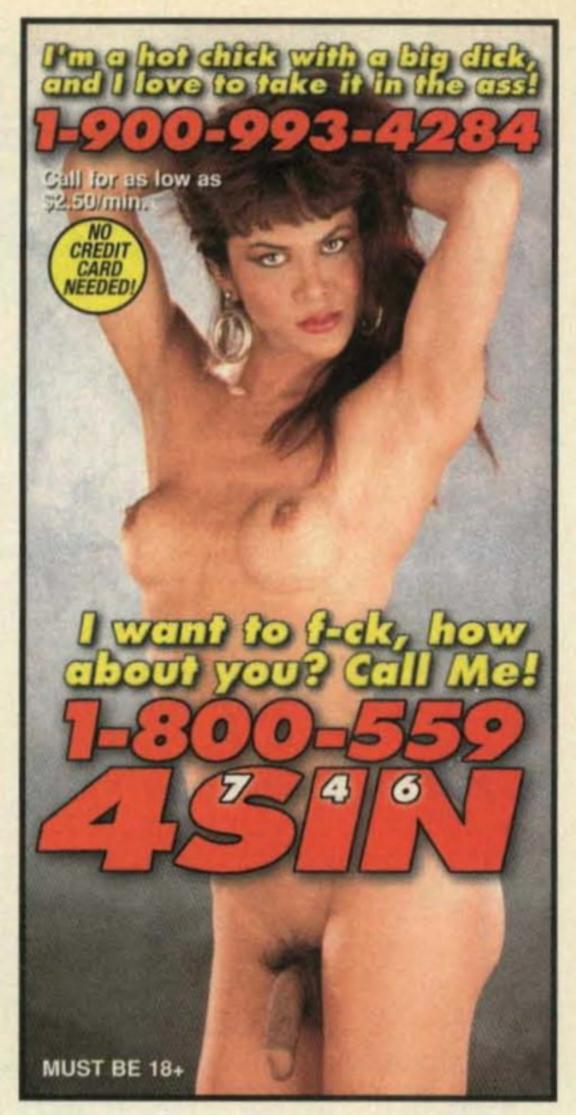


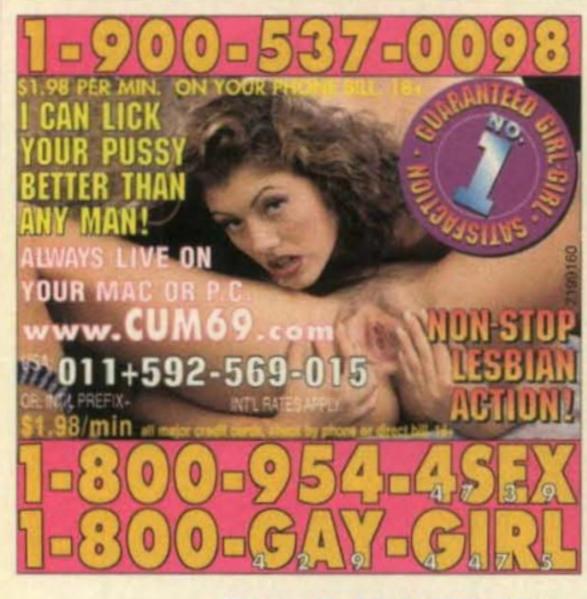
























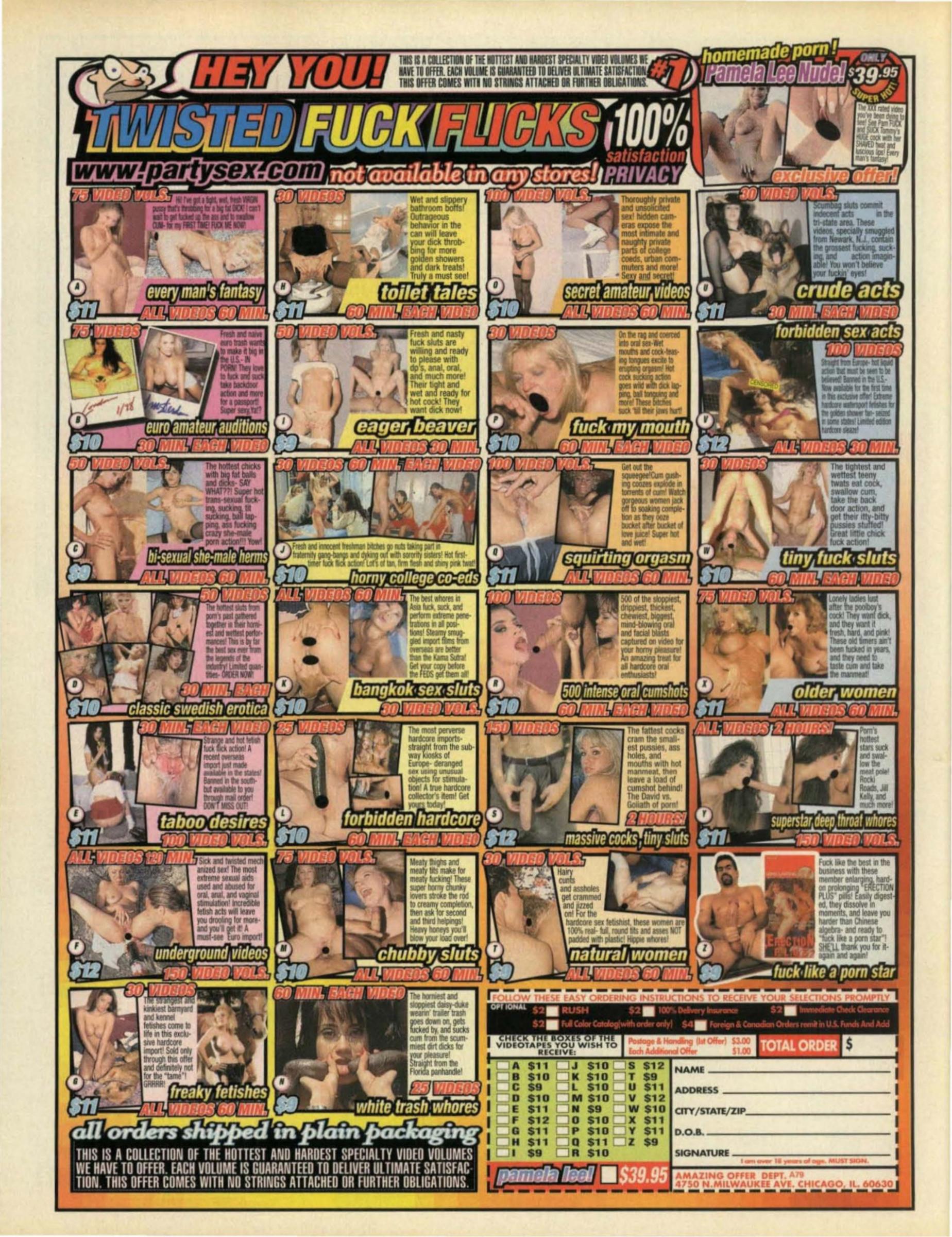
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I just turned 18 and I need my cherry popped NOW! Call me right away and fix my virgin hole with a hot, hard-pounding fuck! caller must be over 18.

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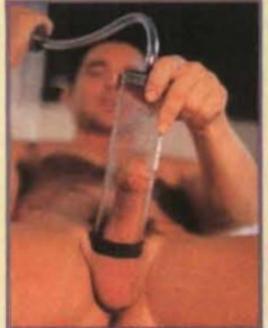
The SUPRA-12 Dual System® with the patented SENTRY™ Prolong Ring



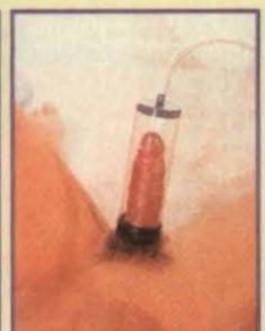
Now you can GET IT UP with a speed you never thought possible; you can KEEP IT UP at a phenomenally large size you never thought possible; and you can STAY HARD for an incredible length of time you never thought possible . . .

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It's easy; when you follow these simple instructions.



, ANY MAN, with ANY SIZE in its soft state, inserts his argan anto the sleeve of the miroculous SUPRA 12 with the new SENTRY Prolong Ring for erection



2. Begin the vacuum development phase; see your flaccid, puny organ start to GET LONG, GET FAT, BULGE and GROW . . . to new startling dimensions



3. IS IT AS IIIG AS YOU WANT? Good! New simply slip the SENTRY Prolong Ring to the base of your penis. You can keep that long, thick hard erection



HOW CAN THE SUPRA-12 DUAL SYSTEM INCREASE PENIS LENGTH & THICKNESS?

The phenomenon of male erectile response occurs when external stimulation, applied to the glans and penile shaft (see fig. 1) produces increased blood flow into the special muscles which reside in the penis. The increase produces turgidity and engorgement with a corresponding increase in thickness and size until the muscles are at full capacity. By increasing capacity, the muscles can hold more blood, producing a SIGNIFI-CANTLY LONGER, FATTER, and BULGING EREC-TION. This is the principle behind the SUPRA-12, and it is simplicity itself! By using the system and all the components supplied, and flowing the simple directions, any man CAN **ENJOY ASTOUNDING RESULTS** in augmenting his natural penis size to the VERY MAXIMUM **DIMENSIONS** of which he is capable!

THE SENTRY PROLONG RING - THE MARVELOUS "BONUS" OF THE SUPRA-12 SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS YOU TO "HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO"!

No penis-building system is any good unless it allows you to enjoy LASTING INCREASES IN SIZE, right? This is where the beauty of the sensational new SENTRY Prolong Ring comes in - it allows you to maintain your NEW BULGING SIZE, and enjoy your hard, virile erection, for a period of time that will astound you - erection control for as long as you want! Not only that, but the SENTRY is simplicity itself; sits quietly at the base of the penis, and never interferes with penetration, the SENTRY is your secret ally in pleasure, allowing you to have intercourse, penetrating to new depths, with an amazing new level of rigidity never attainable before. And then its removed in a flash. All this control literally at your command, at your fingertips!

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS: ULTRA-MODERN TECHNOLOGY AND GOOD OLD-FASHIONED VALUE - SUPRA-12 GIVES YOU BOTH!

It's a fact: Other, inferior systems have half the features as Supra-12, but sell at twice the price, at the very least! Made in the U.S.A. these stateof-the-art vacuum pumps are equal or better than those prescribed by doctors that sell for up to \$430. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!



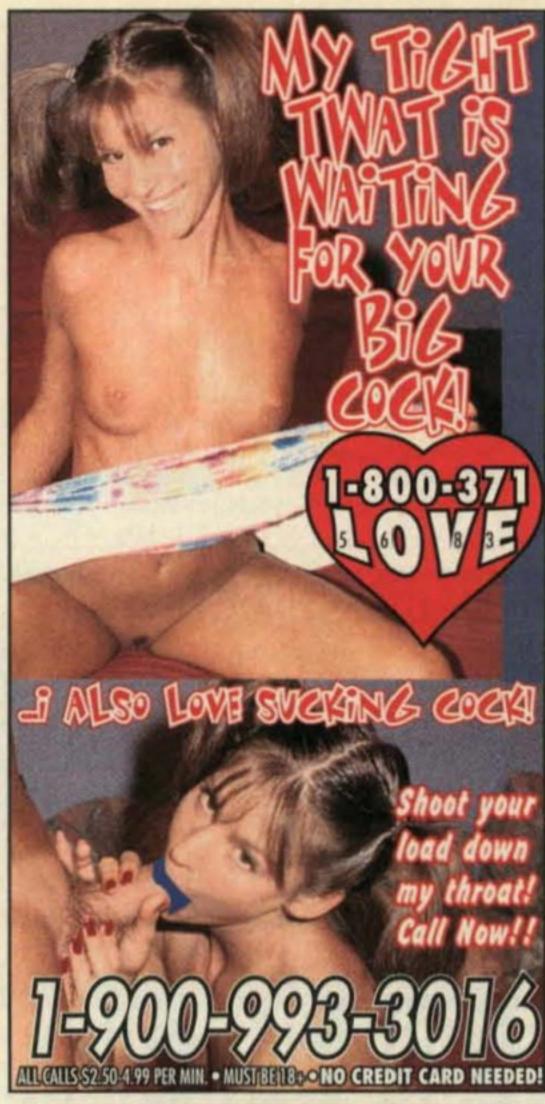
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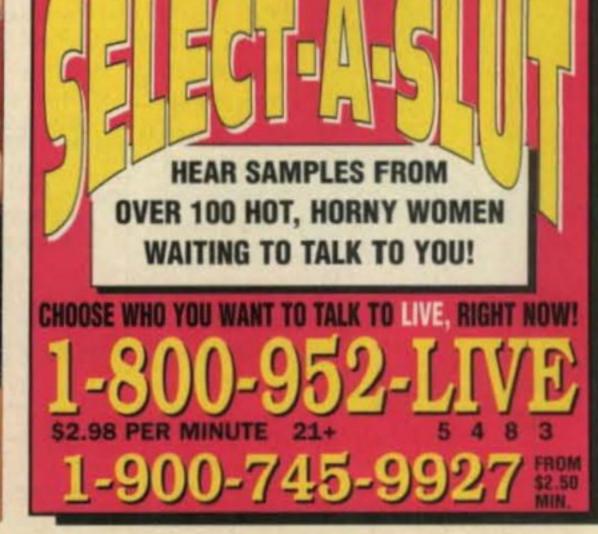


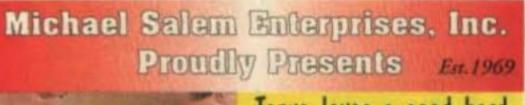














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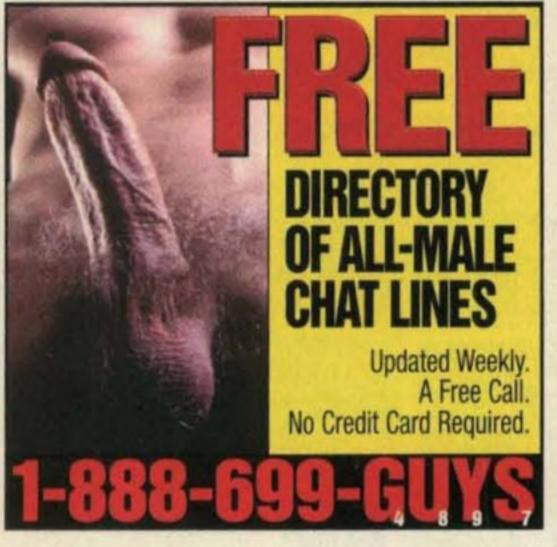
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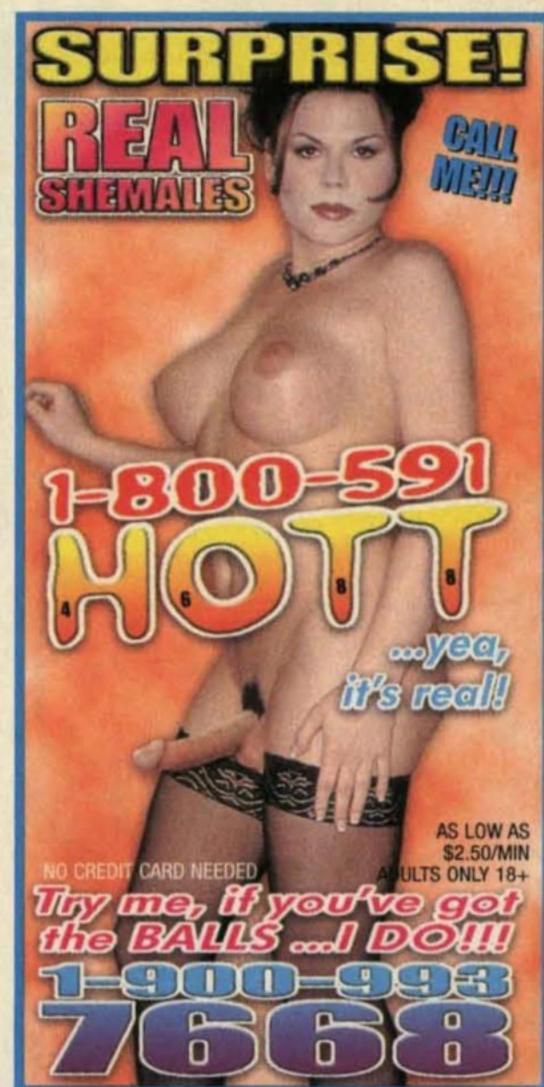
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The male erection is produced when blood flows into the

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Sentry GIVES YOU COMPLETE ERECTION CONTROL!

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Lee Conner, B.S. M.A. in electrical engineering. The founder and CEO of Bristol Medical Along with Dr. Ruffin, he has developed the SUPRA-12... the world's leading vacuum pump.



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WHY? Simply Because:

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It's The Finest One Made The best materials, handconstructed, engineered, and made in the USA. Features the patented SUPRA VALVE and SENTRY Prolong Ring. Nobody else has it - at any price!

It's Easy To Use Our professional system doesn't include complex instructional "magazines" or videotapes. Why? Because with our system, you don't need them!! Our system is so simple to operate, you don't even need to use both hands!!

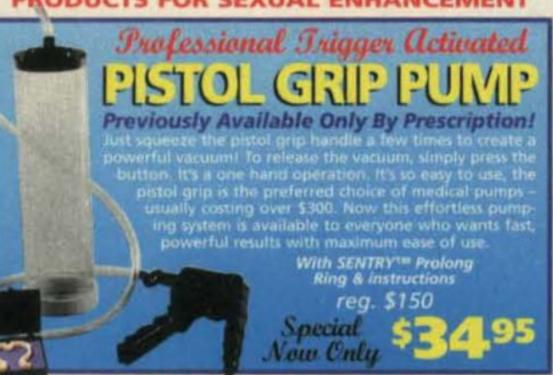
It's The Most Affordable We have a pump for every budget, even ones as low as \$14.95!!! All made in the USA featuring the same quality construction and reliability that has become our trademark worldwide. The SUPRA-12 has stood the test of time.

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THE SUPRA-12 SYSTEM IS AS

NO SYSTEM IS FASTER – OR MORE FOOLPROOF! It's impossible to fail using the SUPRA-12 SYSTEM to increase your genital measurements. With the help of the SENTRY PROLONG RING and medical research has proven that only a prolong ring can maintain an erection, enlarging your penis and maintaining the new, thick and long dimensions becomes effortless!

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-EJ, Texas

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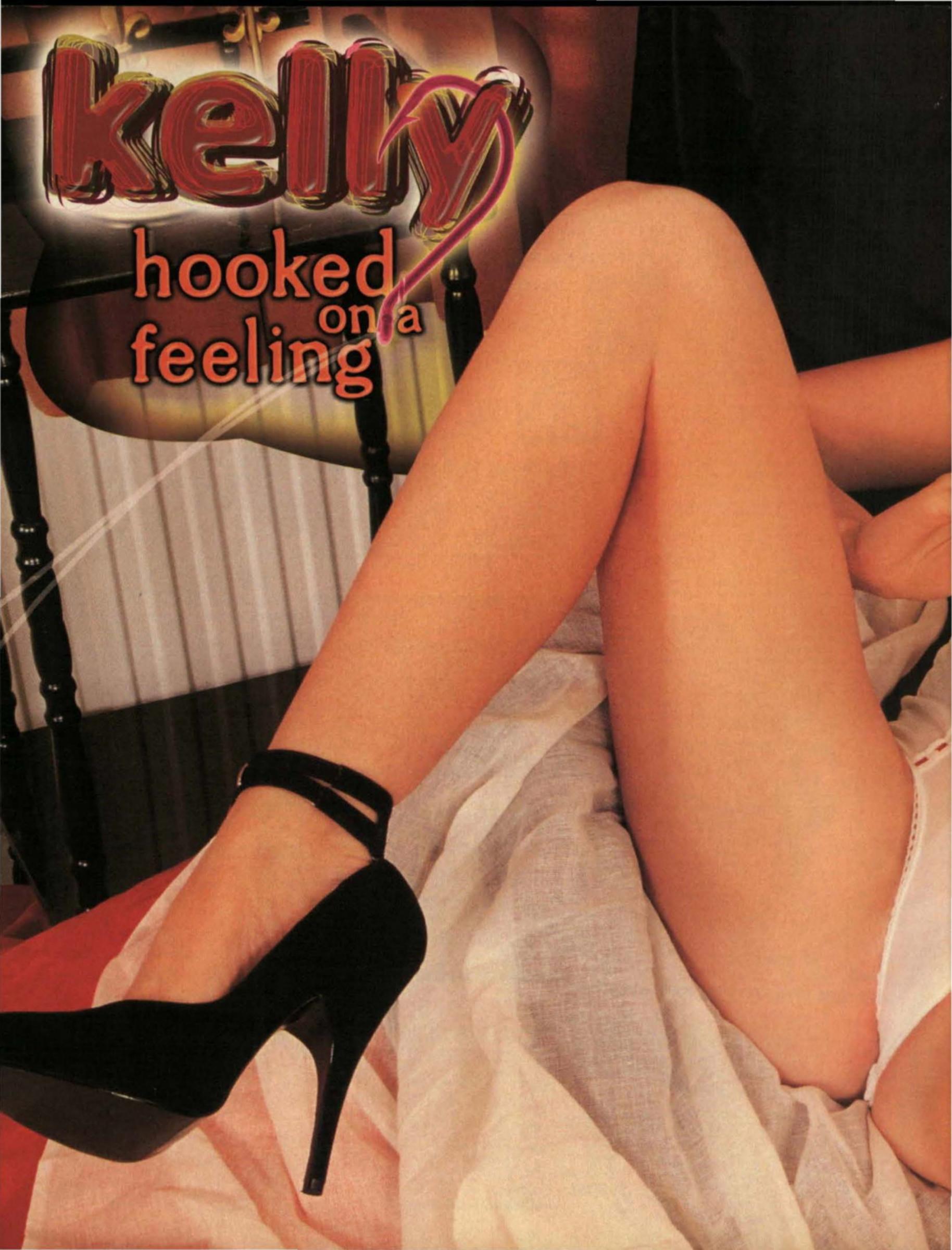
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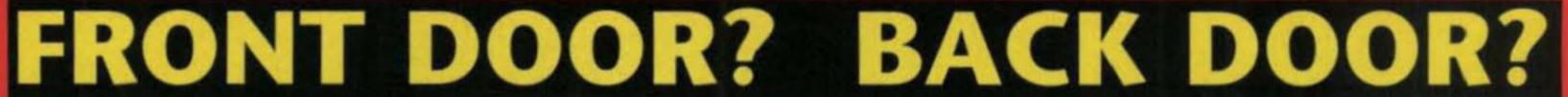












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HOTHOUSE TOMATOES

Ripe and juicy summer sluts cling to manly vines in the August HUSTLER. Spiky-haired Harley is a devilish fur fanatic in a leather harness. The man-hungry mistress is ready, and more than willing, to jerk off on her slippery rubber couch. Summer-blond fisherwoman Jackie grabs a pole and casts off into the sea. She's fishing for love, and she'll catch it. Muff maintenance is required when dildo-dicking Barrett meets Geoff, a janitor with the proper tool to fix her leaky hole. Nikita and Temptress are two lesbo lover-bitches forever bound by the sadistic sex-ropes of hell. One of these evil dykes absorbs a fist in a pictorial first that will crack the steel of the most hardened, criminal manhood. August's HUSTLER is a bushel of sweet, pleasure-oozing tomato meat. Squeeze it.

ASIAN HANDJOB HOOKERS

Oriental massage parlors dot the U.S. like flies. It isn't difficult to find an Asian lady willing to finger a man's straining joints, even in rural America. But exotic Asian ladies don't come cheap. What is a man to do when he's on a budget and wants a simple handjob from a yellow floozy? HUSTLER investigative reporter Peter Gauguin explores the Oriental handjob community on his endless quest for pure Asian satisfaction. Whether she's a beauty from Bangkok or a potato-shaped Filipina, the Asian woman has a distinct charm and humble manner that works the kinks out of stiff American dick muscles. Discover why Asians are the hands-down handjob winners in the August HUSTLER.

ILLEGAL PORNOGRAPHY

Sex with children, sex with the dead and sex with animals—
the creation, distribution and consumption of videotapes,
magazines and photos of any of these sex acts are serious
crimes; yet these black-market products exist. If you want to
see a lady blow a horse, you can buy it on video. If you can't
find a tape of a man fucking a 12-year-old girl at your neighborhood Blockbuster, there's someone who's willing to custom make one for you. In Europe, just about anything goes,
and vice cops all around the country confiscate tons of contraband porn every year. But plenty of hard-core fetish videos
are produced and distributed within the borders of the United
States. Do snuff films really exist? HUSTLER correspondent
Rodger Jacobs sifts through the muck for a definitive answer.

PORN SALAD

Guys enjoy slathering a gal's face with manly gonad grease. Explore the physical and mental pleasures of facial cum-shots in August's Sex Play. Dildos are now illegal in the deep South. See what Southern belles are using instead in HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces. Explore sizzling porn snatch in Erotic Entertainment. Yank your crank furiously as girls next door strip naked right before your very eyes in Beaver Hunt. The August HUSTLER will heat your blueballs until molten love flows.

August HUSTLER on sale June 1, 1999.
HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









